WHAT IS BACK OF THE WAR

Preparing to go into action, French front, February 27th, 1915. "'It is a matter of exact mathematics,' elucidates the artillery commander."

WHAT IS BACK OF THE WAR

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I

ON THE DOORSTEP OF WAR*

"WE WERE part of those who held back the Germans at Antwerp while the bulk of the Belgian army were getting away. Then we ourselves left. For a night and a day we floundered in swamps and marshes. We did not know where we were, where to go, or what to do. We became discouraged. 'What's the use?' we said to one another. 'Let us get over into Holland.' And so we did. And here we are."

Thus spoke a Belgian private soldier, one of the fifteen thousand gathered in one intern camp near Zeist, a town of Holland. On an open plot of ground, slightly elevated above the fields below, is this corral of the disarmed thousands. A barbed-wire fence, perhaps half a mile long and less than a quarter of a mile wide, incloses the ground and roughly built barracks and other houses where these out-of-the-war Belgian soldiers are confined. No trees are nearer the inclosure than half a mile. Back and forth, outside the

* Written at The Hague, December 26-27, 1914.

barbed-wire fence, pace widely spaced Dutch sentries with bayoneted rifles on shoulder. Now and then a smart-looking young "Dutch West Point" officer, trim and slender as a girl in his gray-green uniform, enters and makes inspection.

Singly or, more often, in little squads of three or five, the weaponless but uniformed Belgians tramp about or gather with surprising quickness into crowds whenever anything unusual or of promising interest occurs. Most of them are well and warmly clad and wear their military overcoats. Some, who at one point or another of the fighting had to throw away their clothing to swim canals or rivers as an incident of some retreat, are poorly and thinly dressed. But these are the rare exceptions. For the most part they are a well-fed, rosy-cheeked lot, with a mingling of scowl and devil-may-care on their faces as they clump about in their wooden shoes—for almost all have their feet thrust in this homely footwear.

At first sight and smell the camp is cheerless, even forbidding. Multitudes of odors strike one's unseasoned nostrils. But yonder stands an enormous building of rough new boards; it is the camp canteen, where the idle warriors may refresh and amuse themselves. You step inside and think for a moment that you are in a gigantic social hall or rathskeller. Hundreds of soldiers are sitting at tables drinking their beer, munching their chocolate, and, without exception, talking. Most are playing cards. Here, plainly, an argument is going on; there a humorist is telling a story; yonder a comparison of experiences is being made.

Altogether a vast confusion of sound smites the ear. Not everybody can understand everybody, even at adjoining tables. Some speak French and no Flemish; others Flemish and no French. Nor do all look alike physically or have the same general type of features. Only the sameness of the long blue overcoats, of the blue rimless caps with narrow red bands, marks them as comrades of a single army.

This camp of disarmed Belgian troops makes you realize that you are standing on the doorstep of war. One never would guess that one is almost within hearing of heavy cannonading if one sauntered about the streets of The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Amsterdam, or any other city or town of Holland, so quietly and casually do daily life and business go forward in the Netherlands. A hint indeed is conveyed by the more than usual number of Dutch soldiers which the watchful observer sees; yet even these are not more numerous than the tourist beholds who chances to be passing through this curious little country of windmills during the period of the annual maneuvers.

But, for forty-eight hours before walking down the gangplank from the ship and setting foot on Dutch soil at Rotterdam, signs and omens of the approach of danger and tragedy are plain and vivid. From the moment English shores are sighted until the gun of salute booms out upon entering the Maas, the river that leads to Rotterdam, one can not escape the advertisements that one is entering and, indeed, is within the zone of peril.

The English search-lights glow from the far-off Lizard. On nearer approach to Dover they flash and

circle and search. Just beyond this British harbor nearest to France, and at the point where the Channel is narrowest, your neutral ship is halted by a British vessel of war. Down comes your ship's wireless apparatus and down it stays, not only until your vessel is released, but almost until her prow is thrust into the waters of the North Sea. A British naval officer comes aboard and scrutinizes with the eye of a Sherlock Holmes the cargo manifest, the separate bills of lading, and anything else that may throw light on the contents of the ship's hold.

"Your passenger list, please," requests, or rather orders, this uniformed watchman at England's gates; and no biologist with a microscope ever examined more carefully his specimens than does this keen-eyed officer the names and descriptions of those who have sailed from America for this domain of turmoil and strife. Nobody may pass who might turn out to be a fighting man on Germany's side.

Two Luxemburg youths are called to the captain's cabin. The British officers (by now the examining officer has gone and two of higher rank are aboard) are decidedly suspicious. May these not be German reservists? Luckily for the young Luxemburgers, Doctor Henry van Dyke, American Minister to the Netherlands, is aboard. It is that admirable diplomatist and cultured gentleman who examines the suspected boys, for he represents America in Luxemburg as well as Holland. Also he knows intimately every foot of that tiny and charming country.

"Where do you live? How is the land on this or that side of the town? What is its location with

reference to the forest? Where does the river flow?" Promptly, correctly, the test inquiries are answered. The Englishmen are convinced and the trembling young fellows sent to their quarters.

In the cargo is found copper wire. For hours the ship is detained; but, plainly, copper wire is not the cause, for it is consigned to the Dutch government. Nobody knows the reason except the British authorities, but probably some one on board is suspected of bearing communications or something else which the British do not wish to reach Germany.

When, finally, the ban is lifted and the captain told that he may go ahead, the anchor is not hauled up, for the Channel is heavily mined, and only a narrow passage between the mine field and the shore is safe, while only three or four hours beyond is the North Sea, sown with explosives. So, while it is quite safe by daylight, no chances are taken in the dark.

"Your place will be in boat No. 2, starboard." Lists of passengers, grouped and assigned to the life-boats, are posted up. Morning reveals every boat on the ship swung over the side, provisioned and ready for lowering away. Yes, surely, war is in the air! There is really very little danger, of course; but no infinitesimal precaution is neglected, for a few of the hundreds of mines have broken from their moorings and are afloat. Most of these are supposed to lose their destructive power after a few hours awash; but it is not always so.

And the life-boats! If, by the millionth chance, one of these marine bombs should strike the prow of a modern liner, she would not go down. Even if the explosion came amidships, fifteen minutes at the very

least would pass before the vessel could sink; and in ten minutes at the outside, as this ship is managed, every passenger and every member of the crew could be off in those waiting life-boats, swinging so confidently from their davits over the sides. The boat goes slowly, very, very slowly through the danger zone—the Dutch captain takes no chances, runs no risks.

So, with every preparation made for every possible happening, nothing, of course, happens—so well marked is the passageway through the mine fields to the ports of neutral Holland. Whether nervous with apprehension or eagerly curious to look upon a visible cause of all this ado, everybody is secretly or openly disappointed that a mine is not at least sighted. And here comes a wireless from a sister ship, only four miles distant, that she has just passed two mines, one only a few hundred yards away and the other directly alongside. Alas!

Yet on the still and peaceful waters something is floating. It is not too far away to be seen plainly. But it is not a mine. It is not a plank or spar—it is just part of the flotsam and jetsam of war. The body of a man drifts upon the indifferent waters. Face downward it is, swimming the course of death, the dead eyes peering into the depths for the eternal mysteries. A sailor he had been, English or German, one of those who had fought in the North Sea battle a few weeks before. Thus he lingered upon the element where he had lived and worked until red combat put a period to it all.

So once again before the peaceful Netherlands

shores were sighted came this reminder that the nations are in arms.

In some of these incidents, and in many others not yet mentioned, is more than mere material for dramatic pictures. They are more than the frayed and sullen fringes of life-and-death grappling conflict. Out of these circumstances are slowly being woven, by the hands of Fate, the threads of public opinion in a neutral country.

But let us go, from the holding up of a neutral vessel by British warships in the Channel, back again to the Belgian soldiers interned in their war-time comfortable but peace-time comfortless camp. These are fifteen of the thirty thousand Belgian soldiers who fled to the neutral Netherlands in their dismay, confusion and discouragement, the other fifteen thousand being in a similar camp elsewhere in the Dutch domains.

The living quarters of these men, while not what one would call orientally luxurious, are, nevertheless, not unbearable. Any man who lived in an American or Canadian logging camp thirty years ago had quarters less appealing. The housing of them is cold and uncomfortable, though each man has his own bunk, with nobody above him, a mattress made of coarse bagging filled with straw, and thick army blankets to cover him. As yet the floor is the bare earth and many of the roofs leak, but this will be remedied.

The spectacle of the camp's immense canteen is here repeated with variations. One soldier is writing a letter (dozens, scores of those who are writing home, are seen racing to the camp's post-office at the hour for

closing the mail); another former combatant is mending his clothes in quiet content. In almost every third stall a game of cards is being played with the same gusto and excitement which you have just beheld in the huge camp social hall.

Now and again a more than ordinarily intelligent-looking fellow is so wholly engrossed in reading a magazine or novel that he does not even look up when an American visitor walks by, although such a thing is so unusual that to most of these detained soldiers it amounts to an event and a sensation. Others read newspapers or scraps of them.

"Our chief complaint," said an uncommonly intelligent and French-speaking Belgian soldier, "is that we do not have enough to read." "Huh," said a naturalized Hollander who had lived for thirty-seven years on Dutch soil and is as impartial a man as can be found in the Netherlands. "Huh!" said he. "So that's what they are saying now, is it? Well, the best answer is that the English soldiers interned in camp at Groningen have written that they have more than enough reading matter, quite enough games, and are well content and thankful for their treatment. Yet all are treated alike. The truth is that a Belgian is grateful for nothing, or, rather, never is grateful for anything."

This camp of the interned Belgian soldiers near Zeist is the scene of the recent riot which caused the Dutch soldiers on guard to shoot into the mob, killing eight and wounding two. There are two accounts of this affair. "The Netherlands government not only feed and house these men, but pay them twenty cents a day (a little over eight cents American money). Yet, al-

though they are getting all of this from us, they said that the prices charged at the canteen are too high, and their manner of protesting was by physical force. Also, they will not work when work is offered them." It was a Holland subject who was speaking, one not connected with the government, and a good type of the educated middle class of the Netherlands.

But: "The money we spent in the canteen did not all come from the Dutch government," said a Belgian interned soldier. "Most of the cash with which we bought chocolate, beer, buns and the like was sent us by friends and relatives from Belgium. And this canteen, which is a private money-making enterprise, extorted outrageous prices. On standard articles, the selling price of which is well known and uniform, we were charged an amount which yielded the concessionaire thirty-three and one-third per cent. profit over his normal profit. We rebelled. Of course it was foolish, but some of us expressed our sentiments by throwing rocks through the windows of the canteen."

"All this has been looked into," said a Hollander, "and as a result, Dutch public opinion is decided and practically unanimous against the Belgians in this instance. Inquire about and find out for yourself." Inquiring about accordingly was done, and this Dutchman's emphatic report of public opinion was confirmed.

A crowded café, where the common people gather to meet, converse and listen to the occasional music, was filled with talk, laughter and smoke. One could not help overhearing strident conversations. "These Belgians! *Ach!* I can not endure them!" said a young Dutch woman of the working class to her companions

at a near-by table. "Dirty—oh, so dirty and shiftless and idle! They take all they can get and want more, and they are never thankful. They will not work."

"Unless it is racial it is a very curious thing that the Belgians, whom war has driven to us and whom we welcomed, do not want to work. To be sure, there is not much work to do, but they do not want and will not do the little that is offered them. It does not increase our respect for them, to say the least." Such was the comment of a member of the Dutch land-owning nobility. Her point of view and that of the working girl in the café differed only in the manner of expression. The former was speaking of the refugees; the latter of all Belgians.

"Oh, yes, a little work was offered us," said a Belgian interned soldier. "Not enough to hurt, but a little. We would not do it—but why? Because it took just that much employment away from Dutch laborers. Of course, I am a Socialist," he explained. "We do not think it is right to take work from those who need it, especially when the offer of employment is made only because the would-be employer expects to get us cheaply."

Still, public opinion in the Netherlands, judged by different and, measured by the social scale, antipodal sources, is against the Belgians, whether interned soldier or fleeing refugee, on their unwillingness to work, their ingratitude, and their bumptiousness. Dutch nobleman and Dutch peasant are in accord on this point; and nothing is rarer than an agreement on anything between the aristocracy and the common people of Holland.

While there are only thirty thousand Belgian soldiers interned within the impartial boundaries of this placid land, around which war is swirling in wild carousal, there are more than five hundred thousand Belgian refugees on Dutch soil. These are collected in various "refugee camps" or sojourning in the houses of well-to-do Hollanders. One wealthy capitalist of Amsterdam affords shelter, food and clothing for eighty. Those who thus have been taken into private houses are of the better grade.

Some of the rich Belgians live luxuriously in the best and most expensive hotels. Against these latter there is distinct, though not outspoken, resentment on the part of the Dutch people, both rich and poor alike. "For," say these Hollanders, "we are supporting hundreds of thousands of the fellow countrymen and women of these opulent Belgians, and yet not one guilder will they take from their deep, fat purses to aid us in our work of relief of their own less fortunate compatriots."

Said an informed and quite indifferent American on this point: "Look around you. Here in this dining room you may see some of these very Belgians of whose wealth and parsimony the Hollanders complain. Everything the latter say is quite true."

"Yes, but you must remember," remarked another American of more judicial temperament, "that these rich Belgians feel that they must in the end bear most of the financial brunt of the war, no matter how the conflict turns out; if Germany wins, it is out of their pockets that most of the war indemnity will be taken; if the Allies win, still from the coffers of these rich

Belgians must come most of the war taxes necessary to rehabilitate their country; and this is the view-point at the present moment of these moneyed Belgian refugees. They think that what the Hollanders declare to be their stinginess is merely the prudent virtue of being long-headed and forehanded."

In a Belgian refugee camp there was found a mixture of opinion, but, speaking by and large, no opinion at all. "Oh, yes, of course we would work if they would give us any work to do; anything is better than the labor of doing nothing. But these Dutch don't offer us work—not yet, at least. We hear that they will after a while, but so far it has not turned up." So commented one Belgian refugee.

"As for me," said another refugee in this same camp, "I think we are treated very well. Of course there are some people who would not be satisfied in Heaven. Take our food, for instance. It is good enough under the circumstances. There are hundreds in this very camp who right this minute are eating a better meal than they have ever had in their lives."

The interior of the big dining place, which accommodated many hundreds (there were several others of the same size), revealed what this meal was and also the quality of those who were eating it. A thick, savory, nourishing soup made by boiling meat, cabbages and potatoes together; the meat thus boiled; big cups of steaming coffee and an abundance of "black bread" made up the bill of fare in the Belgian refugees' camp on Christmas Day, 1914.

It is precisely the same on every other day. For breakfast, coffee and bread; for the evening meal,

coffee, bread and potatoes—these, with the midday meal described, constitute the daily feeding of the stranded Belgian refugees in the camps of Holland. The thousands quartered on hospitable Dutch families fare still better, of course. Judging by the European standard of living, the thrifty Hollanders consider that their war-invited guests are faring quite generously.

All this exposes one cause of the plainly apparent anti-Belgian feeling in the Netherlands. This Dutch dislike of their neighbors has its roots deep in the soil of history; it is almost hereditary. Thus is seen a veering around of public sympathy and sentiment; for when, at first, this army of the unfortunate crossed the frontier in want, terror and despair with their tales of woe, even Holland's heart, which is wary and by no means worn on the sleeve, was touched. The Dutch, high and low, were in that hour all for their homeless neighbors.

But now? "Well, a Belgian is always a Belgian," remarked one of the Dutch gentry, and shrugged his shoulders. "After all," he added, "history tells no lies."

It must be said that those in the refugee camps do not inspire admiration. Here and there a well-appearing person is found; and occasionally a very pretty child. Once a really beautiful young woman was seen, but she, unfortunately, was in the segregated women's quarters. By far the greater number are stolid and unwholesome in appearance. Many are seemingly diseased.

"Oh, well," said a carefully informed man, "these

people in the camps are what you call the 'riff-raff.' " It is this majority that seem to have no opinion of any kind on anything.

According to one closely connected with the company owning the neutral ship, the holding up in the Straits of Dover of the vessel cost the owners several thousands of dollars; for, although it was detained but twelve hours, this meant that it was more than a day late in reaching the home port. When the ship, released at midnight, weighed anchor at dawn and proceeded on the last day of her voyage, she was twice stopped again.

"Boom!" came the sound of a British warship's gun, and when the liner, not understanding the signal, went ahead, "Boom!" again spoke the cannon from the deck of this British naval watchdog. Captain and officers fumed and raged. "This costs money! Are we to be held up again?" Alongside a launch came panting from the British guard ship; the release was explained. "Proceed!" said the British officer. Once more this process was repeated; and then, further interruption impossible, the liner sailed cautiously to her destination.

But she carried irritation with her. Irritation, too, awaited her in port, a growing resentment as real as it is restrained and suppressed. The detention and practical search of these neutral vessels is having its effect on the Dutch business classes. Their patience was taxed when, some weeks after the outbreak of the war, one of the largest of Holland's merchant fleet was stopped by a French warship, convoyed to the

harbor of Brest, kept there eleven days, and then relieved of most of its cargo with decision and courtesy.

A million dollars in silver bars were taken off; "for," said the French commander, "this may be going to Germany; if so, we will keep it; if not, we will return it." Large quantities of flour, beer and the like were also taken ashore. "But this is not even conditional contraband, carried as it is in a neutral bottom from a neutral port to a neutral port and consigned from neutrals to neutrals," protested the merchantman's captain. "If it so turns out," answered the French officer laughingly, "we will pay you for it."

"In Holland we call this piracy," said the captain. "Never mind, never mind," laughed the local French sea lord. "We need it anyhow. There is a war going on, you know. Don't worry. We will pay you for it if you never see it again. Have a cigarette!"

Thus the incident was closed. Sure enough, these foodstuffs never were seen again, but they were paid for. The silver bullion was sent to Holland. But the money loss resulting from the ship's long detention was not made good. The business disturbance caused by the non-arrival of the consigned goods was not quieted.

Here is one source of a change in Dutch public opinion—a change so slight or so well concealed that it scarcely is perceptible, can easily be denied, and might not be noted except by a careful weighing of sentiment and the forces moving it. Also, a feather's weight of adverse circumstance might throw it the other way.

As between England and Germany the scales of Dutch opinion were at first almost evenly balanced. It can not be said that they are not still in equilibrium, as indeed they always have been. But if there is any scant descent of the scales on one side or another, it is at the present moment favorable to Germany. To-morrow it may veer toward England.

"We Hollanders do not trust either England or Germany, nor, for that matter, anybody else; but especially these two belligerents in the present war," said a Dutchman of moderate means, some position and a characteristically Dutch attitude. "The Dutchman," he continued, "thinks the German a liar until he proves himself truthful; but the Dutchman thinks the Englishman a rogue and a liar until he proves himself honest as well as truthful."

It is worthy of note that the average man or woman in the Netherlands always speaks of the war as though it were a conflict exclusively between Great Britain and Germany. Apparently the Dutch common people never think of France or Russia as combatants; and as for Austria and Servia, one would never know that such countries existed if one judged by the casual talk of Hollanders among themselves.

Astounding, even absurd, as it may sound to American ears, it is nevertheless true that among the plain people of Holland there is a deadly fear that Great Britain will violate the sovereignty of the Netherlands.

"This is unthinkable," said the pursuer of facts. "Unthinkable it may be, but unthinkable or not, it is true," answered a member of the Dutch bourgeoisie.

"What I fear is that England—" came a sentence floating upon the stream of talk in a popular eating place. So unexpected, so much by chance, and so many were the expressions like these that inquiry was suggested. And this confirmed these strange and grotesque sentiments.

"It is historic," said a highly educated Dutchman; "you know our people are very slow, especially at forgetting. Suppose you read up on Dutch history again. The Boer War for instance."

Still more amazing is the lack of terror of Germany. One does not care to write what has been heard of acquiescence in even German absorption—and this, too, from the masses themselves.

The principal fear of Germany appears to be that of commercial rivalry in case she wins. "Rotterdam is our great port; far the best on the North Sea; better than Antwerp if controlled by Belgium. But suppose Germany keeps Antwerp? With her greater resources, her system and energy, Antwerp as a German port, though naturally inferior to Rotterdam, would, we think, take from us the bulk of trade." This was an expression from one of the commercial class engaged in shipping.

So it is that Dutch public opinion, carefully balanced and self-contained, yet inclines slightly toward her mighty eastern neighbors in the closing days of 1914. Events will determine it in the future. The only thing that can be safely said is that the Dutchman is not pro-German nor yet pro-English, but decidedly pro-Dutch. And Holland's vigorous and, if necessary,

menacing little army, highly trained, is sleeping on its arms—no, not sleeping, but standing at attention.

That army would instantly resist any appearance upon Dutch soil of any force coming for the purposes of the present war, whether that force were German, English, or of any other belligerent power. One must admire the Dutch. Their cool-headedness, their readiness for action and their self-contained wariness of overt act, their undoubted yet quiet courage, their solid cautious sense,—all these qualities compel respect and esteem.

II

GERMAN TRENCH AND BATTERY*

OVER the city of Lille, in northern France, thick clouds lowered weightily. An occasional drop of rain spat vengefully from the heavens. Evening was falling. "There will be a storm to-night," remarked the wanderer among strange scenes.

"Oh, no—just one of these everlasting rains," replied a German officer, standing in the group. "It is always like this."

"But," persisted the stranger, "listen to that low heavy thunder, so full of body. That means a storm."

"Why, my dear sir," laughed the military one, "that is not thunder—that is artillery."

"Artillery! How far away?"

"Oh, I should say that firing is near Comines, about ten miles off."

A little bit abrupt this, with a trace of gentle thrill, to one fresh from Berlin not thirty hours distant by railway—peaceful, busy, casual, matter-of-fact, yet serious Berlin. For this capital of a mighty nation at war shows few signs of being the center of the greatest of all epochal conflicts of history. Shops and

* Written at the German Western Front, January 9th and 10th, 1915.

stores all open; prices normal, even the usual first-of-January sales at reduced figures going on; streets thronged with men and women, thousands of the men of military age; theaters, amusement halls, moving-picture shows crowded with patrons; cafés and *Bierstuben* filled with quiet, pleasant German folk—apparently almost the Berlin of peace time, except for occasional companies of troops in *Feldgrau,* and now and then a bandaged soldier on the streets. Indeed, to one expecting marching thousands, closed windows, dour faces, hurrying ambulances, black days and nights, with streets and houses darkened, Berlin surprises the visitor much more than does the far-distant battlefield.

And Lille itself, captured city of France, held by the conquerors! At first sight you wonder that this can be so. For here, too, the sidewalks are full of people—men, women, children; here, too, stores and shops are open, purchasers passing in and out; here, too, the street-cars rumble over the complaining rails.

But for the great number of soldiers thickly clustering everywhere, but for the largest of Lille's cafés monopolized by powerful-looking men wearing the uniform of the German officer, and but for that growling menace which you have learned is the sound of cannon instead of the voice of the impatient heavens—but for these war tokens, the newly arrived observer in his first moments of astonishment would never think Lille the victim of conquest.

To be sure, war's reddest advertisement has flared in your face as you enter the Lille station; for there, on adjoining tracks, two long hospital trains filled with

wounded are ready for departure to the permanent hospitals. Also, tall helmeted officers greet you; and rising above the front of the military automobile which you enter, a long edged hook, slanting backward, lifts itself higher than your head. It is to break the wires that sometimes are stretched across roads to cut the throats of those in these military cars, who drive like the wind in darkness as well as light.

Then, too, here and there, what once were great buildings, are now only masses of brick, stone, mortar and twisted iron. But demolished structures, uniformed officers, plunging autos, mangled men—all of these you had expected. And you had not expected evidences of peaceful, orderly and ordinary civil life.

Indeed, it is a long time from your departure from Berlin station that the work of war's strong, rough and efficient hand strikes your eye; a still longer time before even your expectant senses detect war's pungent atmosphere. You are many miles into France when the gaunt walls of shell-destroyed houses first flash past you. A space farther on and you stop for a moment at a good-sized town; three wagons, burdened with great loads of straw, drawn by six powerful horses driven by soldiers; other wagons loaded with provisions; a long train on the siding bearing munitions of war covered with canvas; two coffins resting on the station platform, and one more borne by four stalwart soldiers; along the central street houses smashed and crumpled; in an open space some two hundred sturdy, bearded, middle-aged, grave-faced men in long black uniform overcoats, with black leather caps bearing gold crosses above the peaks—all

these are signals of your approach to the still distant fighting zone.

Yet, absurd paradox, just beyond the town a flock of sheep grazing; in a near-by field a peasant plowing; on a roadway a steam roller grunting back and forth in its leveling toil. And then, again, just beyond, scores of provision wagons ranged in military orderliness.

But those three coffins, burnished oak affairs with drooping gold wreaths along their sides! They bear the bodies of those killed in battle whose relatives have been fortunate enough to find and retrieve them from the welter of the slain—only the other day a father had told you of his long but futile search for a missing son.

Or perhaps in these coffins rest the bodies of princes, who also were soldiers and officers and who died fighting at the front—eight of these highest born have already paid this crimson and heroic tribute to their country.

And those serious-faced, big-framed, bewhiskered men in black uniforms. They are the *Landsturm* —solid citizens, fathers of families, doing guard duty at the bridges along the roads, but splendid soldiers if ever the time comes when they are needed in trench or battery pit.

The crumpled houses of Dinant or shell-riddled Givet fail to produce any reaction of astonishment when you reach them, so much have you seen already of the furrowing of war's rude plowshare. The tearing, smashing work of the German artillery on Givet's picturesque fortress, perched high above the River

French bridge "built for the eternities, blown into gigantic fragments" by the retreating French; steel structure quickly but strongly built by the Germans to replace it; barb wire entanglement to check possible night attempt to dynamite bridge.

Meuse, does give a slight start—here you stand in what once was supposed to be a bomb-proof underground chamber, now open to the sky, its futile yards of masonry and earth protection blown to the winds or toppled into the chamber itself, covering the bodies of French artillerymen, who now lie buried beneath the debris before you; there you pick up a large slab from a German melinite shell, its splintered edges knifelike in their sharpness, to bring home as a souvenir. How it must have torn and cut and smashed! It is but one of many similar slivers from a single shell.

But, strange psychology, you are more attracted by the phenomenon of fresh and growing life surrounding this havoc than you are by the cannon's heavy handiwork. The pale green of winter wheat, already coloring faintly the fields below, astonishes you more than the huge pockmarks dug on their faces by the high explosives.

All about life has overtaken death—even the slope from which the fortress hill rises is freshly plowed. An earnest, this, of what you are soon to behold even when beneath the monstrous missiles of great guns screaming over your head. Life, the vitality of nature and the heart of man, triumphant over death's temporary ravaging!

And so on to Lille; the ponderous arches of mighty bridges which the French had built for the eternities, but which, in their retreat, they had blown into gigantic fragments, tumbled grotesquely about you; rising above you, the equally strong steel structures with which the German engineers already have replaced

them; the wire entanglements in process of construction before your eyes by German soldiers; an aeroplane flying so high above you that it looks like a great bird—all these you note with less interest than peasants plowing in the fields, a boy unloading straw from a wagon, cows grazing on the winter herbage, clusters of chickens voraciously busy in the barnyards.

And so you come to the firing-line, the trenches and the batteries, the snap of rifle, the rattling chuckle of the mitrailleuses, the heavy voices of the mortars.

The night is still thick when the military automobile starts with you in its swift journey to the trenches. No lights glow in the windows of villages, whose inhabitants are not yet astir. You hear the crowing of a cock even above the noise of the auto, and once a little dog rushes out, barking his impotent defiance. A curious portent hangs in the sky—the morning star—shining with such a vast circumference that you insist that it is no star at all, but a military arc lamp, suspended by some uncanny wizardry of war.

At a crossing of roads in the open country the automobile is halted. Figures approach with electric lights glowing from their breasts, like uncanny beings from another world. They are the officers you met at dinner many miles away early in this very night, yet long since on duty at the outposts.

Finally, as dawn breaks and the countryside unrolls, you enter a little hamlet. The opposing cannon have already begun their hoarse and throaty quarrel. You go into a church, the walls of which have as many openings made by guns as they have windows fashioned by architect and mason. From piles of litter

you pick up a dust covered prayer-book lying in melancholy neglect.

You climb the church tower by a staircase and then by iron ladder, held steadily by soldiers as you mount, until you sit upon the beams from which the church bell swings. Then, through the great slats, you look upon the French and German trenches, startlingly near, and behold the region where the contending artillery are planted, though you can not detect a single battery, so perfectly are they hidden.

"Be careful! Don't show yourself, or we may get a shot!" comes a warning voice behind you.

And now for the trenches themselves. The cannon's continuous booming no longer greatly impresses you; but the *Schutzengraben* hold for you a tingle of expectation. Down the village street you walk on to a broad road bordered by woods; the crack and rattle of rifle firing smites your ear as if coming from just around the corner.

Between two groups of buildings there is a short open space. The officers stoop low as they cross this exposed point and bid you do the like; for standing erect means being seen by the enemy and an invitation to the French marksmen to try their skill on you. You feel ridiculous as you assume this absurd posture; it seems so unnecessary.

Then another unobstructed space which you pass, up to your knees in mud and water, by means of a trench, which conceals you, and so down to a tiny cup in the hills, where a brick house stands, one room for trench reserves waiting their turn and another for the company's officers—the captain a good-looking young lawyer. For, as you are to find, men of all

professions, of every calling, are in Germany's battle line—writers and shoemakers, poets and bricklayers, masters of great business concerns and their employees, university professors and tailors, blacksmiths and opera singers, many of them volunteers—a very democracy of war.

Wet and muddy overcoats hang on trees or are spread on bushes, for, unusual circumstance, the overworked clouds have not poured out their Niagaras for three hours or more, and once, for a moment, the sun actually has shown his tardy and shamefaced visage.

The garrulous and multitudinous voices of the rifles are very close at hand, just over the crest of the hill which you even now are climbing. You can detect plainly the different sides of this leaden debate, and know that a far heavier fire is coming from one set of trenches than from the other. It is the French who are burning this extra powder, you are told,—they are shooting at least five shots to every one fired by their German foe. You would have the reason.

"It is nervousness," remarks a German major, who, by the way, speaks English without accent, and whose relationship is American. "Nerves and an oversensitive imagination. Our French friends can not hold themselves in, it appears. I do not say this in unkindness, for they are brave men, but perhaps more emotional and less steady than our men."

What was this? "French friends!" And this from a German officer wearing the iron cross won by gallantry in action! "French friends" and a compliment, with only the gentlest criticism, from one of those Bavarians whose traditional ferocity when in

battle has elicited anew the attention of the world! These chance remarks switch your thought from plunging bullet and rifle pit even as you mount toward them. "French friends!" And spoken in unmistakable tones of friendliness amid such scenes!

And so at last to the trenches, the real fighting trenches. You zigzag to them through similar approaching channels. Five feet deep, at least, they are, with an additional foot and a half of earth dug from them and ridged above them on the side facing the enemy, serving as an added protection for the riflemen.

Just before entering the fighting ditches you see an underground room hollowed from the earth. You are told to go in if you like, and as you cross this warrior threshold you read these words written on a board nailed to the wooden lintel:

"Villa Ruheort—The Hearthstone Is More Precious than Gold."

It is the quarters of noncommissioned officers in charge of this particular firing squad. Clean dry straw carpets the earthen floor. A large cracked mirror stands on a crude stool-like table, on which are lying two or three books. One of them is on Wagner, another a play by Hauptmann. Two of these military earth dwellers are within and greet you pleasantly.

Through the trenches themselves you flounder, with mud or water or their slimy combination slushing far up about your legs. You stoop, under orders, every now and again when, walking over a caved-in lump of earth, your head if unbent is brought above the surface and in sight of the keen-eyed French sharpshooters—you will get a shot if they see your cap.

You pass the men who are doing the fighting. Here and there they have made benches or footholds, on which they stand, an inch or two above the trench's slush. Apertures, perhaps six inches wide by two deep, made by pieces of wood, appear in the loose earth piled above the trench, looking toward the enemy.

Through these the soldiers scan the opposing line, and they fire when an unwary or curious head comes into view, although most of the shooting is done with rifle resting on the top of the earth ridge of the trench. You look yourself and see the French trenches quite plainly with the naked eye; indeed, they are not a hundred yards away. A little farther on the hostile lines are only forty or fifty yards apart. A clump of trees crests a gentle elevation a short distance behind the French rifle line, and here French machine guns are in watchful hiding.

The rifle firing, sometimes only a p-f-l-o-t! p-f-l-o-t! and again so frequent that it is like scores of giant firecrackers exploded by a single fuse, seems only a few feet away from where you stand. Yet the soldiers by your side do no firing; no bullets whistle over you; no one near you is wounded or killed, and a curious feeling of unreality and play-acting steals over you.

You have a most unworthy and brutal feeling that you are being cheated. You fervently hope that no one will be hit, no one wounded or killed. And yet. "Well, if somebody is sure to be shot in the trenches to-day, if this be fate's unchangeable decree, let it be now, when I can see, and not half an hour

German fighting trench near Arras, France, January 8, 1915. The French trenches are from forty to an hundred yards away. The good-humored faces and excellent physical condition of the German soldiers are notable. Heavy rifle firing a few feet beyond; "sometimes only a p-f-l-o-t ! p-f-l-o-t ! and again so frequent that it is like scores of giant firecrackers exploded by a single fuse."

later, when I shall be gone"—so runs your almost subconscious thought. You feel under obligation to your editor to miss no red event.

But the kindly smiles, the good-humored faces, the expression of physical contentment which comes of being well fed and cared for! Once more your mental processes about-face from the clamor of hostilities toward this new view-point. You forget the dramatic phase and go to wondering about these brawny, cheerful-looking soldiers. And what astonishing education—you fall in conversation later on in an hour of leisure with one about Chamberlin's books. He speaks English perfectly.

Before leaving by a zigzag exit, exactly like your approach, you note and carefully examine little chambers or dens dug in the earth of the trench's wall, always on the side toward the enemy. They are perhaps seven feet long, four feet wide, three feet deep, the roof and sides kept from caving in by wooden supports. The cold, hard earthen floor is softened and warmed by thick layers of clean dry straw; a flap of canvas or gunnysack shields the entrance from daylight and the chilly air.

Into one after another of these firing-line bedchambers you peer, and in every one a soldier is fast asleep, fully clad, even to boots, overcoat and cap. You have not intruded, for nothing so trivial as the poking about of a civilian investigator awakens these war sleepers.

Thus you learn part of the routine of these particular trenches—twenty-four hours in these *Schutzengraben,* two hours watching and firing, four hours sleeping in the cubby-holes; then two hours of duty

on foot again, and so on; then forty-eight hours of rest in buildings, if any are near by, or, if not, in the equally comfortable, big, semi-underground, roomy bunk places; then three days of real rest a little farther back, but still within quick call; then three more days in some comparatively distant yet neighboring village still farther in the rear, where the soldier alternates between enjoying himself and plowing the fields if the French peasants are not already performing that task.

And then back to the trenches again, and the same routine of service and repose. This routine is not uniform—it varies with different armies, even with various divisions.

And here is a problem for the psychologist burrowing his mole-like way into the hidden causes of human action and preference—the men are anxious to get back from the safety and comfort of village life or cozy subterranean comradeship to the danger and discomfort of the fighting pit. You do not in the least understand this soldier choice, but you feel it vaguely yourself long before you are told it. For, lunching an hour later, some miles away, with the general commanding that corps and his staff, in a big attractive house in perfect safety amid engaging companionship, you are ashamed to find that you are not as appreciative as courtesy demands and justifies.

You wish you were back there in the rain and mud, the impolite snap of rifles in your ears, bitten by the tang of the unusual and perilous. Can it be that war has its ultimate roots in the far depths of human nature? Can it be man's blind method of relief from soul-rotting, spirit-quenching monotony? Can

it be that the fuse which explodes the destroying shell also tears apart those gold and silken meshes with which convention and the ordinary wrap, mummy-like, the intellect and aspirations of man? Can it be—hideous and forbidding thought!—that the ages have found no better way than this of stirring the waters of the soul from the stagnation of routine?

You would make acquaintance with the great guns whose booming voice is never still, seems never weary; you would listen more closely to the argument of the artillery—and here luck favors you. It so happens that an officer, with American relationships, has charge of a wide round of inspection as the direct representative of the commander-in-chief of the army. You had met him at dinner and found him attractive, quiet, informed, cordial.

"Come along with me if you like. I shall be glad to have you," says this major-adjutant.

"I should like it very much, but won't my being with you interfere with your duties?"

"Not in the least," he replies, "and you really may happen to see something."

You find that a painter of German battle scenes, who is in high favor with the German army, men and officers alike, also is going. He speaks English perfectly, which adds to your momentary and accidental good fortune. So away plunges the great military auto over the perfect roads of France toward the sound of the cannonade, which grows louder and clearer with every turn of the flying wheels. A square white tower, like an ancient castle with a quaint French village clustered about it, rises from among the trees.

"We are using that as our observation point—we shall be able to see the whole field from there," explains the officer.

The few inhabitants of the village are walking about quite unconcernedly, attending to their daily tasks, the thunder of the guns long since a twice-told tale to them and now a part of their ordinary life. Many German soldiers are in the streets—again you note their healthful appearance and the good humor of their faces.

An elderly French peasant walks by, lifting his cap to the German officers, who return his greeting with civility. A French woman stands in a doorway, holding in her arms a laughing child.

Now you go on to the tower and find yourself on its flat, railed-in roof, where a glass of the highest power, mounted on a tripod, sweeps the whole country and brings the far distance almost beneath your feet. Through these lenses a town which you can see with your naked eye appears to be within a five minutes' saunter from where you stand—you can make out the details of a ruined brick house standing at the town's edge.

In the distance, to the right, white cathedral spires rise like a beautiful unreality. The edifice is being shelled because the French are using it for observation purposes, precisely as the Germans are employing the tower on which you stand. This latter, however, is of no artistic value or historic interest, and has no sacred uses. You wonder why the French do not shell it, for it is in possible range of their heaviest

ordnance. Also, it is the point from which the effect of the German explosives is noted and directions telephoned to the widely scattered batteries.

"You see that smoke? It is one of the French shells exploding," you are told as a pallid cloud suddenly arises from a field a considerable distance to your right. Then you note another and still another of these flowers of conflict.

And always the harsh but not repellent crash of the cannon's barbaric orchestration! Yes, and the green of recurring life in the fields where this iron dispute is going forward, the tender sproutings of the young wheat in patches here and there!

Yet no crimson event strikes your eye, and once more you feel that nothing really is happening. There is not much of hazard, you think, in going to the batteries themselves.

On your way through the village the foolish and impossible thought strikes you: "I wish some of these villagers spoke English!" And you utter that absurd remark.

"Why, there is one," answers the German physician in medical charge at that point. "There is a peasant girl who, I believe, learned a little English somehow. Her family's house is just around the corner. Go talk to her, if you wish."

You find that the girl in question lives with her mother, aunt and younger brother, in a typical house of the French peasant. Neither she nor any of the inmates seems alarmed; plainly they are on good terms with the German invaders.

"Do these Germans treat you well?" you question.

"Oh, yes, we are well treated," she makes out to say in her broken English.

"You do not fear them, then?"

"No, not now. But we feared them very much before they came."

"You say they have treated you well—but have they done anything for you?"

"When they came we had very little left to eat. The captain of the German light cavalry had his soldiers bake bread for us, and gave it to the people of the village. We all thought that kind," the young woman stumblingly informs you with difficulty, so bad is her little English, of which she is very proud however.

"How will you live through this year?"

"We have a field which my brother, who is only fifteen, and an old servant will cultivate. The Germans have let us have two horses for plowing and other work."

But this comes too pat; you are afflicted with the plague of suspicion. You wish one of these peasants spoke your tongue; very well! presto! your desire is at hand. It is altogether too perfect. You will have none of it—these Germans have overdone it, you feel; and you experience a sensation of resentment. You are offended that they should impose upon your intelligence. But subsequent occurrences make it appear not improbable that you are oversuspicious.

For a similar incident two days later could not possibly have been "arranged." Your interpreter, speaking many tongues, is with you on this second occasion—

German officers watching effect of artillery duel before Arras, France, January 8, 1915. "The harsh but not repellent crash of the cannon's barbaric orchestration." In the French village below the people are going about their daily affairs as if nothing unusual were happening.

you have brought him from America and know his reliability—he is of excellent American family in your own town. (And let no investigator go to all the warring countries without such a dependable aid unless he, himself, speaks all the languages.)

You are passing through the only place in France where, as you are told, savagery has been practised on German wounded—seventy disabled soldiers lying helpless in the town hall were murdered you are informed. Their graves are near the outskirts, marked with simple wooden crosses.

As a punishment and a warning against such practises in the future, the Germans shelled the village, having first told the inhabitants to leave temporarily. The Germans think the murders were committed by ruffians and acquit the general French population of the crime. But they will have no more of it, no matter who did the deed.

You are making photographs of the ruins. One picturesque point can only be had from the upper windows of an opposite building. The German officers have no idea of what you wish or mean to do. A French family, minus its men, is lodged within. The mother gives you permission and, the photograph successfully taken, you talk with her. She holds a child, two or three years old, on her lap.

She admits she was terrified before the Germans came; but they have treated her and everybody well, she informs you, and she fears them no longer. The soldiers like her little girl especially, she says. One stopped and had supper with them once, and afterward played with the child for a long time. When

he went away they thought of course that they would never see him again—so many soldiers pass through their village! They were sorry for this, for they liked him.

A week later the little girl was playing on the doorstep when suddenly she gave a joyous cry at the sight of a passing German soldier, and held out her arms to him. It was her friend of the week before who was looking for the house where his tiny playmate lived. He wanted to see her again, and have a romp with her—she was like his own little girl back in Germany! So, no, indeed, they did not fear the Germans any more—nobody in that town did, the child's mother said.

This incident could not have been "fixed up" or "staged" by any possibility.

Once more that day a chance event bears the same testimony. Nobody could have foreseen it. The sheerest accident brings it to your attention. It happens in a town some thirty miles southeast of Lille, France, through which your auto is speeding. In an elevated garden, the stone wall of which is a few feet above the street, is a row of German soldiers. They are convalescing from wounds and almost fit for the firing-line once more. On the sidewalk beneath are a score of French children.

Between the soldiers and the children a sort of frolic is going forward. The soldiers are throwing bits of chocolate to the children, calling out to them endearing names, and the little ones are accepting and reciprocating both. So conspicuous is the mutual friendliness that, although your automobile is more than an hour

late on a schedule to Grand Headquarters, you yet persist in turning back for a little while to get kodak pictures of this comradery between the invaders and the children of the invaded.

But let us return to our trip to the batteries.

We draw near Arras, France, the town you had seen from the tower. It is still held by the French, whom the Germans have not yet been able to dislodge.

"We had better stop the auto here," remarks the adjutant as we come near the top of a slight elevation in the road. "They can see us in a moment more, and they might shell us."

So along the road we go on foot, down the gentle slope. Broad it is, and well made, beautifully bordered with poplars.

At the foot of the long easy hill, toward the town, a house is burning. German soldiers are extinguishing the flames. Across the road are three semi-underground, big rooms, where the soldiers from trench and battery spend their time when not at the guns or on the firing-line. The roofs are hidden by growing vegetation, like that of the surrounding fields.

"Let us go to a battery now," said the major-adjutant, making his rounds; and across beet fields we walk, the heavens above and about us clamorous with thunder not native to the skies. You note a wooden cross at the head of a mound, and then another; and you recall that you have seen many of these, but have not especially marked them, so strident was the call of interest to more insistent things.

They locate the spot where German soldiers, officers and men alike, now sleep and will forever sleep. But

why so few? For you are treading the soil of a battle-field where thousands fell not so very long ago. You find that each of these crosses is not for the grave of one man, but for many, for very, very many.

Again the psychology of life triumphing in thought and feeling over death; for these graves do not oppress nor shock—they seem a matter of course—and live men are by your side and about you the fertile soil with its prophecy of harvest to sustain yet more life!

The fields are sown with metal testimony of the battle; you pick up two conical objects, fuses which exploded shells, and put them in your pocket to carry home.

"What are those two men?" you ask, pointing to two soldiers standing behind a mound of earth.

"Range finders for the battery," is the answer. "We shall be there in a moment."

"What battery?"

"The one before you! Don't you see it?"

"No; I'll be hanged if I do!" and your unpractised eye does not detect the guns twenty yards away.

"Why, there it is—right in front of you!"

Then you do observe three pits, but see no guns as yet; and you think these the entrance to another type of underground soldiers' villa. But you walk forward and soon touch the bulky breeches of the cannon. The pits, or holes, for these particular pieces are perhaps three feet deep and may be twelve by twelve in length and breadth. A narrow passage ten feet in length leads to an underground chamber where the men

sleep and rest when not serving their weapons. It is not uncomfortable.

This underground room and, of course, the gun itself are so carefully covered over with poles, evergreen, earth and vegetation that one walking toward the battery might actually fall into the excavation before seeing that he was near artillery. But as no bullet sped by you when in the trenches, so no shell falls near you now. While you are glad that they do not, still you do not think very much about it—you wonder more whether a picture you are trying to take with your kodak will develop; for the day is dark, and a slight drizzle has been falling since noon.

But you do wish that the battery would get into action; you would like to have that experience at least. And just as you are thinking this—

"Will you please stand a little this way?" politely asks the battery commander. "You are in the way of the range finders," he explains.

You step back, and almost before you fully take in the fact, the gunners are in machine-like activity. A shell is thrust home.

"Hands to your ears!" a voice says. The discharge takes place.

"You remember the ruined brick house you saw from the tower? Some of the enemy have just entered it; that is where that shell went," you are told.

"But why don't they shoot at us? This controversy seems to be going on all about us, from right to left, over our heads, or in front of us. How does it happen that no shells fall here?"

"Our French friends have not yet located this battery. They have no idea that these guns are here. They know that there is an unlocated battery, but they have not found it."

"But they will find you in the end! Suppose they found you now?"

"Oh, well, of course in that case! But that is not probable to-day. This battery has been here a fortnight, and they have not yet searched us out."

The noncommissioned officer in charge of the gun, who crawls with you into the earthen chamber just described, speaks English. He learned it in Mombasa and other places where he has served as a commercial agent. He is now a small merchant on his own account.

To the remark that he and all the men appear to be in fine physical condition, content and even happy, he answers that their physical fitness is due largely to plenty of excellent food and to the care taken of them. As to their cheerful appearance, he says that the men think they are doing well for Germany, and that is enough, he thinks, to make any German happy.

"Also," he remarks, "there is not a man of us common soldiers who does not know exactly what we are fighting for."

"And may I ask what you *are* fighting for, then?" you flash back at him with unguarded impoliteness.

His eyes blaze. *"Für Deutschland!"* The words bark at you with penetrating intentness, which has made him relapse into the German tongue in his emotion. "For the life of the German nation!" picking up his English again. "Yes, and for our lives,

Why do the French not fire here? They have not yet found these guns. Standing by a concealed German battery in an open field about one and a half miles before Arras, France, January 8th, 1915. The captor of Lille, Major Adjutant von Xylander of the 6th Army in centre. Lively cannonading all around.

too, and the lives of our wives and children—our means of earning our livelihood."

"How long will the war last?" you venture to inquire. Equally prompt and spirited comes the answer, his already military straight figure stiffening into yet more rigid erectness.

"Till Germany wins! Till England is beaten!"

"But do you not want to go home?"

"Yes, of course, but not until Germany wins, not until England is beaten!"

And the guns go on roaring, the shells go on exploding, and nothing really happens.

"What a waste of ammunition!" you remark.

"Quite true. But the French are wasting most of it, and most of it is neutral ammunition from neutral America." An officer is speaking now, and he smiles as he whips out his stinging jest. And yet no jest, for already you have learned that it is a serious conviction of German officers, German soldiers, German scholars, German business men, German working men at the front.

Again by differentiating sound and direction and plying questions based on these, you learn that, as in the case of rifle firing in the morning, so in artillery work the French are firing many times to the Germans' once. This does not mean that the Germans are not prodigal of their powder; for while they are infinitesimally economical of everything, they are not parsimonious in ammunition.

"It is with the guns the same thing that I told you this morning about the rifle firing," patiently re-explains the officer who was with you in the trenches

shortly after dawn. "It is a question of temperament, delicate nerves and a supersensitive imagination on the one side and strong nerves and a matter-of-fact imagination on the other side. Our French friends shoot when they think they see something—a shadow is enough; or when they imagine something which does not exist.

"That means they are firing almost all the time. But our men shoot only when they really do see something to shoot at, or when we have figured out carefully, and on a basis of fact, locations and movements. At bottom this fundamental difference will be the deciding factor in this war—the physical basis, plus education, and both of these plus spirit, and all of these plus faith."

Strolling back to the auto, you come upon a field kitchen on its journey of refreshment to the men whom you have just left and their comrades—an enormous kettle, holding gallons upon gallons, its vast lid screwed tightly down; a slight fire burning in the oven beneath it; a stovepipe rising from its front; the whole set on wheels and making a large-sized iron wagon. Two broad horses draw this field kitchen. Fat and sleek these horses are.

The kitchen stops at command; the kettle's lid is unscrewed, and some of the contents ladled out for your sampling, after the cautious cook, with culinary pride, tastes it himself. It is thick pea soup with meat —hot and steaming. It appeals to the palate You like it better than the food at the officers' mess.

As you leave the batteries you begin to speculate

about the seeming absence of real danger. No living creature could be more anxious than you not to be hurt and yet you would like to know whether you have been in possible peril. You voice the thought.

"Don't worry about that," your officer-host reassures you. "Any one any place under fire is always in possible danger. Still, it is not great here and certainly not worth thinking about; you will understand this if you will reflect upon the number of shots fired for every man that is killed or even hurt. Yet," said he, "it is chance, mere chance. For example, a few days ago one of our men was riding near where we have been to-day. It just happened that a shell fell when and where his horse was ambling along. Well! But that only occurs once in ten thousand times; yet in the ten thousandth case it does transpire."

"Then it might have happened to us," you exclaim.

"Why, of course. There was, as I say, the ten thousandth chance. But here we are. Still, of course, the whole thing is chance. No man can tell where he will be standing, walking or riding when a shell or bullet comes."

The flying auto takes you miles upon miles to another point. At two villages there are stops for inspection duty. The streets are filled with soldiers. Again the robust wholesome appearance of the men thrusts itself toward you like a great, strong, hearty hand; again, too, the good humor of the faces astonishes—you had expected hardship's shrunken bodies and faces pinched by despair and privation.

Now you pass a marching company, most of them

grinning, some laughing outright—evidently the company humorist has cracked a joke. Once more the same vitality, the same lusty color of lip and cheek.

Here you pass a large number of soldiers equipped in a manner you had not observed before. Some have spades, some axes, several carry boards, a number have picks, all kinds of tools and implements for digging and building are in the hands of these men. They belong to the engineering corps, you are informed; they are what the veterans of our Civil War would call "sappers and miners." They are trudging rapidly onward. Their faces are grave. You note this with surprise, for all the other soldiers you have seen or will see in the next two days are of pleasant countenance. You remark upon the serious look these men wear.

"A good thing, too," responds the officer in the seat beside you. "For they have serious work before them. They are to do the severest labor perhaps under heavy fire and can do no firing themselves. Most of them are trained engineers and all are high-spirited men. I would be glum myself if I had to toil while being shot at and could not answer shot for shot."

There is a grating rumble just ahead, and in a moment you overtake and are passing a procession of little square wagons, all but two drawn by six big horses. On each off horse sits a soldier, his rifle slung across his back ready for use. There are twenty of these wagons. It is an ammunition train, going where it is needed.

The end of the day has come, and you turn into an open space by the side of the road.

"Let us have some cheese and crackers," remarks the corps commander's aide. While you are standing, eating, darkness falls upon you like a black cloak. Although you have not been out of the sound of small arms or cannon the whole day long, yet you turn your head sharply as just behind you, beyond some trees, the crackle of heavy infantry fire breaks out.

You are in no danger, however, for although only a few yards away, it is the German rifles that are speaking, and the French lead will not come in your direction. Still there is enough shooting to give interest—several hundred men are pulling triggers just across a small field on the other side of the road.

Then, quite as suddenly, you wheel about at an unfamiliar series of explosions of a regularity you have not heard before, and you see at no great distance little spurts of fire so rapid that they seem almost a continuous flame, darting out like the red tongues of legendary serpents. Machine guns these, but directed at an angle from where you stand; so again there is no danger, and again nothing really happens.

Through the darkness now the rushing auto makes top speed. *"Armee Oberkommando!"* shouts the major-adjutant to the frequent sentries, and on you plunge again. Through a large town you pass, and on inquiry learn that it is one of the two biggest mining towns of France; and this leads to the discovery that the Germans occupy much the greater part of France's coal-mining district.

Here is another physical resource which that part of the republic occupied by the Germans is yielding the conquerors. Important items, these, and you reflect

that these French fields are, to a considerable extent, feeding the German army now in France.

You have sampled a portion of the line where the French oppose the Germans, and now you would have a look at another region, where the English front the German guns. Next day, then, you go to Comines, France, and beyond on the road to Ypres. Just across the Belgian border are battery headquarters for this artillery section. The vast noise of the cannon saturates the atmosphere with a steady and mighty sound.

"Will you have a look at Messines before going to the batteries?" asks a young artillery captain.

Of course you will! You are standing in a little space surrounded on all sides save one by quaint old buildings. At an order, some soldiers begin throwing brush from a great contrivance on wheels standing in a corner, and push it forward. The brush is to hide this object from the enemy's aeroplanes and their impertinent bombs.

This mechanism looks like a heavy field piece of unusual length, and you imagine that it is. But the muzzle is elevated until the instrument is perpendicular; and you think that they are going to shoot at a foe of the skies. A wheel is turned and the curious creation elongates itself many feet in the air. There is a quick adjustment at the base, and: "Look, please!"

Stooping to put your eye to the lens, before you is the Belgian town for which the English and Germans are struggling. The supposed big gun turns out to be the most modern and powerful of those field telescopes used by the Germans in this war!

Toward the batteries pouring their mammoth hail

at the English position you make your way. You pass a great circular pit in the earth like an inverted cone, twenty feet across and half as deep. A British shell did that the day before. Alongside the road one of the double row of bordering trees, perhaps fourteen inches in diameter, is broken, its upper half hanging to the earth. The break is a shatter of splinters. Yonder is another tree riven exactly like the first, and a little farther on, still another. The rending in the body of these trees seems almost at the same height from the ground. Work of the English shells.

And so you walk on to a German battery, whose guns are precisely like those you examined yesterday, but not nearly so well concealed. This battery is not in action for some reason—perhaps the guns are "resting." Great piles of shells are under a covering, well concealed from the side toward the enemy—they are ready for use at a moment's notice, as are the guns and indeed the men themselves, who are standing about, in easy preparedness, waiting for the telephone command. What if a shell were to fall in that store of ammunition! But you do not think of this until afterward.

A little way to your right, and in plain view, another battery is in rapid action. The English guns are answering shot for shot. Farther off, perhaps a mile away, a house bursts into flames. "That is an English shell," explains one of the officers. And almost as he speaks, another house, near the first one, begins to burn, also fired by a British naval gun, for these are warship ordnance, you learn, doing shore duty.

And so the labor of war goes on. Above and about you sound the prolonged w-h-i-n-n-n-g-g-g of the flying messengers of death. The sound of them is not unpleasant; indeed, their voices are distinctly musical. You wonder why some great composer has not written the song of the shell.

Such are average examples of the battle front in this part of France in January of 1915. Not many charges or rushes across open spaces, although there are a few of these, here and there, along the hundreds of miles extending from the sea southward into France. The steady rains, the overflowing streams, the flooded low places, the deep and sticky mud—all discourage infantry attack or cavalry operations.

You have felt that downpour, you have seen that surplus water, you have walked a great deal through that mud yourself, and you understand the physical difficulty leadening the feet of soldiers rushing a hostile trench. But when the rains let up and the overflow recedes, and the ground becomes firm, there will be another story.

"It looks to an uninformed civilian as though it will be hard for the Allies to oust you from your position," you observe.

"Oust us! They will never dislodge us! Oust us! Oust us!! We shall advance!" snaps back a German officer, one of the best informed soldiers of a certain famous corps. And when he explains how this can be done without great loss it seems simple enough. Suffice it to say that the major premise of this syllogism of expected victory is temperament and the physical basis. On these the rain and snow and

mud, the waiting and the rifle pit, the bombardment and the scream of shell are having their effect.

And so the world waits upon the convenience of the seasons, when the soil shall be made solid for sacrifice. Then, out of the equation of nerves and temperament, what event will come forth? Sate yourself with speculation. Prophesy as you like. One man's opinion is as good as another's, no doubt. Proclaim, if you wish, that the outcome is on the knees of the gods.

But the German soldier thinks that he knows—*he* knows that he knows. His blood, his life—what is that to him? *"Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,"* he murmurs in trench or battery pit, and sleeps peacefully and is content.

III

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND TWO OF HIS FIGHTING CHIEFS*

"IF IT will be convenient for you to delay your departure, the Emperor will receive you this afternoon," politely said a young officer attached to the Imperial Foreign Office. Booted and spurred, clad in service uniform, with sword at side, the bearer of this message strode hurriedly into the restaurant at the railroad station, where most of the officers at the Grand Headquarters take their meals. We were at luncheon, and the train was in the station, its starting time within less than five minutes. By so narrow a margin did this good fortune arrive!

I had suggested to the Chancellor of the Empire, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, at the end of our conversation the evening before, that it would be a pleasant circumstance for me if I might meet the Emperor before leaving Germany. It was by the merest chance that the favorable result came so quickly, or at all; for the Emperor has not received any foreigner since the war began; he is at the front practically all of the time, and while, in Germany, all connected with the war are incessantly busy with systematic and methodical pur-

* Written at Berne, Switzerland, February 4, 1915.

pose, yet the German Emperor himself is the hardest worked man in the whole Fatherland.

Endless conferences and consultations, all of them of the most serious moment, on a great variety of subjects, call upon him for immense and never-ceasing labor. Then, too, he is constantly in and out of headquarters, speeding now to this point and now to that, or going about the country long since occupied by the German army, and now governed by German administration.

Even the unsympathetic must admit that William II is at his task all the time. From one of these journeys, it appeared, the Emperor had just returned; and thus came the lucky opportunity of meeting this extraordinary personage, the most widely discussed, the most violently abused and most highly praised of living men throughout the world.

Ten minutes past two in the afternoon was the time when I was requested to go to the temporary offices of the Chancellor of the Empire. After some moments of conversation with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Von Jagow, whom I had seen for an hour that morning, the Emperor's aide accompanied me to the garden where the Emperor was walking with the Chancellor. At exactly fifteen minutes before three o'clock I was presented to His Majesty.

Nothing could have been more informal than this meeting, and no one is or could be more democratic in manner than was this so-called "war lord"—a title, by the way, which runs back into the legendary Teutonic history of the Germanic tribes in their ancient forests; and a title, therefore, which is thoroughly

misunderstood and grotesquely misrepresented by the non-German world of the present day.

Contrary to American opinion, there is nothing pompous, nothing even pretentious in the bearing of William II—certainly nothing of the kind appeared on this occasion. The Emperor's manner was the opposite of the ostentatious; it was plain, straight-forward and frank. One's first impression is that of a strong man who is also a pleasant, simple-mannered gentleman, with an agreeable personality, charged with that engaging quality called magnetism.

One's second impression, following so quickly upon the first that the two are almost one, is that of immense vigor, abounding physical vitality and search-light mental alertness. With it all, you are instantly put at your ease, although indeed the psychological atmosphere is not that of apprehension. There is in the Emperor's demeanor none of that stiff reserve with which so many public men cloak their own fear of themselves, not a vestige of that stilted manner so frequently used as a substitute for dignity.

The Emperor wore the simple uniform of the field, and about his shoulders hung the long gray fur-lined cloak, pictured so often in his photographs. His cap was the familiar headgear of the German officer. The Imperial Chancellor was clad in khaki-colored uniform, with boots and cap. There was a notable absence of decorations—so much so that, although one or two may have been worn, they did not impress themselves upon the mind. I was dressed exactly as I was when visiting the trenches and batteries, whence I had just come.

For two hours the conversation continued. I mention the length of time only because of the perfect opportunity it gave to observe the German Emperor and because so long a walk and conversation, after a hard forenoon's work, was something of a test of his physical endurance.

We walked during the whole of this time in the inclosed garden which is a part of the villa occupied by the Emperor in the French town where the Grand Headquarters were then located, a town, by the way, within half an hour's automobile ride from Sedan. The pathway of gravel was a long oval. Here and there clumps of trees beautified the grounds. A high wall, vine-covered, protected the garden in the rear. It was a gray day, the sky blanketed with leaden clouds; and the atmosphere was chill and damp.

His Majesty was within a little more than two weeks of his fifty-seventh birthday. He did not look older than his age suggests. The mustache was gray and the hair almost white; the gray-blue eye was clear, its expression intense and full of nervous force. I had been credibly informed that it is a mannerism of the Emperor to look at you piercingly for a space before speaking, but nothing of the kind occurred. The eye does have a penetrating quality; but if this experience was a fair test, the staring stories are untrue.

The complexion was pale with a faint tinge of color; the lips healthfully red. Under the eyes were wrinkles, but not more nor different than one sees on the faces of most active men of the Emperor's age. The features were not full, as shown by portraits of a year ago; still less were they haggard, as they appear in photo-

graphs taken soon after the war began. The face was lean, rugged, wholesome.

The voice was vibrant and strong, without the faintest trace or suggestion of weakness or nervous exhaustion. The step was firm, decided, but not overrapid; and at no time was there the slightest indication of weariness. The carriage was erect, elastic, vigorous.

While physically as well as mentally the Emperor showed extraordinary animation, there was a calmness and steadiness that surprised because of the descriptions to the contrary so universally published in America.

Such was William II, on the afternoon of January 11, 1915. Yet only a short time before I had read that he was broken down physically, that he was fatally ill, that he was a nervous wreck, and even that his mind was affected by the world catastrophe of which he is the central figure. I am, of course, not a medical observer; but from my youth I have seen hard worked men in every state from perfect fitness of body, nerve and mind, to a condition of physical exhaustion and nervous collapse.

From this experience in practical life, if I had to do with a man, as friend or foe, who looked, acted and talked as the German Emperor did on the occasion I have described, I should count such a man a powerful force, with physical resources unimpaired, with mental strength at its height.

I say nothing about the Emperor's appearance at any former time, for I do not know, personally; nor yet at any subsequent time, for again I do not know, per-

sonally; but I do say that the above is a faithful and if anything a moderate description of William II of Germany, on January 11, 1915, for I do know, personally. If this be his usual state, and in Germany I have not heard to the contrary, his adversaries should not deceive themselves; for they confront a powerful man, in the maturity of his strength.

The Emperor's personality is a composite of the engaging and impressive, the attractive and compelling. One instantly forgets the station he holds in one's interest in the man. The mind is brilliant and stored with an amazing fund of information on apparently every subject. His careful and extensive education, of which so much has been written, is evident; his trained intellect has explored surprisingly wide fields of knowledge. It is impossible to think of William II as ever being dull for an instant; and one can not conceive of his being uninformed upon any matter of large statesmanship coming to his attention or likely to be brought before him. It is asserted by his admirers and sometimes conceded by his detractors, even in hostile countries, that the Emperor is the most thoroughly educated of all European statesmen.

Also, from personal contact one can not honestly doubt the Emperor's sincerity. And the accounts of his deeply religious nature are so plainly true, that the impartial observer does not even question them. The impression of cleanliness in mind, character and conduct is irresistible and increasing. One can not imagine this successor of the Great Frederick as thinking basely himself, or tolerating it from another. One can conceive of his being impulsive, stern, dominant, aggress-

ive, masterful, but never as being colorless, vapid, weak-kneed, hypocritical or cowardly.*

And it was universally asserted in Germany by friend and former foe (for at this writing the Emperor has no opponents in his own country) that William II was devoted to peace above all things, except the safety of the German people. "There is no question that the Emperor did not want this war," said a German Socialist who in the past has bitterly opposed the Emperor and who even now agrees with William II only in carrying on the war until Germany wins. "I am fair enough," said he, "to concede that undoubtedly the Emperor's one great ambition was to close his reign without war. I believe that he wished to be known as the peace Emperor."

In Germany itself, comparatively few if any can be found who believe the contrary. Many say that the

* The following—one of many similar descriptions—may interest the reader: I inquired of the officer in charge of the civil government of the French city where the German Grand Headquarters were located at the time of my visit, about the personal characteristics of the Emperor. "He has so many characteristics," answered this civil municipal governor, who spoke English as well as any American. "From my own experience," continued he, "I should say that the chief element of the Emperor's character is kindness. I have had an unusual opportunity to observe His Majesty. I report to him very frequently—sometimes every day—concerning conditions here. In this intimate contact I have found that the Emperor's predilection for kindness is even greater than his sense of justice which, as you know, of course, is very rigid.

"For instance," continued the officer, "here is a little personal fact not known to the world and which probably never will be known to the world: If His Majesty can be said to take any relaxation at all in these times, he takes it in this fashion—if he has an unemployed hour he likes to ride out through the country and find those who are in need of help or sympathy and then to afford them the craved-for comfort or aid."

Emperor had three opportunities to wage successful war against each of the countries now in arms against Germany.

It is said that Russia would have been helpless before a German onslaught at the time of the Russo-Japanese War; that an ideal opportunity to strike England was when she was engaged in the Boer War; that Germany would have had distinct military advantage over France when the latter was embarrassed with military difficulties in Africa; but that in each instance the Emperor declined to act although, some Germans say, other nations urged him to strike in two of these cases.

However this may be, one who tries to hold the balance of judgment fair and true is inclined, from personal study of the Emperor, to think that his natural tendencies are strongly toward peace. But there can be no question that now that his hand has been set to the plow, he will not turn back until the furrow has been run. In this he faithfully reflects German feeling and purpose. When, at the outbreak of hostilities, the Emperor said, "To the last man and the last horse," he undoubtedly meant every word of it and he expressed in that now historic phrase the deliberate resolve of the German nation.

This sketch is to bring the German Emperor to the understanding of the American mind, and is put in terms of Americanism, just as if describing an American public man. Disagree with him if you will; but remember that if you were to meet the Emperor casually, without knowing who he is, you would like him immensely; and this liking would be a sure step to respecting his character and admiring his ability.

It will be useful to the American reader who thinks the coloring of this picture too pronounced, if he will reflect that to the German eye it will appear pale and unappreciative. To the Emperor's supporters, among the German people, and at the present moment this means the German nation, this estimate will seem small and cold. There are those in Germany who dislike the Emperor even now; but even these are with him to the uttermost in the terrific crisis now threatening Germany's life; and the masses of the people at the date of this writing, February, 1915, are devoted to him with a fervent and limitless loyalty and love.

These facts are mentioned in order that the American reader may be advised that what I have here set down is not an overstatement but, on the contrary, reserved and guarded and far within the limits of the truth. When this is understood, it will be plain, even to the prejudiced, that much which has been written and spoken of this great man has been penned or uttered in ignorance or malice.

THE EMPEROR'S MASTER FIGHTERS

I—Grand Admiral von Tirpitz

Let us now consider the personality and listen to the words of Germany's two supreme fighting leaders in the eye of the world for the hour; the two men whose mental power and force of character have made them in their respective spheres, under the Emperor, the dominating figures of the immediate day in the conduct of the war—one upon the sea; the other upon the land.

Although enormously exceeded by the British navy in number of ships and guns, yet the daring and effectiveness of the German navy, from the heroic career of the *Emden* to the intrepid and skilful audacity of submarine *U 21,* have appealed to the imagination of the world; and now the submarine blockade of the British Isles brings Germany's naval activities upon the stage in dramatic climax.

The war has been full of the unexpected, and what surprises the future holds no man can prophesy. But judging to-morrow by yesterday, it would seem to be not improbable that on the face of the waters and in their depths are to be played yet other scenes in this mightiest drama of history of which no one, save the master playwrights, have yet dreamed.*

Perhaps the sea, to which romance has been restored by ingenuity and dash, will witness no more than repetitions of what has already been enacted; but perhaps the ocean is to behold yet new wonders made possible by the mind and heart of man—the brain which can invent, the will which essays all hazards.

Letters to Grand Admiral von Tirpitz from friends in America (none of whom, by the way, is pro-German) assured a hearty welcome from this remarkable man who, under the Emperor, is the constructive mind in the making of the German navy, and in outlining Germany's sea plans.

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz lived at the time the following conversation occurred in the house of what was said to be a wealthy Frenchman, in the town where the Grand Headquarters then were located. The

* Written February 4, 1915.

dwelling is not overlarge, but well furnished and with many of those evidences of refinement which one expects in the surroundings of cultivated French people. Paintings adorn the walls, and a life-sized bust of a French officer in the uniform and cap of forty years ago stands proudly on its pedestal.

In one corner of the room is a large grand piano, its top partly covered with drapery. Upon the piano are several framed photographs. They are pictures of members or friends of the family to which the house belongs. No single thing appears to have been disturbed; and when the absent French family return, all will be found precisely as it was left, if the appearance of the drawing-room is any safe indication. Other rooms, it was learned, have been converted into offices. Otherwise, the house remains exactly as it was when its occupants fled before the oncoming Germans.

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz is a powerful man, physically and mentally. He is above six feet in height, well proportioned, with a slight inclination to stoutness. The head is very large and symmetrical in outline; the face big featured and full; the dark eyes large and brilliant. A full, heavy, long, white beard, double-pointed, falls upon either breast. The carriage is very erect; the step quick and energetic; the gestures impulsive and dramatic. The uniform is dark blue, with the regulation bands of gold lace at the wrist, and without decorations. The Grand Admiral is in his slippers, for he has been hard at work—the only time, it appears, when he rests is when he is asleep; for he has the German passion for toil.

In his conversation, the chief of the German navy is clear, simple, sometimes eloquent and all the time forcible. He speaks excellent English and his vocabulary is very large. He talked with unreserved frankness; and although an interview for publication was not intended as the purpose of the conversation, the Grand Admiral, at the end, heartily consented to be quoted.

"I am glad," said he, "that you have come to Germany to see conditions for yourself. We are all sorry and surprised that public sentiment in your country is so unfavorable to us. Germany and America were good friends, and the German people were very friendly to the American people, and we thought the feeling was reciprocated. Why has this changed?" he asked.

I explained frankly, that it was felt in America that Germany was responsible for the war, and really began it.

"But why?" broke in Admiral von Tirpitz. "What had we to gain by beginning war? Commerce? No. Wealth? No. Happiness? No. The idea is against common sense! Do Americans think that nearly seventy million people, who are noted for their thoughtfulness, suddenly lost their heads? Such an idea is not only foolish, but monstrous! We did not want war—did not expect it, could not believe it!

"Here is one little proof of this," continued the German admiral. "Our ships were abroad; many of our warships were in foreign ports; much of our vast merchant marine was far away in the harbors of every country—do you think that if we had planned the war,

or even foreseen it, we should not have gotten all our ships home before war was declared? Would it not have been absurd to bring on a war without getting our ships home."

"Then who did begin the war?" I asked.

"On the surface and as a matter of open action, Russia began it; but at bottom, England is to blame. England was and is the moving spirit."

"But why should England want to make war on Germany?" I asked.

"You may see the reason in every trading port of the world, where Germans, by hard and careful work, are selling German goods where formerly English goods were sold," answered Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. "You may see it in German factories, busy making things for the world. You may see it in our wonderful industrial development. This growth of our commerce has crowded England. The whole world knows that she has long been jealous of German success and fearful for her own commerce, which was losing ground because we Germans worked harder, longer and had better system than our English competitors. But we must live, and we can do so only by industry, by making and selling things which the remainder of the world wants and needs. It was to break down German industry and commerce that England planned the conditions for the present war—everybody in Europe knows that! It is strange that Americans do not know it also!"

"Your Excellency, you ask why Germany would begin war, and American public opinion think so," I remarked. "There are many things that have caused

Americans to think so. One of them concerns a practice of the German navy. By books, articles, editorials, Americans have learned of the famous toast drunk by German naval men: 'To the Day!' Americans understand that, for years, German naval officers have drunk this toast to the day when Germany should be at war with England. What is the explanation of this toast 'To the Day'?" I inquired.

Admiral von Tirpitz leaned forward with eyes ablaze and said with all his force, though not loudly: "An infamous, English lie—that is the explanation! It is an outright falsehood. I say, on my honor as a man and an officer that I never heard such a toast proposed, never drank such a toast, and never heard of such a toast being proposed or drunk! It is past belief that sensible people should believe such stuff! I can admire at least one thing English—their ingenuity in concocting falsehoods and putting them before the world! The fact is that our officers fraternized with and were and are good friends of the officers of other nations. Especially did our officers try to be friendly with the officers of our neighbor, England. I am sure no honorable English officer will say otherwise, or will say that he ever heard that this ridiculous toast, 'To the Day,' was ever proposed or drunk, or that he knows any honorable man who says that he heard it. Every honorable English officer will tell you that it is a wretched lie."

"Americans have been impressed with your building of a powerful navy. It has been said that this was a preparation for war. Americans wonder why Germany should have rushed the building of a navy

so rapidly, and spent so much money on it," I suggested.

"But why not?" asked the German sea lord, in return. "Why does the United States build a navy? Or Japan? Or South American countries? Nobody objects to any other country building a navy; why do they object only to Germany's doing the same thing? Why are we singled out for suspicion and abuse? Why, when we, more than any one, have reason for a navy?

"Think of our geographical position; think of our commerce—nearly every pound of it must pass under English guns, without any protection except the menace of our navy. In our position, would not your country build a navy? Have you not built a big navy, although not so exposed as Germany is?

"And," continued Germany's sailor-statesman, "what about England's navy—a double standard navy, ready to choke us or any other country in England's way? They talk about German 'militarism,' which does not exist—but what about England's maritimism, which does exist? Think of it! England's naval principle is that the English navy must be as large as those of any two other Powers combined; and this, too, although England is not so open to attacks as most other countries. Yet England expects the world to agree to this, although it gives England command of the world. Suppose Germany insisted on the same principle on land. Suppose Germany maintained an army as large as the armies of any other two powers put together! Yet England does that very thing on the sea. Again I ask you—what about England's maritimism?"

"But," said I, "England has a world wide commerce to protect, and world wide possessions."

"So has Germany a world wide commerce, which is growing faster than England's," retorted Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. "And Germany, too, has colonies. Is England the only power entitled to commerce and a navy to protect it? Is England the only country which has the right to have colonies?"

I mentioned Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality as a decided source of unfavorable American public opinion.

"Where," answered the Grand Admiral, "is a neutrality which the supposed neutral country has itself destroyed? We believed Belgium had made an arrangement with France and England for mutual action against us in case of war. Perhaps we could not have proved it; now we can prove it, and have proved it. And, if Belgium was to permit France and England to attack us through Belgian territory, should we have taken such a chance? Would you Americans have taken such a chance? It would have been madness! It would have been criminal! Do not forget our history—trampled over, fought over, for hundreds of years. And now we are fighting for our lives!"

"Many in America think, Your Excellency, that Germany is fighting to dominate the world," I remarked.

"Another lie of England's!" shot back Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. "Dominate the world—how? By force? We are not fools! Do give us credit for that! Dominate the world! It is—what do you say? Oh,

yes—idiotic. What are the facts? We were doing very well—you grant us that?"

And leaning forward, this extraordinary man pointed his finger. I remained silent. And again Grand Admiral von Tirpitz asked:

"We were doing well, were we not—in industry and commerce; I ask you—what do you say?"

"Yes, very well indeed—wonderfully well," I replied.

"Well, then, we wished only to be let alone, so that we could go on doing well, and making well better if we could, by hard work and careful thought. We asked no advantage; we asked only the privilege to compete freely with other people, depending upon nothing except our industry and method for success. And you admit that we were succeeding not only in the ordering of our life here in Germany, but in world trade. We were succeeding in giving employment to our immense population, food for their mouths, clothing for their backs, shelter over their heads.

"The German people themselves did that," the Grand Admiral went on, "they had made themselves happy and prosperous by the old-fashioned methods of hard work, clean living and clear thinking. They were taking England's markets because Englishmen insisted on their vacations and week-ends and luxuries and sports. England could save these markets in one of two ways; by working and living as we live and work, or by crushing us. She chose to crush us. So it is life that we fight for—sheer physical existence; and we will fight to the end—and we will win. It is

either victory or death with us; and it will be victory. Let nobody make any mistake about that!"

And here this giant of a man, physically as well as mentally, threw all his power into his words.

"It has been said, Your Excellency, that you have suggested a submarine blockade of England."*

"Well, why not?" came like a shot from a big gun. "Why not, I say? England is trying to starve us. She could not do that if we did not get a pound of provisions from other countries! But she is trying to do so. Are we not to retaliate? Why is it that whatever England does seems all right to Americans, while they object to anything Germany does, of the same kind?"

"But," I suggested, "a submarine blockade is not the same as an ordinary blockade, where merchant ships can be warned before sinking. But a submarine blockade gives the blockade runner no chance."

"But what chance does a mine give the merchant ship?" quickly exclaimed Germany's master sailor. "It gives less chance even than a submarine. If we decide upon a submarine blockade of England, we shall notify the world. Yet England has sowed the North Sea and the Channel with mines, so as to shut us from the ocean and keep supplies away from us. These hundreds of mines give no warning."

"But," I asked, "has not Germany sowed mines in the North Sea also? Our understanding in America is that England and Germany are even on that score."

* The time of this conversation was the evening of January 11, 1915.

"Another gigantic English lie!" almost shouted Germany's first sailor. "We have not planted a single mine in the North Sea, except on the English coast and in English waters. What happened when nearly an hundred mines were washed ashore on the coast of Holland? Nearly all of them were English; not one was German! And yet they tell you that we sowed mines in the North Sea! Why should we? Would we want to blow up merchant ships carrying provisions to us? Would we want to help England in her attempt to strangle us?

"Again I say I am moved to admiration at England's colossal ability to invent falsehoods and then to get the world to listen to and believe them," said Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. "It is astonishing that you Americans, the shrewdest people in the world, should credit England's statement that we Germans do everything that is foolish and wicked, and nothing that is sensible and good! The German citizens of your own country—are they not sensible people? Are they not good people? Yet we are the same people!"

"Our people of German descent are among the very best citizens we have. We have no better. We wish we had more of them," I replied.

"Oh, is that why you are not neutral?" snapped back this keen-minded chief of the German navy. "You want more of our people for citizens? You know that if we are beaten you will get hundreds of thousands of them, which our industry and commerce now keep prosperously and happily here in Germany."

"But, Your Excellency, we are neutral; we wish to

be impartial and just, even in thought, as our President has said," I remarked.

"Neutral!" exclaimed this builder of Germany's sea power. "When you are sending provisions to England, France, Russia—and none to us! Neutral! When you are supplying our enemies with rifles, guns, ammunition—and selling none to us! Tell me"—and this mighty figure of a man rose to his feet, towering like an ancient viking, whose pictures he resembles—"do you call that neutrality?"

"But, Your Excellency, the merchants and manufacturers of a neutral nation may sell what they like to all belligerents, may they not?" I challenged. "The belligerent power buys and ships them at its own risk. If one warring country can get such goods into port and another can not, has the neutral nation violated neutrality by that course?"

"Technically, no; morally, yes," instantly replied the German naval chief. "That argument is what you call splitting hairs, I believe. Here is a great and friendly nation, millions of whose people are your own citizens; and the greatest and most unnatural combination of enemies in the history of the world is trying to crush that nation. That nation is fighting for its life; yet neutral America, which prides itself on justice, and despises technicalities, says that although Germany's location and this wicked combination of enemies surrounding her prevent her from getting provisions and munitions of war, for which she has the gold to pay—still America will supply Germany's enemies with food and powder and guns; but not Ger-

many, upon the technicality that it is not America's fault if American goods can not reach Germany, and can reach Germany's enemies. We Germans think that this position is morally unfair. We think that it is not what you call a square deal."

"But are you in need of provisions, of munitions of war?" I asked.

"No; we have more than enough. We can neither be starved nor beaten. But the big point is that, by selling war materials and provisions to the Allies the United States are prolonging the war. If America would not send any more powder, guns and food to our enemies, this war would very soon be over.

"Does America wish to take the responsibility for this?" exclaimed Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. "I wonder if the good people of the United States who talk about peace realize that by furnishing our enemies with the necessaries of war, America is actually keeping up the war. America could end it very quickly if she would."

This conversation had gone on as a private exchange of views; but so much that the Grand Admiral said was important that I asked him, as we were parting, whether he objected to my quoting him.

"I do not object," he answered. "I most certainly do not. I shall be glad if you will. Just submit it so that I may be sure and you may be sure that we have understood one another."

It accordingly was submitted; and what is here set down is as Admiral von Tirpitz expressed it, and then afterward verified it. To make its accuracy certain, I requested that each page of the manuscript be stamped

by the navy department. This was done, and the original is in my possession.

II—Field Marshal von Hindenburg

The performances of the Germany army in the east have not only given General von Hindenburg supreme command in that theater of the war, but with it also the title of Field Marshal, the highest distinction known to the German military establishment. In the big, barn-like, painfully modern building called Posen Schloss, Field Marshal von Hindenburg has established the Grand Headquarters of the East, and surrounded himself by a staff of officers whose mastery of the art of war has attracted the attention of other nations, and won the unbounded confidence and enthusiasm of the German people. Within the unlovely walls of this recently built castle throbs the collective brain which plans every movement, considers every condition along the immense battle line extending from the Baltic Sea to the Austrian stronghold of Cracow. Every one of these men has been chosen solely because of ability, effectiveness and devotion to his work.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg looks the ideal soldier. He is a very large man, more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, thick-chested, but not bulky in the waist. The immense stature, the huge frame, the impression of tremendous, steady, unyielding force which Von Hindenburg gives you—all of these make him fit in well with the wide-spaced, lofty-ceilinged rooms and halls.

The face is massive; the jaws remarkably broad and heavy; the chin wide and with a slightly forward thrust. The big eyes are a clear gray; the mouth large and generous; the lips firm to grimness, but for their great good humor and a trick of breaking into smiles. The eyes, too, twinkle with merriment; and indeed the "pile-driver" effect of the whole man is modified by the kindliness which rescues the granite-like features from a terrible sternness. One can well believe the stories of the fondness of children for Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who, it is said, has an equal liking for them.

You get the impression, too, of supreme confidence in himself. Here is a man, you feel instinctively, who makes up his mind what he wants or wants to do, and then has no further doubt on the subject. It is the kind of self-confidence that inspires confidence in others.

You can readily credit the report that he keeps his own counsel, even to the point of secretiveness; it is said that only two officers know all of the plans of operations on the eastern front. These two officers, who help devise those plans, are men whose brilliant work in the present war has already made one of them known to the German people, and the other to German military circles. Both of them, before fall comes, will be known to the world.

Some say that it is doubtful if any one in Germany save the Emperor and these three men has the slightest knowledge of what is to be done throughout the extended eastern field of hostilities. This is merely a form of expressing the secrecy of the Eastern Head-

quarters; for, of course, the General Staff is fully advised.

Thus far Field Marshal von Hindenburg is the one popularly acknowledged military genius developed by this war. At the date of this writing, February 4, 1915, the German people think him as great as the great Von Moltke; and his manner, appearance and deeds suggest a combination of Von Moltke and Blücher.

The Field Marshal was quite willing to answer questions, and each answer was like a shot from a great gun.

"At bottom, who is responsible for this war? That is what America wants to know," I began.

"England!" boomed the Field Marshal.

"Why England?"

"She was jealous. The English merchants made this war. It is a merchants' war—English merchants."

"Most Americans think that Germany began the war because she declared war first," I suggested.

"Germany did not begin it; Russia did," answered the Field Marshal. "Russia began mobilizing many weeks—a long time—before our Emperor ordered our mobilization, or thought of doing so. Russia was bringing Siberian troops to the German frontier. These troops from Siberia were coming. We said to Russia: 'What does this mean?' Russia gave no answer. Then we asked her to stop. She would not stop. Then we asked England to stop her. England would not stop her. It was war. We had to strike; we did strike."

"If it was Russia's action that caused war, why do you say that England was responsible?" I asked.

"She could have stopped it," promptly responded Field Marshal von Hindenburg. "Russia would not have begun it if England had said, 'No.' But England wanted it. She thought that, with Russia and France to help her, she could kill Germany. We do not dislike France, nor Russia either. We like the French. But England! We hate England! She is the cause."

"It is said in America that there is a military party in Germany—" I started to say.

"Foolish!" rumbled the Field Marshal, interrupting.

"And that Germany's military party forced the war," I went on.

"Foolish!" again clanged the Field Marshal—his voice was a mingling of amusement and disgust. He looked both. I could not repress a smile.

"Is that the only answer?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; foolish. There is no such thing." The fun in the Field Marshal's tone rescued it from a mighty growl.

"Many think that Germany stands for militarism, and that the spirit of militarism caused the war," I observed.

"I don't understand what you mean by that 'militarism'—what is it?" Field Marshal von Hindenburg looked his mystification.

I explained the American conception of militarism.

"Nonsense," he answered good naturedly. "The German army is the German people. It had to be so, with Russia on one side and France on the other."

"But although the people are the army, can not the

government force the people into war without their consent?" I inquired.

"Force the people? No!" exploded Germany's greatest fighting chieftain. "We could not fight a war as we are fighting this one if the people were not for it. It would not be practicable nor possible. It would not work."*

"But in America this war is often called 'the Kaiser's war,' and not the people's war. How can that be?" I asked.

"The German Emperor and the German people are one," exclaimed Field Marshal von Hindenburg. "Talk to our soldiers, or anybody in Germany, and you will find this is true."

"America did not like Germany's violation of Belgium's neutrality," I remarked.

"France had violated it already," said the Field Marshal; "French officers and troops were across the Belgian frontier already. Belgium had violated this neutrality herself long ago. There was no neutrality left."

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* A German scholar had told me the same thing in Berlin. "If the people were not for this war, all sorts of things would happen," said he. Dr. Albert Südekum, the Socialist leader, gave similar testimony. The railway service would break down here and there; ammunition would not arrive; the commissariat would be slow; there would be no volunteers—many things would happen and many others would not happen, etc. In short, according to German non-military men, the "military authorities" would be pretty helpless, after all, if the people were against the war. German business men bore the same testimony. "Why," said a banker, "I should like to know what we could do if the people refused to send their gold to the Reichsbank. And, if the people were opposed to the war, they would keep their hoardings in their stockings. Yet they have sent them to the bank for war purposes in an unprecedented manner." Also see Chapter VI.

"How did Belgium violate her own neutrality?" I asked.

"By agreeing to let England and France attack Germany through Belgium," answered the Field Marshal.

"Are the German people united for the war; does anybody in Germany object?"

"Have you found anybody who objects?" countered the Field Marshal.

I admitted I had not.

"And you will not. The German people are as one man. You will find it so," asserted the German Field Marshal.

"The people I have talked to in Germany seem to think Germany will win," I observed.

"Of course we shall win! We have no doubt—have you?" asked the Field Marshal.

I explained that Americans did not understand how Germany could win over the great combination against her, and asked the Field Marshal the reason for German faith in victory.

"We shall win because we know we are right," was the Field Marshal's answer. "Every German soldier knows we are right. He knows what he is fighting for. The combination of our enemies does not frighten us. Frederick the Great won against a combination of comparatively more enemies, and he was not so well prepared as we are now. We are fighting for existence."

"What are the chief elements of German strength?" I asked.

The Field Marshal answered slowly, as if counting these elements.

"Our knowledge that we are right; the faith of the nation that we shall win; their willingness to die in order to win; the perfect discipline of our troops; their understanding of orders; their greater intelligence, education and spirit; our organization and resources."

"Americans admit and admire German organization; but they think, quite naturally, that your resources are not great enough to enable you to keep up the war," I observed.

"Don't worry about our resources. They are plenty. More than enough. The world will learn that in time."

"You spoke of the superiority of the German soldier. What of the Russians?"

"Good fighters, who don't know what they are fighting for," said the Field Marshal. "They only know that they are told to fight. They don't know why. They have no education. The German soldier is alive; the Russian dead—in mind."

"How long, Field Marshal, will the war last?" I asked.

"Until victory for Germany!"

"What of the health and spirit of your troops?"

"Excellent! See for yourself!"

"How many prisoners have you taken?"

"Ask the railroad authorities. They know to the man. But more than three hundred and fifty thousand."

"Does that mean the number your army has taken,

or the total number of prisoners which all German armies have taken?"

"Only the prisoners we have taken in the east. We have taken more than three hundred and fifty thousand here in the east."

"Does that include the number of prisoners taken by the Austrians?"

"No; only the prisoners the German troops in the east have taken. I don't know how many the Austrians have taken. They have taken a great many."*

"Many reports have been published that there are dissensions between the German and Austrian forces, both officers and men."

"Ridiculous!" said the Field Marshal. "False, of course!"

The Field Marshal had been so frank and good-humored that I laughingly asked him when he was going to take Warsaw.

His eyes twinkled with fun as he said:

"Can't tell. We are thinking; but so are the Russian officers thinking. But we shall take it. Maybe to-day; maybe to-morrow; maybe next day. But when we move, we shall win!"

Like the conversation with Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, this talk with Field Marshal von Hindenburg was written out, submitted to and approved by him; and at my request the official stamp of the General Staff was placed upon each page of the manuscript, of which I retain the original.

* This conversation occurred February 21, 1915.

III—Rising Stars

Such is the appearance and such the sentiment of the two German fighting leaders, now most in the public eye of the world. Because of this fact, and because they are typical of the German military and naval officer, of which they are respectively the highest examples, I have described and reported them for the American reader. Whatever may be thought of the issues involved in the war, let no one imagine that Germany is not well equipped with officers, not only in great numbers, but of uncommon ability and thorough training.

It is safe, also, to say that as the war goes on the names of other men, now unheard of outside of Germany, will become as well known to the world and to history as even Von Hindenburg or Von Tirpitz now are. Already, above the horizon there has arisen one of certainly great talents, and one whom many in Germany think a genius of the first magnitude.

As the summer passes and next autumn comes, let the American reader watch for the name of Von Ludendorff, now Chief of Von Hindenburg's staff; Von Ludendorff may be a field marshal by that time.*

Before the snows of next winter fly, look for the name of Hoffman, now a colonel in Von Hindenburg's military household; Hoffman may be a general by then.

On the west front also there are other younger officers of highest promise. Indeed, in both the eastern and the western theaters of war there are a surprising

* Written February 4, 1915.

number of officers with the ability, the will and the daring to make history, and to weave their names into it. Yet, as important, as indispensable as they are, the officers are the smallest factor in this war; it is the people which constitute the vital force in the struggle, and back of the people, their ideals. Other chapters deal with these fundamental elements of this destiny-determining struggle.

IV

A DAY OF WINTER BATTLE*

ALTHOUGH you do not go to bed until near midnight, and are asleep before your head touches the pillow, you need no thundering on the door to awaken you at half past four this morning. The bellowing wind performs that service for you—you had no idea it could howl with such a penetrating voice. And its tones are arctic. They announce a temperature which makes you shiver before you feel it.

Perhaps your experience the day and night before subconsciously puts an edge on the blasts of the gale in your imagination. For you are in Lodz, in Russian Poland, and you have driven from Posen, nine hours at top speed of a swift automobile in the face of a driving wind, sharpened by particles of snow which sting your face like wasps. You are on your way to a battlefield, some ten miles beyond Lowitsch; and Lowitsch itself is about thirty miles from Lodz. You are soon to see fighting within an hour's automobile ride, in peace time, of Warsaw.

Advised by yesterday's frigid journey, and cautioned by officers, you take extreme measures against the expected chill of the day before you. Three suits

* Lodz, Russian Poland, January 31, February 1, 1915.

of woolen underwear; riding breeches, shirt and coat; a woolen sweater; fur-lined vest; heavy fur coat with a long cape over all; thick, long, woolen, hand-knitted socks; riding boots with heavy wool socks over these, encased from knee to ankle in leather puttees; thick, wool-knit headpiece beneath the cap, covering forehead, ears and chin and warmly circling the neck; automobile goggles for the eyes; gloves, with soft, thick mittens worn over them—such are the fortifications which, you are informed, your softened and unseasoned civilian tissues will require against the cold, speeding in an open automobile.

Although they, too, are warmly clad, the German officer and soldier need no such padding; for, living, marching, fighting constantly in the open has established good relations between them and the weather.

At the very outset is a meaningful circumstance: your guide in charge of the auto is a gentle-spoken Jewish youth. Not a feature is Hebraic; only his name advertises his origin. He is a volunteer in the automobile corps, as is his father, also. He knows every road, lane and bypath in that whole region. His duties are full of extreme peril—already, he has won the iron cross by intrepid daring and cool intelligence. His fidelity has made him the trusted messenger of the strictest and most secretive military headquarters in the Empire.

You have heard of this young person before, and of his brilliant, hazardous work. He is a symbol and a sign—the people of his race in Germany are displaying incredible devotion to the government, limitless support of the war. Not Bavarian, nor yet Prussian, not

Saxon nor Wurtemburger, nor any person of pure Teutonic blood exceeds the Jew in Germany in his eagerness to sacrifice everything for German victory.

Mile upon mile you fly under the dark sky, low-hanging with clouds from which falls a smatter of snow. The landscape is a study in black and white. Patches of pine forest stand out like sections of midnight on the snowy plain. To the right and left are Russian battery pits and rifle trenches, long since tenantless; it would seem that every foot of the way had been fought over, though not seriously, except here and there where it is plain that a hard fight occurred.

Hamlets, villages, and one or two small towns pass like a bizarre panorama. Naked walls of houses, which unluckily had stood in the line of fire, hardly attract your notice, for such specters have become so familiar that they are commonplace. You do note a big hole, perhaps ten feet in diameter, in the brick tower of a Russian church, a little way beneath its bulk-like, blue-painted, oriental dome, so grotesque is the contrast; a German shell had routed the enemy from this observation point.

Two lofty pine trees, side by side in a field far from the nearest woodland, stamp themselves curiously upon your mind. Again, a tall cross of rough timber, bearing the Holy Image, rises before you at the roadside—the cold seems more intense, the gloom of sky and field and wood still more desolate.

Yet now and then where for a hand's space eddies of wind have swept the snow from the fields, you see that all is cultivated, and that winter wheat is coming on.

You begin to meet empty provision wagons, now, the first one driven by peasants, and then others, driven by German soldiers.

And now you pass through a town, where the unexpected greets you with curt abruptness; the inhabitants are walking to and fro along the street about their daily affairs. Upon a stool by the side of a door sits an old woman, with loaves of bread piled on the table before her, ready for customers; and across the way, through the window of a meat vender's shop, you see a side of fresh beef hanging from its hook beside other familiar wares of the butcher's shop. This in Russian Poland, January 31, 1915, and you on your way to the near-by battlefield.

Soon, you meet other provision wagons, all empty and going in the opposite direction. And then you pass a train of these same vehicles, heavily laden, making their steady and unhurried way toward the still distant front. You began to count them until fifty-two have been left behind, and then give it up, for there is a long line still ahead of you, and other incidents capture your attention.

One in particular is like a scene from *Alice in Wonderland,* so odd, so absurd, so unreal it seems. You pass through a village some four or five miles from Lowitsch, and along the road from this village to the larger town, strange figures are trudging. A shawl covers the head and shoulders down to the waist, from which hangs an amazing skirt, bulged out by many skirts beneath until it looks like a bell. This overskirt is made of strips of different colored cloth, each perhaps three inches wide, one yellow, one blue,

another orange, still another green. A little distance from you, they look like great beetles. They are peasant-women, peculiar to this locality, plodding to church; for this battle day is Sunday. You already hear the distance-dulled grumbling of the guns.

Passing through Lowitsch signs of unusual military activity become unmistakable; provision wagons, ammunition trains, troops of Uhlans—their lances like the long black needles of mythical giants—all moving steadily forward; groups of common soldiers apparently connected with the commissariat or some other nonfighting branch of the service.

Yet all of this woven in and out with the civilian life of the place—a soldier making some purchase in a shop; a slender trickle of variously garbed men and women going toward the church; a blond-bearded German teamster standing for a moment's rest, his face full of good-humored content, as he idly smokes a cigar—and you are journeying to where men are fighting and dying not far from this spot.

As you press forward, the road becomes more congested. Among the throng of wagons you observe now and then a field kitchen; and two or three field guns attract your attention. Yet, though filled with vehicles, men and horses, the road is not choked; and while your automobile now must move at the slow pace of the general throng, its progress is not halted for a single instant until a village is reached within perhaps three miles of Bolimoff, the center of the German battle front in this particular action, which extends many miles to right and left.

This hamlet and the road beyond are packed with

wagons bearing provender for horses, provisions for men and food for the voracious guns. Many mounted officers ride amidst the jam of this war caravan. You wonder why this congested mass of men, horses and wagons does not become locked in the narrow roadway. Yet only now and then is there a brief stop, never lasting longer than two or three minutes, when again you go forward.

A little later you find the cause: the hard-frozen, snow-covered road has become slippery and one of the six horses drawing an ammunition wagon slips and falls. The teamster, aided by one or two others, helps the prostrate animal to his feet, speaking words of encouragement in kindly tones. Time and again you witness repetitions of this incident. At every such enforced halt teamsters, cavalrymen and even officers carefully examine the feet of the other horses, removing solicitously every particle of hard earth, every pebble or other fragment of caked snow and dirt until the frog is as clean as when the horse left his quarters.

A side road joins the main thoroughfare and this is packed with infantry. A pause comes until these are well on the highway; and again you witness more cleaning of the horses' feet.

By now the firing of great guns is filling the heavens with a very havoc of sound. The dense mass of ammunition and provision wagons is thinning out, some going by a side road to one part of the field, others in a different direction, and the remainder straight on at a sharper pace. So you are able to pass the infantry.

They have marched sixty kilometers, but in no hurry and with proper rest and abundant food. They look

"Food for the voracious guns." German ammunition train going to a section of the batteries. A little incident in a snowy battle day. Battle of Bolimoff, Russian Poland (before Warsaw). January 31st, 1915. The German organization is as perfect as the good cheer and physical fitness of the German soldiers.

quite fresh and again you note the circumstance that you observed with surprise on the western front—the well-fed, physically fit appearance of these men; and the good humor, too, a smile never failing to bring an answering smile.

A regiment of Uhlans rides in the open field near the road; the horse of one falls, its foot slipping on the icy slope of a ditch; the rider's leg is caught and slightly hurt; he pays no attention to this but, limping, helps his mount to rise, patting the animal's neck in consolation.

And so you reach and pass the spot by the side of a road in an open field where General von Mackensen and his staff are stationed. Across the road are a few houses of a tiny hamlet. Many times that day you observe this fighting General, one of Field Marshal von Hindenburg's most trusted lieutenants. He is tall and slender, his gray hair and mustache adding to the distinction of his appearance.

Just now, he is walking to and fro talking with an officer, the remainder of his staff standing apart.

Some three hours later, when you again pass, going to another part of the field, the General is sitting alone in his automobile; and toward the close of day, when you once more go to the front of the German center, he is pacing back and forth by himself, his head bent forward in thought, his long, gray military overcoat, with cape about shoulders, reaching almost to his heels.

An elongated, cloud-colored object floats high in the air a mile to your left, or rather hangs, stationary, sloping backward from below. It is an observation war

balloon, a "captive balloon," as it is called, held to the earth by a cable and drawn down if nothing can be seen from it or if the fire of the enemy upon it becomes too hot. Some time later this aircraft is brought to the earth. The falling snow and dark clouds probably made it ineffective, rather than the enemy's fire. It does not matter: much more is to be seen from another point you are soon to visit. Indeed something is to be observed all about you.

As you have advanced toward the scene of action, the roar of artillery has grown into a continuous series of thunder peals. You detect a new note, not heard from the batteries before Arras in France and Messines in Belgium. In ten minutes you find its source. Not twenty feet from either side of the road, just behind and indeed on the edge of the town of Bolimoff, are two Austrian thirty and a half centimeter mortars.

They are in slow action, and you stop for a while to watch their work. An artilleryman turns a wheel at the mortar's side, and its muzzle rises until the thick monster points upward at a decided angle. By a mechanism, the great shell is lifted into place; for such missiles weigh upwards of a thousand pounds. Then comes an earth-shaking explosion, and a twisting, shuddering mingle of howl and scream as the giant explosive hurtles through the air.

On right and left, perhaps three hundred yards from the roadway, are the heavy, German field batteries of twenty-one centimeter guns. They are in rapid action, trying to silence the Russian batteries three or four miles away. The Russians are answering, but not

plentifully nor with good aim, at least so far as these particular batteries are concerned.

You see only two geysers of earth shoot high in the air, perhaps forty or fifty feet. They are from two heavy Russian shells exploding in quick succession. But no more fall, and even these two are some yards to the right of the last gun of the German battery. You think them quite harmless, and would walk over to see the holes they make in the ground, but, luckily, you are diverted. Later in the day you are to find that one of the shells fell near enough to do at least a fraction of its intended deadly work.

The lighter German batteries are in ceaseless action, some distance in front of these larger guns. This and another fact apprise you that there is no imminent danger in the immediate neighborhood of the heavier artillery: enormous tents are just behind and within a stone's throw of the big ordnance.

So you feel secure although, of course, you are in reach of the long-range Russian cannon, as two of their bursting shells testified a few moments before. More of them may come any time and fall anywhere. But this is unlikely—the German officers think the more powerful Russian artillery silenced or drawn back.

These great tents are field stables for hundreds of horses; for the German army horse, whether cavalry, artillery or commissariat, is as well cared for in the field as in the permanent stables of the peace establishment. Also, parks of field artillery, with horses harnessed to the gun carriages, and artillerymen are stand-

ing ready, apparently waiting for orders to go into action; so are a large number of Uhlans, each man beside his saddled and bridled mount.

Hundreds of men not thus occupied are moving about upon their various duties; everything is quite casual, indeed indifferent; it is all a matter of course. From the appearance and conduct of these men, you never would imagine that a battle is going forward and that they are within its edges. As for the roar of artillery, they are so used to it that they are not conscious of it; it no longer registers an impression on the brain. They pay absolutely no attention to the few bursting Russian shells.

You make your lunch with the common soldiers, one of whom politely offers you his tin soup dish and another his spoon, the handle of which is a fork, apologizing that he has nothing better. The food is a thick soup made of navy beans, with slices and chunks of pork. Also, of course, there is plenty of brown bread. It is amazing the quantity of provisions the commissariat manages to get to the front. The soldier is never without abundant food, so far as you have been able to observe.

The battery on the left, and a short distance in front of the canvas stables has been in rapid action, and you go to it to see the gunners face to face. There are three huge guns standing on the ground's surface and not in pits, and screened from anything but close scrutiny of the enemy by a fringe of evergreens fixed firmly in the earth. Even from a short space away these look like growing trees.

The men have given the guns feminine names—one

is Anna, you read; another is Elsa, while the third is Edith. Where they picked up the name Edith puzzles you, for it is not a familiar German name.

These gun squads have rigged up a little house of brown canvas. On a board above the entrance you read that this is "Villa Brat Kartofflen," that is, "Villa Baked Potatoes." Anna has just sent her compliments six thousand five hundred meters to the enemy and, for a time, the battery ceases action.

In Villa Baked Potatoes several gunners are sitting on empty cartridge cases around a tiny stove. They make room for you with smiling hospitality.

The other men are busy about this and that detail of the guns, which for the moment are inactive. Yet all is ready for instant service—at any moment orders may be telephoned for firing; and the roar, the leaping flames, the screaming shells will again entertain you.

So in this breath of leisure you would like a picture of one of these war maidens, Anna, Elsa or Edith, and also of Villa Baked Potatoes and its tenants. A young lieutenant offers to manipulate your kodak for you, and the gunners all gather about laughing, for all the world like so many children, each one anxious to be in the picture.

Still no advance in force, no general movement of masses of men, nothing but the monotony of the perpetual roar of cannon; all are waiting until the artillery does its work thoroughly and even more until the day becomes clearer—it still snows and the skies are dark.

From the center of the near-by town in front of you, a church steeple lifts itself high above the few trees and surrounding houses. You are advised that within

the highest point of its tower, the Germans have their observation station from which are noted the effect of the German fire and directions telephoned accordingly to the various batteries.

You are informed also that despite this placid rear, where only the big guns are at work, and an occasional Russian shell tears up the ground, the German and Russian infantry face each other from opposing trenches beyond the tower. Only the overpowering and dominating thunder of the great guns prevents your hearing the crackle of the thousands of rifles.

Russian trenches are about to be taken—news has come that the Germans already have captured one. From this church steeple alone can this fighting be seen.

To the church, then, you make your way, and after a space permission comes to go to the top. You mount by a winding stair of brick through the pitch black shaft of the tower to a large space with three big arched openings, two of them boarded up. Through the unobstructed one, a section of the field of action is before you.

For a while you examine it by the aid of strong field glasses, until told to mount the ladder leading to the final loft, just beneath the sharply sloping roof of the belfry. Here you find the very heart of activity, the busiest single spot you have discovered in all Germany.

A general of artillery sits in the semi-darkness on a little stool, his eye fixed on the mirror of a curious observation telescope, bent at the top like an ear trumpet, its flange looking through a small opening made

in the belfry roof. He notes the effect of every German shell on either Russian trench or battery, and with quick, accurate decisiveness gives brief orders to officers seated at telephones, who in turn bark them out in sharp detail over the wires to the proper gun squads in the field. And now you recall that in the church entrances were clusters of wires, in the loft wires—everywhere wires.

You tarry but a minute or two, scanning the field through this distance-grasping instrument, and then climb down to the loft below; for these men are absorbed in deadly, imminent and incessant duty, and you would not trespass upon their courtesy.

By aid of that observation telescope, supplemented by long and steady gaze at the opening of the loft below, you make out something of what is going on in the field before you.

A long line of men, each a short space from the other, is moving forward. They do not appear to rush. They look as if they were clad in black, so sharp is their outline upon the dead white of the snow. One lies down; another sinks to a sitting posture. Midway of the field back of this line, two men are walking. They do not seem to hurry. At another point a man half-reclines in the snow, leaning on his elbow.

Along a cross-road, several wagons crawl. In the distance are a cloud of figures—the Russians you are told. But why are they not in their trenches? It is very confusing for all its apparent simplicity—and deadly in spite of its seeming mildness.

"Here come some Russian prisoners," a voice at your side quietly remarks.

You look, and on the road leading from the field toward the town marches a column of disarmed men in charge of two or three Uhlans.

You hasten down to get a closer view of these captured soldiers; but you miss them for the moment, though you are to see them, and many more, later in the day. But now the wounded who are still able to walk come straggling directly by you, for the temporary hospital is in a broad, one-story, brick building in the same street, only a few hundred feet away. Most of them have been hit in the head, face, hand or arm, the familiar wounds of the trenches.

Each is bandaged, having received first aid in the field hospital near the firing-line. The blood is soaking through these bandages. Only one man passes who has been shot through the foot; he limps along on the arm of a comrade, carrying his perforated boot. After bandaging, a thick woolen sock has been pulled over his wounded foot. He is quite willing to tell about it, and laughs as he poses for a kodak snapshot.

You have seen wounded men before, hundreds and hundreds of them; but these had been in hospital trains, field hospitals, or permanent hospitals. For a long time you have been anxious to see how men looked and acted when newly hurt on the battlefield itself. And here they are before you.

The injured ones appear to accept their plight with nonchalant indifference. Are they and you and all male creatures callous, you wonder; for a few weeks before you had read a woman's description of wounded men which was so ghastly and sickening that you felt quite undone. Yet now with the reality before your

Shot three times, but head up and still game. "What spirit! You feel like shouting, hurrah!" The white on the coat is snow sticking to and covering the dripping blood. Wounded German soldiers coming in from the firing line just beyond the town. Battle of Bolimoff, (near Warsaw) Russian Poland, January 31st, 1915. The fortitude and staying power of the German soldier is astonishing.

eyes, you are not so thrilled as you were by this gifted lady's shuddering lines.

Most of those with wounds in the head have some blood on their faces; it creeps beneath the white of the wrappings. Still, many of these are not even pale —you can see that by such parts of their faces as are not splotched with blood. Some, of course, are pallid. But most appear unconcerned, and all quite resolute.

Now and then there is one who seems to be ill— from nausea, you are told. A very young soldier looks very sick; he seems dazed. Surprise and wonder are written on his features.

You look into his particular case and find that he is a boy seventeen years old, a volunteer. His condition would excite the supersensitive to paroxysms of pity; as a matter of fact he is not badly hurt. He will be all right in a week and in a month he will be a veteran —a veteran and very proud of this day's experience. It is possible that to-morrow he will write a letter to father and mother full of gladness and hearty cheer; just that has happened many times.

But here comes another who is in worse case. You judge him to be about twenty-five years of age. He staggers with weakness, although upheld by sturdy comrades on either side. He has been shot three times —once on the scalp, once in the hand, and once through the shoulder. It is a miracle he can walk at all—but he does, and proudly. The man's fortitude is amazing.

The blood has dripped all over his clothing and the snow falling upon it has crusted into white patches made scarlet again by the red drops splashing upon

them. Yet though weak from exhaustion, his head is held high and defiant. How game! What spirit! You feel like shouting hurrah!

Long since the building which has been commandeered for a hospital is crowded and a throng of wounded wait their turn before the door. Cigarettes are produced and everybody smokes. There is no sign of depression nor any depressing talk. They have done their duty and were wounded in doing it. They will do their duty again and still again and at last be killed, perhaps. To them, no matter!

Wounds, death, life,—they are counters in the game these men are playing, the glorious game of patriotism. They understand it very well. Come not to these men with smug sympathy and stuffy platitudes. They will have none of it.

After all, stamina is good to look upon. Perhaps it is just as well that civilization has not whittled away entirely the primal strength of man.

All the time the Austrian mortars and heavy German batteries in the rear of the town keep up their bombardment of the Russian positions, the shells singing, howling, screaming over the town. Some of them go right over the church in whose tower you have been and around which you now are idly strolling.

The concussion from each discharge of the Austrian mortars shakes the building. You saw the boards nailed over the openings vibrate and felt the quiver of the whole structure, when you were in the loft. A plume of earth spouts from an exploding Russian shell exactly in line with the church, at which plainly it was directed.

The aim is excellent, but the shell falls short—at least an hundred yards from its target, you judge. But an officer remarks, indifferently, that it is not more than half that distance away.

The Russians have begun too late to shell the church tower; all day long you have wondered why they did not concentrate their long range, big guns on this building, obviously the German observation station. One explanation is that earlier in the day, when their larger shells fell near the batteries beyond the church and could have destroyed the tower, the falling snow made it invisible to the Russian observers who could see only the flash from the German guns, at which the Russian artillerymen therefore directed their return fire; and now, forced back a space, their long range artillery can not quite reach this most important objective.

You now go to the left wing of the battle line toward Sochatschew. Back past the Austrian mortars still at their clumsy toil; past General von Mackensen's headquarters; across a railroad on which stands a long train of coaches, the engine with steam up, waiting for those who are not wounded seriously enough for the hospital train; and then by another road, at an acute angle.

The fields and hills here seem quite deserted, and, at first, nothing appears to be happening save an artillery duel. You see only flashes from the Russian cannon. Yet between these two contending batteries, thousands of Russians and Germans face one another in their trenches; and soon you catch the rattling sound of heavy rifle firing as the automobile speeds along the hard frozen road.

What a multitude of men there must be—the clatter of the rifles is like the sound of a thousand threshing machines such as you worked at as a youth. Still there is no thrill in it for you. You are out of rifle range—but not beyond the reach of the Russian cannon, even their light field pieces. No, not by a good deal. You are not aware of this now; but you learn it in a moment.

An embankment of the highway is reached behind which a score of German officers are at work. One of them, evidently the commander of that wing, is pacing to and fro by himself. Through an upright field telescope curved at the top another officer studies the enemy's ground. The automobile stops but:

"Go on! Go on! They will see you and locate us, if you stand there!" comes the sharp command.

At full speed the order is obeyed, and the auto fairly flies forward. As it goes, the crash of a German battery on the left slaps your ear drum like the blow of an open hand, so close to the road it is, and yet so well screened that you do not see it. It is shelling the Russian position directly to the right of the road, but a long distance away and is firing over your head,—the shells speak to you closely and familiarly as they fly just above you.

The Russians are answering, although you know this only by the red signals their guns display as they are discharged, for no shells fall near you or indeed on the roadway you are traveling.

In less than half a mile stands a farm building. Here a sentry runs into the highway motioning for the auto to stop. It stops.

"Go back at once!" is the order. Twice that afternoon two automobiles with officers have drawn the Russian fire along that very stretch of road, you are informed; and you will invite it again if you do not vanish and vanish quickly.

Are they trying to frighten you, you wonder. Are they making a joke at your civilian expense to tell in the laughing bivouac?

But no, apparently not; for the sentry himself seems alarmed—his voice, eye, face, gesture advertise the genuineness of his anxiety.

Also you note an unusual circumstance: glancing at the house while the sentry talks to the young officer with you in the automobile, you observe another soldier, his rifle held in both hands by his side, ready for instant use, the left hand grasping the elevated barrel, the right hand the stock at the trigger guard. It is either a ridiculous posture, or else the Russians are dangerously near, or perhaps he actually means to shoot, if the auto does not turn back as ordered.

But back it goes, and at a higher speed than it had come. The chauffeur now understands that not only are we between the Russian and the German fire, but that we are so near the German batteries at which the Russians are aiming that to stand still, even for a short time, on that elevated plainly-seen road would be sure to bring upon the auto the practice of the Russian marksmen. Between two fires! The chauffeur needs no further urging—the auto quivers as he throws on every ounce of power. Yet, fast as we go, the shells sing an intimate song as they fly above us.

And thus you leave this place which appeared pas-

sive and secure a quarter of an hour before, but which turned out to be the hottest spot in the day's experience.

You start for the right wing, but an officer's chance remark—that you there will see one of the Czar's chateaux—misleads you; you think you are being taken away from action on a sightseeing excursion. So you insist on going back to the center where at least there are masses of men, large movement, the white and crimson bandaged witnesses of battle, the prisoners and the flaming, smoking guns. Thus a too alert suspicion trips you up; for, by not going to the right wing, you miss tough fighting and swift action as you learn long afterward.

Still, the return to the center is not bootless. You meet and make your way through a most extraordinary procession. Scores upon scores of provision wagons are moving backward. Even more ammunition vans are going backward too. Some light field guns rumble along in the same direction. Many Red Cross motor-ambulances, doors shut and windows curtained, pick their way carefully, yet not slowly, toward the rear; a long column of infantry trudges past faced the same way.

Is this then a retreat, you wonder? To your unpracticed eye it so appears. But why no gloom on the faces of these marching men? Why no signs of fear, why no hurry? They even make jokes. One young soldier slips and cries out, laughing: "This is more slippery than the ice palace in Berlin!"—a famous resort where people of the German capital skate on manufactured ice.

Now comes a squad of wounded soldiers, every one

hurt in the head, face, hand or arm, like those you had seen earlier in the day, but swinging along quite contentedly as if on an ordinary march instead of making their way to a larger hospital. Now and then one or two wounded men ride in a wagon which is giving them a lift. Indeed, these empty provision carts could carry all the injured. But most of them, it would appear, prefer to walk.

And now, trudging along through the field, parallel with and just next to the ditch at the roadside, comes a score or more rather large men with unfamiliar clothing, yet suggesting in color the German, though browner. They wear a peculiar headgear—a rimless sloping cap made, apparently, of grayish close-curling wool, and with faces distinctly different from the German type.

These are Russian prisoners, in charge of a noncommissioned officer and a single Uhlan. Two or three carry spades. These captured ones do not seem downcast. They appear even cheerful. Some actually are laughing, and all grin as they are ordered to stop to be kodaked.

It is late afternoon, the clouds have broken and the declining sun throws its belated rays almost horizontally. You hear a whir from above and, looking, behold what you have been searching for all day—a "Taube," flying perhaps a thousand feet over your head and mounting by spirals to greater and gun-safe heights. Soon it makes off for a survey of the Russian positions. Before the sun sinks from sight General von Mackensen will have a report from this scout of the air.

And now more foot soldiers come marching rearward on the other side of the road. There are two long columns, and you note several standards encased in their rainproof covering. Then passes a troop of cavalry, and still more Red Cross automobiles. Then more Russian prisoners—a long line of them this time—at least four hundred, you judge—or there might be five or six hundred.

At the head of the column is a Russian officer. Not a man of them is wounded. Earlier in the day, you had seen eight Russian prisoners who were injured coming from a separate hospital room in Bolimoff, each one with his hurt dressed and bandaged exactly like the German victims of the trenches, so far as your unskilled judgment could detect.

And thus you pass, the variegated array, horses and wagons, guns and wounded, prisoners and ambulances, infantry and cavalry, woven together by war's eccentric loom. And so you return to the center, back past the batteries and between the mortars, back again into Bolimoff and the church with its military beehive of a belfry. More wounded are coming in, just like the ones that you had seen. Bandages and blood, blood and bandages; yet no weakness of spirit in face or eye. Manhood is sturdy stuff when put to the test.

Out of a doorway appears a litter borne by four soldiers. Upon it lies an object that fixes and startles you. An arm is gone, and a leg—that much the scant covering reveals. And the face is almost black. The work, this, of one of the Russian shells you had seen explode and thought at the time, in your ignorance, so innocuous.

Transfer of German regiment from one part of field to another, Battle of Bolimoff, Russian Poland, "an hour's automobile journey from Warsaw," January 31st, 1915. The men are cheerful and fresh after a hard day. "Is this, then, a retreat you wonder? But why no gloom on the face of these marching men? Why no signs of fear, why no hurry? They even make jokes."

Yet the blast from it had shattered this man's arm and leg and blown dirt and powder deep into the skin of his face. But he had not died at once, so powerful was his vitality. The German surgeons have done their best to keep him alive, amputating arm and leg, but all to no purpose. And so they are carrying him away.

Night is falling now and you stop to watch the last shots from the Austrian mortars, the flame from their muzzles leaping seemingly three or four feet at each discharge. The artillery fire is slackening as darkness deepens. It soon ceases, for the flashes will betray the battery positions more plainly, notwithstanding the now open sky. For the clouds have cleared entirely from the heavens; the stars shine out; the moon floods the scene with its revealing, yet deceptive, radiance.

Now that the cannon are mute, you hear the crackle of the rifles from the trenches. The near horizon is snapping with sound. You talk with a bandaged soldier, the side of whose head had been slightly grazed by a bullet. He had helped to take a trench after he had been hit.

"Most of the German casualties to-day," he remarks, "have been caused by the impetuousness and carelessness of soldiers who had not before been under fire." He, himself, is not really hurt, he says, and eagerly declares that he will be back in the trenches in two or three days.

You hear a long, low rumbling, continuous, unintermittent, from the road leading back to Lowitsch. Soon you meet a line of ammunition wagons; the train seems unending; you count them until you are tired. And

provision wagons, too, heavily laden—all these are moving to the front.

These wagons! these everlasting wagons! All day you have seen them. They were the first moving objects to greet your eyes in the morning; every hour since, they have rumbled by you; and after sunset their noise is the last sound to address your ear, smothering the receding patter of the rifles. Wagons, ammunition and provision trains, wagons! You did not realize that there were so many wagons in the world!

Throughout most of the night, these streams of food and cartridge-bearing vehicles will go forward, distributing provisions for man, horse and gun, along the front for to-morrow's need. And thus you learn that there has been no retreat, but only a transfer of troops, a disposition of wounded and prisoners, a replacing of field guns, all according to careful plan advised by the day's events.

Of these events you can make nothing, yourself. The goings to and fro; the movements of men forward and then backward, yet a discernible order and purpose in distracting confusion; the seemingly futile and even unintelligent battery action, one section of guns now idle and still and now demoniacally active and thunderous—the whole of it appeals to your jaded senses as a conglomerate of the fortuitous and accidental, and yet conspiring with some far-reaching plan.

But it has no systematic, clearly outlined meaning for you. Indeed, most of the officers themselves are in little better case than yourself, as far as the large scope of this action is concerned. The soldiers, of course, know only that they are units, each squad, company or

regiment of them constituting pawns in that particular battle game. Only the commanding general and selected officers of his staff understand the reason and the plan. In these the whole army has a confidence that is absolute and undoubting.

And this battle itself—what is its significance? True, it is as large as many of the biggest conflicts of our Civil War. Four hundred and twenty guns and scores of thousands of men on one side alone, more than an hundred thousand at least. And yet it is but a tiny section of the leviathan battle line, two or three hundred miles long, where millions of men on both sides confront one another and strive for mastery.

This engagement, which you have witnessed for twelve flashing hours, (it will last several days), is only a strategic move. Its real effect may be felt an hundred miles to the north or to the south. Perhaps it is a feint; perhaps a test of the Russian strength in officers, guns and ammunition; perhaps a tentative effort to break the enemy's defense at this specific point; perhaps anything you like.

Of one thing only you can be sure: the true meaning of the battle of Bolimoff will not be known to the world nor to the Eastern Army itself for several weeks after it is over, not for a couple of fortnights at the very least. Not till then will be revealed its real significance, when that vast and complicated strategy shall have been consummated—a strategy which deals with thousands of guns, millions of men and hundreds of miles of operations.

It matters not that large numbers of men may be killed, perhaps thousands wounded and certainly many

thousand prisoners taken; all these are details. The Himalayan magnitude of these stupendous operations bulks before your mind's eye huge, towering and vastly dark as, trying to think upon them, you dash through the bitter cold of the snowy plains of Russian Poland, the moon sailing aloof and disdainful through the heavens, the stars snapping their light from the frigid and unsympathetic skies.

You are stunned by the immensity of it all, and are glad when a small circumstance claims your notice by its novelty and human interest—a drove of cattle driven by a Polish peasant lumbering along in the snow, and then another, and still a third. Perhaps they are for the army? But why, then, are they not in charge of soldiers! Yet no soldier is within miles of the spot excepting the infrequent sentries posted at long intervals on the highway. Neither do you grasp the meaning of this incident. Eighty or an hundred fat cattle driven through the snow at eleven o'clock of that bitter night in Russian Poland—and peasants driving them!

But the big plan—who knows that? Only four men know the heart of it, for certain—three men, one of whom is the Emperor in far-off France; two of whom all the time are within the walls of the ugly modern Schloss at Posen, and one of whom alternates between this military brain center and the various scenes of action.

These three men are Field Marshal von Hindenburg, General von Ludendorff, his chief of staff, and Colonel Hoffman, his principal aide.* The enemy

* See conclusion of preceding chapter.

might employ all the spies in the world without result. For even the Germans themselves do not know the plans which these three men devise and, through an amazingly efficient military staff, carry out.

The working of the mere administrative part of this mighty organization, intricate and yet simple, is a study in the immense and the effective. One man has charge of the roads. It seems absurd and impossible, yet it is true, that he and his assistants know the condition of every yard of every highway, cross-road, lane or path in the whole region from the Carpathians to the Baltic up to the German firing-line. It is his duty to advise the Field Marshal where and exactly to what extent movements of troops and guns are practicable in any section; to what extent and how soon the difficult highways can be made serviceable, and to put and keep in repair roads required for any movement.

Another administrative officer has charge of the heavy task of getting together the necessary troops, and having them at any particular point at the needed moment. It is the duty of another to see that food for these enormous numbers of men and horses is at the appointed place at the necessary hour.

Still another has at his command the whole surgical and medical organization which in itself is a small army.

Yet another presides over a department where the accounts are audited; not one single pfennig is allowed to go astray. And these are only examples.

Each of these officers has a peculiar natural gift for his particular work; and this, added to long training and exhaustive study, has made him an expert.

This, your attempt to untangle and classify a small part of this military cosmos, does not lessen its immensity. But you wonder why private enterprise has developed no such efficiency on such a scale; or why the rewards of private industry bring forth no such devotion; or why exertion which these men put forth smoothly, without friction or grumbling, and even with joy in their work, staggers even the civilian mind to contemplate.

And you speculate, too, on what those who are opposing the Germans can do upon like lines; if better or if worse, then the merits of the opposing civilizations and ideals of life, which makes the difference?

Conflict of civilizations, struggle of ideals, contest of philosophies!—is it possible that the coming years, which hold all secrets, will reveal that this world war is a combat of hostile cultures, and that, facing one another and striving for the mastery, are irreconcilable ideas?

Think it over calmly by the warm glow of cozy fireside and find if, in the end, other or different thoughts arise than those which come on the wings of the arctic blast as one dashes across the snowy plains under the steel blue midnight heavens of Russian Poland on the night of January 31, 1915.

V

SOME FRUITS OF WAR*

Prisoners

GERMANY has within her borders at the present moment not far from 700,000 prisoners of war. At the end of December, 1914, the exact number was 586,000, of whom 310,000 were Russians, 220,000 French, 40,000 Belgians and 16,000 British.

These specific figures are those of the railway department, which is the only mathematically accurate authority. Among the British are included Sikhs, Gourkas and others from India; among the French, Ethiopians, Arabs, Moors and others from Africa.

On January 15, 1915, a semi-official but fairly reliable estimate placed the total number of prisoners at 633,000. While this latter figure is not from the railway records, it is believed to be reasonably dependable.

At the date of this writing (February 10, 1915) it is known that many thousand additional prisoners have been taken. Thus an approximate of 700,000 would seem to be not unfair. These numbers include no civilian, but only soldiers actually engaged in hostilities.

* Written at Berne, Switzerland, February 10, 1915.

This same semi-official but sufficiently dependable estimate placed the total number of German missing and prisoners at 154,000. It is possible, of course, that all of these may be prisoners.

Thus, at this date Germany has on her hands, in unwounded, able-bodied, captured enemies about one per cent. of her total population of men, women and children.

To feed these prisoners means the providing of enough food to supply the whole German nation for about three days out of a year. Yet it is firmly expected in Germany that the number of prisoners taken by German forces will be very greatly increased during the present year, and Germany is preparing, now, for that contingency.

These soldiers of the Allies held in Germany are concentrated in prison camps scattered all over the empire. Let us, then, go through two of these camps, which are typical of all. Yet all these places are not alike; for, although the same general orders govern all, and the same quantity and quality of food are supplied everywhere, the character, ability and inclination of the camp commander has much to do with the camp management.

"We have no complaint to make, sir, considering that we are prisoners of war," was the answer of a French common soldier when questioned about his treatment; "and," added he, of his own accord, "they treat us like white men, sir." This particular prisoner spoke English perfectly, having worked in London for three or four years.

Permitted to talk freely with the prisoners, more

French (left) and Russian (Right) prisoners in a German prison camp. There are surprisingly good relations between the German officers and guards and the French and Russian prisoners; but between English prisoners and the Germans there is antagonism.

than a score were questioned and conversed with—Russians and French as well as English. This was done through an interpreter, whom I have known personally for many years, brought with me for such work from my own home town in America, where he was born, and who has no German associations or connections whatever.

No German interpreted anything here reported; nor did any one object or interfere in the slightest with my conversing with the prisoners.

In this camp are more than twelve thousand men, the great majority of them being French, the next largest number being Russians. There are perhaps three or four hundred Sikhs, Gourkas and Turcos, and only thirty Englishmen.

Very lonely these latter appear among so many thousands of their fellow prisoners, whose language they do not speak or understand, and with whom, it would seem, they associate but little.

Perhaps this was the reason for the sour frame of mind in which this tiny group of men were found, which was in striking contrast with the comparative contentment of the French, Russians, Sikhs and Gourkas.

"Do you get enough to eat?"

"Only a bare existence, sir."

"But can you not buy what you want at the camp canteen? Do you not get money from home?" I asked.

"No, sir. I wrote to my brother in the States for money the end of last November, and I have had no answer yet." It was then the nineteenth of January.

Such are typical samples of the comments of several of these thirty English prisoners.

On the contrary:

"How are you getting along?" was asked of a Russian.

"All right," he answered. "We have nothing to complain of."

"Do you get enough to eat?"

"Yes, plenty," came the contented reply.

"I'll wager," broke in the German camp commander, "that he is getting more to eat than he ever had before in his life!"

This exchange of question and answer was in substance the same as that which occurred with all Russian prisoners talked to. Without exception each of the latter grinned with bovine good humor.

"Considering that you are a prisoner, I take it that you are satisfied, from what you have said," was the concluding remark to a hearty, pleasant-faced Frenchman, after many questions and answers about food, treatment and occupation.

"Yes, considering, as you say, that we are prisoners."

"But, of course, you don't like prison life," was the visitor's banal and silly remark.

"Of course not," he smiled. He was too polite to laugh outright. "But we get along very well. Considering that we are prisoners, much better than we had expected."

And here is another scrap of conversation with another French prisoner in this camp:

"How do you get along with the German officers and guards?"

"Why, very well," he replied.

"Do you mean that the relations between you Frenchmen and the Germans are good?" was the surprised query.

"Why, yes;" he answered, "that is, our personal relations. But," he added quickly, "of course that has nothing to do with our patriotic feeling. That is stronger than ever, if possible."

Just what this personal good feeling meant in a concrete way was seen and heard in a dramatic manner an hour later.

Since the subject of food was mentioned in every conversation, the question was asked of the German commander:

"What do you give them to eat?"

"In the morning, bread and coffee; at midday, bread and a thick soup made of potatoes with some other vegetable in which, five times a week, meat is included; at evening, bread and a thinner soup. The water, of course, is filtered." It was the lack of meat of which the English chiefly complained.

The prisoners' barracks are large, well-built, wooden affairs, much better than those occupied by the interned Belgian soldiers in Holland. But sometimes there were two or three tiers of bunks, one above the other, supported by heavy upright timbers. The mattress was made of a rough substance, like gunnysack, filled with straw. There were plenty of blankets. Several stoves were observed. It was a cold, snowy

January day, but the interior of every barrack visited was comfortably warm.

The prisoners appeared to be well nourished and healthy. In two camps and among many hundreds of prisoners personally observed only one was found who looked in poor health and said that he felt badly—a small-statured Russian. The commanders of both camps said that as yet little or no sickness had developed.

In one camp a good deal of landscape gardening had been done around certain barracks, very tasteful, even artistic.

"You seem to be beautifying your grounds," was the casual remark to the German commander.

"Oh, that is the work of the French. They have a gift for it. It is beautiful, isn't it?" answered the camp commander, who seemed to be prouder of this work of the French prisoners than of anything else, except one; although plainly he was proud of his whole establishment.

"The French," he remarked, "are very industrious. They are easy to get along with, too. There are some very talented men among the French. Look in here, for example."

In a long, wooden building were many men making various things from wood, with all manner of carpenters' tools—one sawing, another planing, and so on. All this product is sold, the purchase-money going to the prisoner who made the article. There were many buildings of this kind, where all sorts of handicraft are practised, tailoring, shoemaking, the plaiting of various useful things from straw.

One end of a big room where the carpenters and cabinet-makers were at work had been boarded off to itself, making a small separate apartment. This was the personal workshop of a young French sculptor, who at that moment was busy modeling a large and rather ambitious piece. His prison studio was adorned with a dozen or more of his creations, some of them very good.

This young man talked with great freedom and gave a more sensible view of their situation than did his mates.

"Most of the German officers are very nice and considerate," said he. "Of course, there are some who like to show their importance, and these are disagreeable."

"How is your food?"

"Of course, it isn't famous, but, for a war prisoner, it's all right. One must not expect too much in a prison camp. It is all for our country—all of this as well as the fighting."

"But you say you are comfortable here—do you want to get back to fight?"

"Very much! Very much indeed!" he answered.

In the barracks occupied by the prisoners from India there was an unusual feature; every Hindu cooks, and in every way prepares his own food, for he will not eat anything touched by Christian hands. Many of them were seen at this private and religious culinary occupation. The Gourka sergeant in charge of this barracks spoke English. He and his comrades were treated quite well, he said—much better than they had looked for.

Would he like to get back to India? He would—more than anything.

Why had he come to the war?

"Orders, sir."

He good-naturedly interpreted for a group of tall grave-faced Sikhs, statues of dignity and gravity.

Why had they come so far to fight?

"The service," was the answer; and the Gourka sergeant tried to make their meaning clear by such expressions as "their duty," "their profession," "their business."

As to wanting to go home, one gathered that these Sikhs were quite indifferent; that it was all the same to them; and that they took things as they happened. Kismet!

In the barracks where the Turcos lived came the one disagreeable, even shocking, surprise of the day. It is impossible to imagine more villainous-looking creatures than these particular prisoners appeared to be. Nearly all of them are small men, and most of them have viciousness stamped on every feature. Their evil eyes follow you, expressionless, unblinking, like those of a serpent.

Some of these men undoubtedly are criminals—the forehead, jaw, mouth, back head, and above all, the merciless, soulless eyes, spell depravity.

The Sikhs and Gourkas from India, many of whom have fine and even noble features, are infinitely superior to this scum of northern Africa; for such at least most of these particular Turcos must be. There are some faces among these African Turcos that are

not bad; but most of them justify the harshest description. It is not thinkable that these are fair samples of the native inhabitants of the French African possessions.

They are clad in an amazing array of garments—here an Arab, a blue mark tattooed on his forehead, and wearing the burnoose of the desert; there another of a different ethnology, clad in a totally unfamiliar uniform of dark blue, with brass buttons; still another with the braided jacket and baggy trousers of the zouave—and so on throughout as outré a collection of costumes as the imagination of a Lewis Carroll could picture.

Stepping out and coming face to face with a group of pleasant-faced Frenchmen, their features glowing with intelligence, their kindly eyes full of friendliness, one seems to confront the best, as opposed to the worst in human nature, so sudden and startling is the contrast. And the trim, erect, hearty German officers, with their bluff open countenances, do not soften the dissimilarity.

From some distance away there floats the music of human voices in song. There are many voices, very many voices. They are singing in harmony. You listen, astounded. Can you be dreaming? you ask yourself—can this be a trick of the brain?

"Oh!" exclaims the German commander, noting your amazement. "That is the French chorus. It is exceedingly good, too. Come along and hear them! I am sure they would be glad to have you."

You go to a long building, much like the barracks,

but bare of any furniture within. The gray snowy day has begun to decline, and the big room is in the gloaming.

A large number of French soldiers are arranged in a semicircle, like a horseshoe magnet. At one point are grouped the bassos; at another the tenors; at another the baritones. Each man holds in his hand a sheaf of paper on which are written notes. All are singing.

In the center of this human tuning-fork stands a tall, slender French soldier, cap on head, his long blue military overcoat draping his figure almost to the floor. He is conducting the chorus, his baton rising, falling, curving, his figure swaying in time with the harmony.

So intent is this prisoner chorus on their singing that they are not conscious that the camp commander and several officers have entered. Their soul is in their voices—yes, and in their faces, too, which, in the dim light, seem to you, in your now uplifted state, very refined, very noble. In spirit these uniformed disarmed warriors are not at this moment in a prison camp at all, nor even in Germany.

In spirit they are back in France, beloved beautiful France. It is of their country they are singing now, of their homes, of their adored ones. It is a song quarried from the very depths of their beings. They have written it themselves, there in the prison camp, in the heart of Germany. They have composed the music for it themselves, every note of it. Words and music are alive, throbbing, passionate, tender, exalted.

You are deeply touched; you feel as if in an holy presence.

This song of France and home and loved ones dies tremblingly away. For a moment there is silence. Then a tenor voice begins a solo. The voice is rich, mellow, cultivated, highly trained. It is full of fire, pathos, infinite emotion. And the accompaniment! The first impression on your now elevated senses is that a great orchestra is hidden near at hand.

But no; it is a miracle more extraordinary still. The superb tenor is accompanied by human orchestration. Those hundreds of French soldiers are humming, their mingled tones producing the effect of scores of pieces playing in harmony. Never before have you heard the like of this vocal marvel.

It ceases. Silence again. Then: "Best congratulations!" It is the German commander speaking. From the background where we stood listening he has walked forward and is warmly shaking the soloist's hand, as he praises his singing. "Best congratulations!" he exclaims again in French as he grasps the hand of the conductor. And: "Best congratulations!" once more as first right, then left, he bows to the chorus.*

"Merci, monsieur!" answers the pleased tenor. And *"Merci, monsieur!"* the conductor; and *"Merci!"* murmur the men. But all of them with dignity! The whole scene is very, very fine. No patronage on the part of the German commander, no truckling by his French charges; but mutual respect and self-respect on both sides.

Another evidence, this, of a staggering fact which

* The chorus conductor and the tenor were professors of music in Paris.

has no intelligence in it: The two peoples who are shedding one another's blood most freely in this war do not appear to dislike one another personally. On the contrary, they seem to get on very well together. You had noted this in the comments of French women in the territory occupied by the Germans, back of their western front. You had observed it in the comradery between German soldiers and French children in the invaded territory.

Another prisoners' camp was exactly like the first you had seen in the food and occupations of the captured. But it had no landscape gardening, no sculptor, no chorus; perhaps because there were comparatively few French or because of the lack of initiative, invention and sympathy of the German camp commander. Doubtless it was both.

In this camp the nationalities of the prisoners were almost reversed; a large number of English, very many Russians, comparatively few French, and no Arabs, Ethiopians or Moors. Here the English were more cheerful and less complaining than their thirty desolate brothers in the first camp visited; but here, also, the hostility between English and German was even more pronounced.

"The English are very difficult," the genial commander of the first camp visited had remarked, and:

"We can't get along with the English. They won't work. They object to everything," was the comment of the somewhat rheumatic German commander of the second prison camp visited.

On their part the dislike of the English prisoners for the Germans was still more pointed and acid.

While most of them frankly said that they thought themselves fairly well off as to food and quarters, in view of the fact that they were prisoners of war, still when one was asked:

"Would you rather be here or in the trenches?" the answer came with a snap:

"In the trenches, sir. I'd like to get a crack at them, sir!"

And another, this time a sailor, one of fewer than a dozen Englishmen actually seen at voluntary work, answering the same question, said, sharply:

"In the trenches with my comrades, sir. Anything is better than this."

In general, the hostility of the English prisoners to their German captors was plainly apparent and, indeed, unconcealed. One could not help admiring the openness and boldness of it. Conversely, the dislike of the German officers and guards for their stubborn wards was no less manifest. You could not but like the frankness displayed by both. The only difference in their mutual dislike seemed to be that the Germans gave reasons, such as: "The English won't work." Or: "The English are quarrelsome." Or: "The English fight the French with their fists." Or: "The English are always complaining."

On the other hand, with the English antipathy for the Germans, it was a case of—

> "I do not like you, Doctor Fell!
> The reason why I can not tell.
> But this one thing I know full well:
> I do not like you, Doctor Fell!"

Yet it seems that both German and English respect each other highly as first-class fighting men. For example, take this comment of a German officer at Lille, France, noted for his gallantry, which was agreed to by his fellow officers:

"The English whom we have met are good soldiers. The officers are fine."

Reciprocally: "Oh, yes, the Germans fight well enough; like devils, sir," was the comment of an English prisoner, who had just expressed his animosity for the Germans, and, like his comrade already quoted, snapped out his earnest wish to "get at them" again.

"Do you get enough to eat?" you ask a bearded English sailor.

"I suppose so, seeing that we are prisoners of war; but not as much as we should like, sir." He said he got money from home and could buy what he liked in the canteen. "But," said he, "we can't get jam, sir."

"Jam!" you exclaim in surprise.

"Yes, sir. Jam, sir, and chocolate and such other like dainties, sir."

The camp post-office is the liveliest place of all. Always these stations of intelligence seem to be crowded. Also, they are disbursement centers. In one camp thirty-three thousand marks had been paid to French prisoners by the end of the year 1914. This money was sent from France by the friends or relatives of the captured prisoners. It is not given out in bulk or cash by the German officials. Ten marks a week is the maximum allowed to a private soldier. At the canteen are sold only food and clothing. The sale of intoxicants of any kind is not permitted.

You are surprised at the rosy cheeks and well-nourished condition of most of the prisoners. The open air and exercise have much to do with their physical fitness. As far as is possible those who will not work voluntarily, making articles which are sold and paid for, are required to do labor of some kind.

Hundreds are compelled to draw and push wagons laden with camp provisions. Other hundreds keep clean the streets of German cities and the approaching roads. Nurenburg is an example of this. But with every possible employment only a fraction of Germany's seven hundred thousand prisoners can be given useful occupations during the winter.

When spring and summer come, however, there will be more work to do. It is planned, at least in parts of Germany, as in Bavaria, for example, to employ the prisoners in tilling the soil, sowing the seed and gathering the harvest. For this work the French are willing and the Russians more than eager. No woman, child or old man need work in the fields of Germany during the present year unless they insist upon doing so; for there are enough prisoners anxious to perform that labor in preference to the confinement of the camps.

The Wounded

But what of the wounded and disabled? Of these, by semi-official estimate up to January 15, 1915, there were 543,000, of whom 322,000 were only slightly wounded, and at that time nearly ready to go to the front again; and 221,000 more seriously wounded, of which thirty-five per cent. would soon be ready for

duty once more. A more generous computation gave 650,000 wounded, of which sixty per cent., or 390,000 men, could return to the front within a short time.

The care of these injured ones is infinitesimal in scientific detail and very tender on its human side. The best hospital trains are marvels of comfort, convenience, efficiency. In each regulation hospital train there are twenty cars. In each car there are beds for ten patients. Each bed is suspended on powerful springs fixed at the ends so as to absorb the shock.

Above each bed are two looped straps, in which the wounded one may rest his weary arms and hands. In a case at the side are glass, water and tooth-brush; in short, no mechanical convenience has been neglected. Heartsome pictures are fixed over the mid-doorway, so that the eyes of the wounded rest upon soothing objects. An abundance of pictorial magazines supply reading matter.

Then, of course, there are operating cars, surgeons' cars, with enameled operating tables dazzlingly clean and electric lights making the interior brighter than day. Above all, on these hospital trains there are women nurses, carefully chosen not only for their knowledge, nerve and skill, but also for their gift of human sympathy.

These maimed men are promptly cared for before reaching hospital trains, in the field hospital, very near the scene of the casualty, and next in a division base hospital within sound of the firing-line. Go into one of these latter establishments of succor. Here a soldier is recovering and is very happy, almost joyful. His only thought, he tells you, is to get back to the

fighting. There another is too badly hurt to talk or even think.

Yonder a man lies dying, and he expires in your presence; but it does not astonish, for you have seen the same thing in the Philippines, down to the smallest detail of sunken cheek, stertorious breathing, rattling throat and final silence. Also, you have witnessed death in New York hospitals, but in more sordid guise and without the least tinge of glory or romance.

But what is this? The general commanding that corps comes in. He does not stride. He walks softly. He goes to the bedside of a common soldier, sore wounded, on whose breast he pins the iron cross with words of praise for gallantry. Three times this happens. Once the prostrate figure answers with articulate words of thanks. The other two are too sick to speak, but appreciation shines from their eyes.

Finally comes the transfer of the wounded to the great permanent hospitals located at central points in every large German city. You witness the unloading of the maimed from a newly arrived hospital train.

It is early morning. A chill rain is falling. Two or three score men with Red Cross bands on their coat sleeves carry the disabled soldiers on stretchers to waiting vehicles, which haul them to hospital buildings. There are Red Cross ambulances, luxurious limousines, great furniture vans, with reclining places for the wounded, much like the beds on the trains. A few women, who have relatives in those cars, stand patiently about.

A well-dressed gray-haired man is looking for his son, whom he soon finds, desperately hurt, and walks

by the stretcher's side to the limousine. There are no tears. Each person, man or woman, holds back all emotion with a firm hand. Having settled down to the business of war, they are doing it in steady fashion, facing the ugly as well as the stirring with equal patience and fortitude.

Of dozens of convalescing wounded soldiers talked to, all but one expressed their eagerness to get back to the front. There was no false enthusiasm about them; no pretense. You could not doubt their earnestness and sincerity. The expression of the face, tone of voice, above all the look from the eye, left no room for doubt. One soldier who had been shot in the leg at the battle of Tannenberg, said he was quite comfortable where he was—in the hospital. He would not be able to walk very well anyhow, he thought, and did not seem to regret it. He was the one exception.

Of the total number of wounded in every way, at least sixty per cent. go to the front again. Cautious and conservative estimates place the percentage even higher—more indeed than seventy per cent.

The anxiety of the men to return to the firing-line equals their desire to get well. Indeed, this state of mind has something to do with the quickness of their recovery. Great numbers of German soldiers have been wounded, treated and have gone back to service three separate times.

Professor Doctor O. Kiliani, of New York, one of the principal surgeons with the German forces operating near Lille, France, has personally observed many cases of this kind.

The uncomplaining fortitude of the wounded, their

astonishing vitality and power of resistance, their ardor and determination to get into the fighting again as soon as possible, Professor Kiliani thinks the most notable physical and psychological facts coming under the observation of the scientist.

Doctor Charles Haddon Sanders, of Washington, D. C., head of the American Red Cross hospital at Gleiwitz, Germany, on the Russian frontier, testified to the same thing.

"Every man of them," said Doctor Sanders, "is anxious to get back to the front and the fighting. Not one of them wants to go home. Their spirit and confidence are beyond belief. I want to say this for these wounded German soldiers whom we have operated upon and treated: no patients could be more appreciative of what is done for them. They are respectful and good-mannered to the highest degree. I have been impressed by their cleanliness of mind and manner. Many of them are highly cultured men. It is worthy of notice that out of more than seven hundred cases only one venereal case developed; and this case was contracted in Russian Poland. I think all physicians will say that this is very remarkable in an army of invasion."

Troops in Training

All over Germany fresh troops are in training. This has been going on for many months. Every possible detail of every possible experience at the front is gone over and over and over, time and time and time again. You may see every phase of a real battle, except of

course the actual wounding and killing, in the country adjoining any one of the innumerable training camps scattered throughout the empire; artillery action, trench fighting, advances in the open, cavalry work, scouting, management of supplies, both food and ammunition—in short, every conceivable thing that can occur in active service.

Excepting only casualties, one could take photographs on these practice fields and in these training camps, or one could write descriptions, and both photograph and description would faithfully portray scenes at and near the battle line, so exactly are conditions at the front reproduced.

The thoroughness of this training of the common soldier can not be put too strongly or too often. When finally the recruit is allowed to go to the scene of action he already is a seasoned soldier, except for the experience of hearing and feeling hostile lead and steel.

For most of these men have had much physical and disciplinary education. Therefore, in these camps at present the theory of warfare is reduced to practice, the theory itself being carefully modified by actual experience in the present war. It is reasonably safe to say that the German soldier of 1915 will be a more efficient man than was his comrade who rallied to the colors last August.

As to military training, it should be noted that scholars like the great theologian, Professor von Harnack, or the Socialist, Doctor Südekum, think it is so good a thing for developing health, strength and efficiency

that the German people are more than repaid for this investment.

"Aside from the military phase—if no army were needed and no war possible—I should earnestly favor our system of military training, physically, mentally and morally, as a vital part of our educational system," said Professor von Harnack.

If such a thing were possible, the instruction and drill of those preparing to be officers is far more careful and complete than the exacting and exhaustive military schooling given the common soldier. These future officers are spared no hardship. They are toughened and seasoned quite as much as the men whom they soon are to command.

You study with keen interest company after company of these young men who are striving for commissions. You are struck by the high intelligence of their faces; character and education are written on every feature.

Their bearing is manful and soldierly. Germany's worst enemy could not fail to be impressed by the appearance of these men, even though he looked at them through the glasses of hatred.

These things are stated only because they are facts, precisely as one might describe any fact, such as a tree, bridge, railway train, house, field, hill.

Of the hundreds studied in one immense training camp in January of 1915, none looked younger than twenty or older than thirty. From their appearance and conduct they seemed to be fine soldier stock.

No one but the military authorities knows the num-

ber of men now in training. Certainly it is very great. And waiting eagerly for their turn are hundreds upon hundreds of thousands. To the casual and unskilled observer, ignorant of military things, there seems to be no end of men in Germany.

These may or may not be fit war material—you do not know personally. But as to numbers, they at least seem to be myriads; as to appearance, they are beyond unskilled criticism.

By careful questioning in every available quarter, and in different parts of Germany, during several weeks, and piecing together, weighing and testing information thus garnered, the conclusion seems justified that Germany expects to keep five million men actively in the field, year in and year out, no matter how long the war lasts. By five million is meant soldiers and officers as well trained as those called to the colors last August. All this, too, in the regular ordinary course of events, without straining her human resources. Another chapter deals in more detail with this feature of the war.

VI

A PEOPLE AT WAR*

LIKE the other chapters of this book, this one is a record of facts as they existed at the time described, without any expression of opinion by the writer.

A faithful portrayal of actual situations can be made only by seeing "with the eyes of a child," as an eminent American editor expressed it, and stating what is thus seen and heard. To make facts fit a preconceived and cherished theory or prejudice is to distort and misrepresent them. What, then, is the German situation at the date of this narrative?

On entering Germany the last week of the fifth month of the war, what apparently were three great facts rose like mountain peaks from a level plain. So impossible did these seem, to one stepping directly from American soil on to German soil, that many weeks were spent in painstaking effort to find whether they were realities or only illusions created by the abnormal atmosphere of war.

In the search for truth in the wilderness of rumor, misstatement and speculation, which armed conflict

*Written at Berne, Switzerland, February 12, 1915.

always creates, the value of testing is as great as that of observing, and conservative estimate and understatement become not only a virtue, but a necessity.

In this spirit, then, and with this method, investigation was made throughout, day in and day out, night in and night out, for many weeks. No available source of first-hand information was overlooked. The people themselves were studied personally and directly; Socialist as well as capitalist, artisan and manufacturer, banker and common laborer, business man and scholar, obscure servant and celebrated author, wives and daughters of working men, and women of title and position—the opinion of all these was secured.

This opinion was everywhere the same. Not one break was found in the solidarity of sentiment. And this conviction (for it amounted to conviction) formed the three facts, meaningful, surprising, even startling, which confronted the newly arrived from America during the first five weeks of the year 1915.

Neither retrospection nor prophecy is here ventured. What is to be, Clotho is spinning. What has been, Atropos has severed. But what one knows, as a present and existing truth (February, 1915), may be stated as such. So:

First. The German people are an unit in support of this war. In this matter nearly seventy million men, women and children think, feel and act as a single being. With the Germans this is a people's war. "With us it is the German working men's war," said Doctor Albert Südekum, leader of the German Social Democratic party. Professor von Harnack, the great

German theologian, was right when he said that the world has seldom seen anything like it.*

With respect to the war, the government and all the people are in harmony, absolute and unbroken. And this oneness of thought and feeling goes to the ultimate and the final, to the carrying on of the war no matter for how long, nor at what cost, until Germany wins.

Second. The German people believe that they will triumph. They are as sure of victory as they are of the process of the seasons. This appeared to be incredible to an American arriving in Germany with the American view of the situation. But, search long and carefully as one might with the microscope of incredulity, not one flake of doubt was found on the bright armor of the German people's faith. It will be hard, very hard, for Americans to believe this; but it is so. And with this sureness of the outcome, indeed as a part of their certainty, goes a determination to win. It can be felt. It is the psychological and spiritual atmosphere of Germany.

Yet there is no excitement among the people. The war is not on their nerves. On the contrary, there is a vast composure. They have settled down to the finishing of this war as though it were their one great business—which indeed it is, exactly as it were a matter of industry, commerce, science, in which they have succeeded so wonderfully. No effort is spared, but also no effort is wasted.

* See Chapters VII and VIII on "German Thought Back of the War."

At the heart of this amazing phenomenon, so quiet and purposeful, is a passion that is all but religious. It is a strange mingling of the practical and poetic, a composite of the thoughtful and the mystical, the simple and the sublime. In short, it is the German character of tradition, moved from its profoundest depths to its highest manifestation.

Third. The German people feel and believe that they have been wronged. The German people say that they did not want this war, nor any war.* They are convinced that they are the victims of a monstrous plot, hatched in a foreign country, to destroy modern Germany.

To every German this means the ruin of himself and his family. He feels that he is fighting not only for his country, his ideals, his civilization, but also for his sheer physical existence, and that of his loved ones.

The German people believe that England is the arch-enemy who, in the final analysis, brought this catastrophe upon them. Man, woman and child lay their misfortunes at England's door. In their German way they have brooded over the wrong which they regard England as responsible for, until their feeling has become that of hatred. This feeling is growing stronger and deeper all the time. If it should continue to increase for any considerable period it is possible that it may become a settled animosity lasting for generations.

About these three central facts are lesser, but still important, facts.

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* See Chapters VII and VIII on "German Thought Back of the War."

For example, although France has caused Germany her heaviest losses, and although Germany has dealt France her heaviest blows, yet from the western to the eastern battle fronts, from Hamburg to Munich, not one unkind word was heard of the French. The expressions were almost friendly—certainly sympathetic and without patronage.

The feeling of the German people is that the French ought not to be in the war, and would not be, except for the Russian alliance and their enormous investments in Russia; and even more, except for the machinations of England.

The consensus of German opinion is that the French have no logical place in the conflict. The Germans declare that France would not have been attacked except for the certainty that France would have attacked Germany to help France's ally, Russia, as France's alliance with Russia bound France to do. But, fundamentally, the Germans think no real ground of conflict exists between Germany and France. Except for diplomatic alliances and intrigues, the Germans are sure France would not be in this war.

Strangely enough, there is no great animosity against the Russians. Most of this has been overcome by the German people's resentment toward England. The Germans say that the millions of Russian soldiers do not know what they are fighting for, but only do what they are told to do; and that in this instance it is Russia's grand dukes who have done the telling. Here, again, to the German mind, England once more appears as the master manipulator. Russia, they say, would not have acted if she had not been

sure of England's support. As to the Russian *muzhik,* who is the Russian common soldier, the Germans have a pity for and sympathy with him. "Poor devil!" they say, "he has no chance and never did have any chance; can not read or write, and is not allowed to learn," and so forth and so on.

Another example of these smaller but important facts is the state, or rather the progress toward a state, of the German mind toward America. The Germans considered us friends. On this point German thought runs about as follows:

There are so many million Germans who are American citizens; there never had been any conflict between America and Germany, whereas there have been wars or estrangements between America and each of the nations allied against Germany; Frederick the Great was the first to recognize American independence; the economic and humanitarian reforms which were the objectives of the popular movement in America during the last decade were German in their origin and example; Germany was a heavy customer of the United States, etc.—such is the outline of the reasons for the German people's opinion that the American people were their friends.

So when American public sentiment showed itself unfriendly to them the Germans were surprised and hurt. For a long time they could not believe it. They were almost childlike in their incredulity of American hostility. They make all sorts of excuses for it—as that our language is English; or that the German cable was cut and we were not able to get the truth; or that our press received its news from English

sources, and is, therefore, pro-English; or that our wealthy social class go always to London or Paris, and that our general public unconsciously gets its impressions of other countries from these moneyed and socially ambitious by-products of our democracy.

"Oh, of course, you don't know us—you never come to see us and stay long enough to get acquainted; you like London and Paris better and they are nearer and easier to reach." One heard such explanatory comments all the time. And:

"The English give you your news—false news. What chance has the truth to reach you?" was another frequent remark.

"It is tragic," said a German scholar, "how the English control your opinion through your press. During the Russo-Japanese War England told you to hate Russia, and you hated Russia. Now she tells you to love Russia, and you love Russia. When will America awake from being the international Trilby under the influence of the international Svengali?"

As to the stories of German "atrocities"—the Germans at first simply did not think that we could believe them; they at first did not conceive it to be possible that we could credit the tales about German "barbarism." Still, there was no animosity.

This latter feeling has begun to show itself only in the last month or two (February, 1915). This is chiefly due to our sale of food and munitions of war to Germany's enemies, especially powder and guns. It is the firm belief of the German people that the war would now be over if we had not done this. They are sure that it would be over in a very short time if

we would stop doing it. And they can not see why we should do it—it benefits no American, say the Germans, except the American producer of war material.

"American shells are killing our sons," say German parents; "American ammunition is desolating German homes; Germany's enemies are fighting with American weapons." Such is the comment and such the feeling among the German people.

For many weeks it has been common talk among private soldiers as well as officers, on both the western and eastern battle lines, that it is American powder hurling the enemy's bullets.

This has spread throughout Germany until now (February, 1915), there is a genuine feeling of resentment. The sentiment is growing that we are, for practical purposes, the ally of England, or rather, the tool of England. How deeply rooted this will become it is, of course, impossible to say.

But it always should be taken into account when trying to gauge German feeling that the Germans firmly believe that they are fighting for their very lives. Whether one agrees with them or not is of no consequence whatever in sounding the heart of the German people; but to understand them it is necessary always to remember that, to them, this war is a question of life or death.

What are the foundations of the basic facts—the German people's solid support of the war, their faith in victory, their blame of England? To avoid polemics, let us consider only the first two.

The solidarity of German opinion and resolve in

support of the war will appear to Americans in its real importance and proportion when we recall that in our own wars there has always been outspoken, organized and sometimes violent opposition: witness our revolutionary war; our conflict with France; our second war with Great Britain, and our wars with Mexico and Spain. But there is no such division as that in Germany, nor any trace of it.

Yet the German thinks for himself and speaks his mind, and follows speech with act; witness the growth of the Social Democratic party—its frequent opposition, in the past, to measures and policies of the government. Witness, too, the stubborn opposition of the agrarian group to the tariff policy of Caprivi. And these are only moderate examples. The expression of German feeling in domestic affairs always has been stubborn and fierce; recall Bebel's dramatic denunciation of an Imperial Chancellor on the floor of the Reichstag a few years ago—and even more stirring incidents since that time.

The notion that the German is a submissive creature, with no opinions except those handed him from above and with no courage to express an independent idea, even if he had one, is absurdly inaccurate. We Americans might realize this if we were to reflect that our neighbors of German birth or blood are exactly like their kinfolk in Germany. Also suppose we consult history.

To-day there are no political parties in Germany, and will not be until after the war is ended; see the statements of Socialists in Chapter VIII. It may al-

most be said that creeds have ceased to exist, as far as religious antagonism is concerned, during this flaming and thundering period.

Political hostilities and religious differences will again raise their heads after peace is restored. But at present, Socialist and Conservative, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and gentile, are fighting literally side by side, falling side by side, and are laid to rest side by side in a common grave.

"Not only are Protestant ministers and Catholic priests at the front, but Jewish rabbis as well," said (Catholic) Father Pfaffenbuchler, of Munich, who was about to return to the battle front, where he himself had been officiating.

The Protestant church services, crowded to overflowing, are equaled by the Catholic masses. Catholic Bavaria is as determined as Protestant Prussia. Indeed, the fusing of creeds in Germany by the fires of war is perhaps the most notable feature of the conflict. The surface is barely touched if the religious element is not considered in the German situation.

What, then, has forged these scores of millions of thoughtful, studious, conservative people into this rod of iron? The historian will write a brilliant chapter in answering this question.

The German vision of the Cossack menace; the crimson history of the German people, woven through with the black of foreign oppression, all of which is a living tradition in every German home; the circle of enemies that surrounds her and always has; her united independence, economically and politically enjoyed for the first time, thanks, as the Germans think,

to her military preparedness and unity during the last half century; the German fear of the impending destruction of this by a new combination of historic foes —the future annalist will weave all this material and much more into thrilling narrative.

But the one present, immediate and overmastering reason is the latter—the German people's deep and undoubting conviction that they have been wronged; the universal and unwavering feeling that their enemies mean to crush them and destroy Germany.

The Germans feel that they are fighting for their lives—literally that. It is necessary to repeat this frequently in order that the American reader may correctly gauge German solidarity and determination. As to their having planned conquest themselves, you all but insult the German people by mentioning the thought, so libelous does it seem to them.

Here is the German people's profound conviction at the present moment (February 12, 1915), aside from the other elemental and historic sources of German feeling: They had made themselves prosperous and powerful by hard work, method and economy; their master enemy, England, could not meet them in fair competition; so England arranged the alliance which is now trying to annihilate them. The character of this combination has given a hardness and an edge to German resentment.

"Here we are," they say, "we Germans, assailed by Russian and French, English and Japanese, the African and the Indian, their customs, ideals and religions different and hostile to one another; yet this unholy alliance is directed against us!"

The German thinks this unnatural and diabolical. To be compelled to fight Slav, Latin and English is to the German mind bad enough: to add the Japanese is intolerable; but to bring also against him African Arabs, Ethiopians and Moors, and Indian Sikhs and Gourkas is, in the German's eye, nothing short of infamous.

And all this against the Germanic blood, ideals, civilization—"The ends of earth are harnessed against us," say the Germans. "The riff-raff of Asia and Africa are marshalled by English, Latin and Slav to stamp out the Germanic people. And we are forced to meet with arms this array of racial hatred and commercial envy."

Yet, strange circumstance, the German does not rave or rage about it. There is a moderation which astonishes. For example: no vile cartoons or indecent prints are to be seen. It is said that a few did appear soon after the outbreak of hostilities; but these promptly and sternly were suppressed. Attendance upon eleven moving-picture shows during January, 1915, revealed nothing coarse or even unseemly.

More surprising still to the American sojourning in what he thought an autocratic country in war time, were the books displayed for sale in the largest bookshop of Berlin. Not only were many such serious anti-German books to be purchased as *Why We Are At War: Great Britain's Case,* by members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History, and Arnold Bennett's *Liberty: A Statement of the British Case,* but a number of such vivid anti-German novels as *The Kaiser's Spy,* by William LeQueux, and such essen-

tially patriotic English works as the late William Ernest Henley's *For England's Sake*. Also, the leading English and French papers were for sale.

But the faith of the German people in their success in this war is more surprising than any other fact of any kind to be found in all Germany. The Germans are absolutely certain of victory. This can not be said too often, if a true account be given to Americans of the German state of mind. The Germans have no doubt at all about it. For a long time, the American on the ground simply can not grasp this spiritual fact; for although carefully reasoned out, this certainty that they will prevail is more spiritual than intellectual.

The investigator who leaves out of his research the moral forces moving the German people has omitted the largest element of their strength. The spiritual and moral is a vital part of the German people's conviction that they will win. For it is a conviction.

It staggers and confounds the American student of this tremendous phenomenon. It does not seem possible that the German people can hope to withstand, much less to overcome the mighty combination that opposes them—to the American it is not thinkable. But the German firmly believes that Germany will be triumphant.

If this belief were voiced only by officials, one might think it a mere exaggeration, born of zeal and the heat of action. But when the financier outdoes even the cabinet minister or commanding general, and the working man outdoes both; when Catholic and Protestant, Social Democrat and conservative capitalist, leaders of scholarship and the most poorly in-

formed peasant, all hold this common opinion—that Germany will win; when above all the faith of the women is found to be so simple and unquestioning that it resembles an instinct, one confronts a mass of sentiment so mighty and so solid that one must admit its existence, no matter how impossible it seems nor how unreal it at first appears. Also, one must respect it, whether one agrees with it or not.

Upon what, then, does this faith of the German people in German victory rest? Of what is it composed? Let us consider, first, the more tangible elements of this amazing state of mind of a whole people. For this belief of the German people that Germany will triumph is not a thoughtless impulse. It is not the product of a scatter-brained enthusiasm. It could not be that, considering the nature of the German intellect and character. Let no one imagine that the moral and spiritual dynamics now displaying their power among seventy million conservative men and women is a mere obsession or an emotional intoxication. Far from it. The German has also counted the material cost, and calculated carefully his resources.

First of all, of course, is the incalculable advantage to Germany that the war is being fought on the soil of the hostile countries. To the unskilled observer studying parts of the battle line on both fronts, it seems very difficult for the Allies to drive the Germans from their positions. The conclusion appears reasonable that the attempt to do so will cost the Allies heavy loss.

Also, the country occupied furnishes much of the provisions consumed by the German army; and, when

spring, summer and fall arrive, will supply considerably more.

When one considers that the richest departments of France are occupied by the Germans, one may understand the economic as well as military strength this fact gives the invaders. The best coal fields and other mineral deposits, the most fertile agricultural region, the most extensive manufacturing plants, the largest steel and metal concerns of France are in German hands. Much of the food producing part of Russian Poland is also in the possession of the Germans.

Assume that the French, Russians and English drive the Germans back over scores of murderous miles, to the first German line of defense on German soil, with the frightful carnage such a feat of arms probably would cost the Allies; *still, for the Germans, the war would then only* BEGIN *from the military defensive view.*

Thus one may comprehend this element of German confidence—that thus far the war has been and is being waged in Russia and France and that German soil is, as yet, practically untouched.

As another example, take the money question. The German people are infinitely proud of the fact that their financial condition was such that it was not necessary for Germany to declare a moratorium; while practically every other country in Europe, neutral as well as belligerent, and even some South American countries, found it necessary to proclaim this drastic suspension of the payment of debt.

Also, when war came an astonishing amount of gold was brought out by the people themselves. The bank-

ers, even the government, were surprised. Nobody thought there was such a store of gold in Germany. The people, it appeared, had taken a lesson from the French, whose ability to pay promptly the crushing war indemnity of 1871, astonished the world. So, in the present crisis, out from almost every German home came little sums of gold, until the total swelled into an huge current by the time it reached the Reichsbank.

Thus, on July 31, 1914, the gold stock of this Imperial Bank amounted to 1,250,000,000 marks; while on January 15, 1915, its stock of gold amounted to 2,130,000,000 marks; and at this writing (February 12, 1915), it is going higher all the time.

Of this increase only 205,000,000 marks came from the war treasure at Spandau. The gold cover of the Reichsbank's notes increased during the first five and one-half months of the war from forty-three per cent. to forty-six and four-tenths per cent.

Since 1907, her financiers have been strengthening Germany's financial condition, increasing Germany's stock of gold in the banks as rapidly as possible. The reason for this action had nothing to do with war until 1911; but was caused by American financial conditions, revealed by our panic of 1907.

"That taught us a lesson," said President Havenstein, of the Reichsbank. But after the summer of 1911, when war was averted so narrowly, the continuing strengthening of Germany's finances took into consideration also this possibility. Thus, owing to the foresight of Germany's financiers, the Reichsbank's gold reserve at the outbreak of hostilities was very large. But the extraordinary increase of gold reserve

since the war began has come, mostly, from the people.

The war loan brought in almost double the amount expected and still the store of gold in the hands of the people has not been exhausted. In January, 1915, it was estimated that the people still had in reserve more than they already had voluntarily produced. Business men asserted that every mark of the people's yellow hoardings would be forthcoming when need of it appeared and the request was made.

Also, a system of loan and mortgage banks has been established upon whose certificates, when in the course of circulation they reach the Reichsbank, a fixed amount of notes may be issued. The securities back of these certificates are so carefully safeguarded that cautious and conservative, even timid, bankers consider this money sound.

Then, too, it should be noted that virtually all this gold, silver and notes, is kept in Germany.

"Our investments abroad," said Doctor Karl Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank, the brilliant young financier who, recently, has been appointed Minister of Finance, "are more than enough to pay our foreign purchases or debts."

The money received by the government on its war loan is paid out to the soldiers, who send most of it home, when it is again invested in government securities; or, to the makers of war materials who also again invest it in the same manner. Thus, Germany's war debt, no matter how large it may become, will be owned in Germany, by the German people.

As to the method of paying that debt and distribut-

ing its burdens when the war is over, the people themselves will have much to say. Already there is talk of nationalizing certain basic industries and paying the war debt from their profits.* At any rate the expenses of the war had not begun to frighten the German people in February, 1915. Apparently they were not even concerned. If they felt apprehension they concealed that emotion with marvelous art.

Business reflects the financial condition.

"When I came to Berlin, I made a deposit in the Deutsche Bank," said one of our military observers in Germany; "this morning I found that I had more to my credit than I had deposited."

Two per cent. is paid on checking accounts, three per cent. on time accounts. Dividends of banking and industrial corporations are, on the average, two per cent. less than for 1913; the other two per cent. being passed to surplus. The interest paid on loans made by mortgage banks, loaning on real estate, is said to be from eighty-six to ninety-five per cent. of peace times.

Very few business failures have occurred, so few indeed that they are considered negligible. In Hamburg, for example, there has been no failure; yet it would seem that Hamburg, as a shipping point, would have been the hardest hit of any German city. The Roland Line (steamship), of Bremen, actually paid a dividend of four per cent. in the fall of 1914.

In Berlin, the Siemens Electric, two months after the war broke out, declared a six and five-tenths per cent. dividend, the same as for 1913. At the same time

* See last chapter of this book.

the Pantzenhofer stores declared a dividend of eleven per cent. against fifteen per cent. the year before.

But such figures do not, of course, represent the real condition of business. Many conservative business men estimate that manufactures, trade and commerce not connected with the war are only about fifty per cent. of normal; and German exports at about one-half normal, which would seem to be very heavy indeed. These exports go to or through neighboring neutral countries.

These estimates of domestic commerce and export trade appear exaggerated but they are the deliberate judgment of the most cautious and well informed men in Germany. The railway receipts would seem to justify them. This barometer of business registered the following: for December, 1914, from messenger traffic, the receipts were seventy-eight and twelve one-hundredths per cent. of the same month of 1913, of which only five and seventy-eight one-hundredths per cent. was for military transportation; from freight traffic the receipts were ninety-five and forty-four one-hundredths per cent. of those of December, 1913, of which only four and fifty-four one-hundredths per cent. was for military carriage.

The Germans also count it a source of great strength that all their necessities can be produced in Germany. They would be helped, of course, they say, if they could get larger supplies from other countries than they do receive; but they assert, and with infinite satisfaction, that they are not forced to depend on outside help to carry on the struggle as, declare the Germans, is the case with the Allies.

If their enemies were given no aid in war munitions and food, the Germans are convinced that the Allies quickly would collapse. "Germany," said Doctor Helfferich, "is peculiarly fortunate in supplying the requirements of the war nearly entirely by her own production, an advantage which hardly any one of her enemies enjoys." In short, Germany can depend on herself if compelled to do so, while her foes must rely on help from neutral countries, proudly say the Germans.

To the observer, food appears to be abundant and prices surprisingly low, considering that a state of war exists. On the dining car from Berlin to Posen, January twenty-second, large veal cutlets, with rice, asparagus and beans, cost two marks, or fifty cents.

On January twenty-sixth, in a people's restaurant in Berlin, a very large pork steak, with sauerkraut and lentils, cost ninety pfennigs, about twenty-two cents; three shirred eggs cost sixty pfennigs, about fifteen cents, and half a young pheasant, with vegetables, was one and one-half marks, or thirty-seven cents. These examples are typical of a bill of fare containing more than one hundred twenty dishes. With each order of meat went a generous slice of bread.

By taking meals at a large number of popular eating places, in various cities throughout Germany during several weeks, it was found that prices as well as quantity and quality of food did not vary perceptibly. The bread was noticeably darker in color, from five per cent. to ten per cent. of potato flour being used in its making. The Central Market in Berlin, during the latter part of January, displayed immense quantities

of provisions of every variety, from newly-killed deer and other game yet undressed, and every other kind of meat, down to cabbages, cheese, butter and potatoes.

Soon after the outbreak of the war, a law was passed fixing a maximum price on basic necessities of life, a measure particularly advocated by the Socialists. The latter part of January and the early part of February, the government, by law, took over such foodstuffs. The large quantities of food served in restaurants, and seen in markets, shops and inns, made this law appear unnecessary.

Careful inquiry suggested the conclusion that this government food monopoly is a precautionary measure, directed to next year and the year after, more than to the present. It would seem to be another of the many evidences which delving beneath the surface brings to light that Germany is preparing for a long war. And just this is the opinion of exceptionally cautious men.

No one was found who feared that Germany can be starved. This confidence in her food resources does not seem unreasonable. The German has used applied science in agriculture as brilliantly as in manufacturing. For example: the production of wheat was fifty-four per cent. more per acre in 1908-1912 than in 1886-1890 and much greater than that of any other country. This, too, despite the inferior quality of German soil.

Take one more out of a large number of similar items: in 1913, a little less than eight per cent. of the wheat and rye consumed in Germany was imported; but the per capita consumption of wheat and rye in Germany had increased more than thirty per cent. from 1886-1890 to 1908-1912. If, then, the present ordi-

nary consumption were reduced eight per cent. (representing the amount imported) there still would remain a quantity of wheat and rye produced in Germany twenty-two per cent. more per capita than the German people consumed per capita twenty-five years ago, and more than is now consumed in most other countries; considerably more, for example, than in Great Britain and Ireland.

These are only a few of the many reasons why the German people feel easy on the food question. As they look upon it at the present moment, they can carry the war on indefinitely as far as food is concerned.

As for the ammunition: The unsparing use of it, as personally observed on both eastern and western fronts, suggested no shortage. On the contrary, to the untrained looker-on, the Germans seemed to have an unlimited supply. Also German scientists are at work on the ammunition question. They are reclaiming nitrate from the air. It is believed that three such factories are already at work,* and that several more will be in operation before summer.

Many Americans have supposed that the Allies would exhaust Germany's ammunition supply; but in January, 1915, that did not appear to be probable. In considering this vital subject one should never overlook the unknown resources and the wizard-like resourcefulness of the German laboratory. Back of the German gun is the German test-tube; back of the German artilleryman is the German chemist.

Oil, too, engages the constructive thought of German science; though one received the impression that

* February 12, 1915.

the Germans have more oil than the authorities are willing to have generally known. Certainly, no lack of its products was apparent at the front during the sixth month of the war. But, be that as it may, here again the fortunes of war favor the German scientist—some substance has been found in France, from which it is said a valuable substitute is being manufactured.

From other hitherto unused materials a substitute for benzine is being made. The thousands of taxicabs and traffic automobiles dashing about German cities are run by alcohol. Wood and potatoes furnish unlimited supplies of this spirit. In other ways nature is yielding to German science, resources unused or unknown before the exigencies of war stimulated their discovery.

Those who think of this war only in terms of men, horses and guns are following ancient formulas. In Germany, at least, the chemist and analyst are as potent as courage of private soldier or genius of field marshal.

Take now the copper problem: Germany produces in ordinary times about forty thousand and imports two hundred thousand tons, annually, most of which is manufactured and exported. Thus the conclusion appears to be reasonable that, at the outbreak of war, there were considerably more than two hundred thousand tons of crude or freshly manufactured copper. Cut this estimate in half and there still would be enough for one year's warfare, upon the most extravagant calculation for military uses. Also, there is in Germany, in various forms, such as copper roofing, brass furnishings, etc., a very large supply of copper.

For example, as General Director Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Line, pointed out, the copper wires of the electric street-car lines alone would furnish one hundred twenty thousand tons, enough for nearly thirteen months. All this is on the assumption that Germany had laid up no copper for military purposes, against the possible contingency of war.

But what of Germany's supply of men? Out of several estimates, none of them official, let us examine the most conservative one—conservative in the sense of putting the worst face on the situation. Some Germans will say that it is extreme in its conservatism, expressed in terms of pessimism.

This computation places Germany's total loss, up to January 1, 1915, at 850,000 men in round numbers, of which seventeen per cent. were killed, eighteen per cent. missing and sixty-five per cent. were wounded. Of the wounded, sixty per cent. have returned to duty.

To be on the safe side, let us add 150,000 men to this estimate, making a total of 1,000,000. This would mean 650,000 wounded, sixty per cent. of whom, or 340,000 men, have returned to service, leaving 610,000 men as the total number killed, missing or incapacitated for further service. This reckoning places the German loss for 1915 at 900,000 or 1,500,000 men from the beginning of the war up to January 1, 1916; the reduction of casualties for 1915 is based on greater prudence and experience of the men in action.

Assuming that there are 5,000,000 under arms, Germany has about 1,500,000 men additional, ready for service every year, in ordinary course. So that, accord-

ing to this estimate, Germany can always keep more than 5,000,000 men in the field—at least up to 1921—without straining her resources in men; and more than 5,000,000 at any one time can not be used to advantage.

The estimate here quoted considers even extreme and desperate emergency: it calculates from critical and exhaustive study of historic data, that a country hard pressed can put from seventeen per cent. to twenty per cent. of its population in the field. Seventeen per cent. of 68,000,000 people, Germany's present population, is 11,560,000; and that many German men would go to the front if Germany needed them.

But the firmest foundation of their faith in victory is the spirit of the German people. Germany's most remorseless enemy would not deny this if, unknown, he could mingle with the masses. To the neutral and impartial observer, this German spirit flames to the heavens like some elemental and sacred fire. Already, it is producing a literature of such quality that one may read in it the prophecy of another notable period in German letters. It is a people's literature; it comes from the homely German fireside, and from the trenches, where men are dying.

Poems have appeared, written by hands unfamiliar with the pen, yet charged with a tenderness, courage and sacrificial spirit that no mere word-craftsman could have fused into polished verse.

Letters of parents to sons and of youths to parents exhibit these same qualities even more clearly. Here is an extract from a letter by a German father to his son, who, though at the front, was serving, under orders, as a chauffeur:

"Why don't you write us about the battlefield in any of your letters? Aren't you going to get into the firing-line in your present command? . . . Think of your brother, August, who volunteered for patrol duty and was killed by the enemy's bullet! I mourn for him but I am proud that, in doing a brave act, he gave his life for the Fatherland. If my old legs could carry me, I should gladly go and fight. . . . Do your whole duty, even if it cost you your life."

Or take this example, from the letter of a seventeen-year-old son, in the high school, to his parents:

"Let me go as a volunteer to the war. . . . I have thought of all the great things being done by our troops, in order to build up a new, peaceful life. . . . I finally thought: 'Father must allow this; he must be willing to offer me as a sacrifice for my country.' . . . . So, my dear parents, let me go as a volunteer. . . . . Mother has often taught me that an act freely done is finer in God's sight than a forced one. . . . . Trust to the God of old, who is watching over our whole people—He will deal well by them as by me. He speaks in me: Love of Fatherland is also love of God, because we are fighting a fight of truth against falsehood, a fight of justice . . . against tyranny. . . . There are things to which one can not answer 'No.' May God make your hearts feel so fully and so deeply the right of my request that you will give me your blessing: 'God be with you!'"

Just one more illustration, even at the risk of being

tedious. Theodor Leipart, head of the German Woodworkers' Union, lost his only son in the war, a mere boy who had volunteered. The members of the Union passed resolutions of condolence. But in thanking them for their thought and sympathy he writes:

"My son left his school desk, full of earnest enthusiasm, at the call of the Fatherland. In spite of his youth, he knew very well what it meant. A few days before a shell ended his young life, he wrote from the battlefield: 'I bear everything, for I feel that I am doing it for your sake, dear father, to defend you.'

"So has fought and bled each of the thousands of fathers, brothers and sons, for his loved ones at home, and together, for the Fatherland and the people. True, I had the ambition and the hope that my son might do more and bigger things for the Fatherland, the German people and all humanity, than merely to give his fair young life.

"Yet I shall not on that account quarrel with the fate that has laid upon me this heavy grief; and the less since it costs all the other thousands the same—thousands who are one in their holy purpose to guard the future in all the relations of man. This means also that peaceful struggle which we carried on before the war and shall carry on when the war shall have been finished.

"And so we mean to hope that the great agonizing labor which the Fatherland now claims of us, will light our striving for righteousness, welfare and peace for all the comrades among the people in the future, and so prove our blessing."

This letter from the head of one of the strongest and most influential labor unions in Germany, was published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* (the Working Man's News) of January 24, 1915.

Following the letter, this one line appeared as the only editorial comment:

"Yes; and there still flows yet more precious blood upon earth. . . ."

The above letters, copied from German newspapers, are characteristic. The German mails are burdened with them. The German press is filled with them. A volume would be needed merely to cite such examples. Talks with common soldiers on both eastern and western battle lines, and in the hospitals, showed this German spirit in a vital human way—their words were stirring enough, but the light in the eye, the glow from the features, made doubt of their earnestness impossible.

Church attendance and service afforded another manifestation of the popular spirit. All Germany is stirred by a profound religious movement, which showed itself before the war began. The religious element of the German character is displaying itself in an exalted, but quiet and steady devotion. Attendance on divine services, Protestant and Catholic, in city and village; the war sermons; the atmosphere of worship; the devotion in the faces of congregations; the uniforms of soldiers and officers weaving strands of gray through the prevailing black of the composite costume; the massed singing of ancient hymns—witnessing and hearing all this was as informing and scarcely less dramatic than scenes on the firing-line.

Listening to German war sermons gave the most scoffing American pause, so tender are they, yet so militant.

Swing, now, to a more practical evidence of this spirit. Many, perhaps most, financial or industrial concerns continue to pay their employees absent in the field a substantial part of their salary For example: more than three thousand out of the eight thousand regular employees of the Deutsche Bank are at the front. To the unmarried, of these absent employees, the bank pays thirty per cent. of their regular salary.

To those married, sixty per cent. of their regular salary is paid, and an additional five per cent. for every child born, up to a limit of eighty per cent. In the fortnightly paper which the bank publishes for its employees, appear always two pages of honor: one giving, under the caption "The Hero Dead," the names of the bank's employees who have been killed, and another the names of the employees who have won the Iron Cross.

Many working men's unions pay the wives of their members who now are soldiers, weekly allowances. For the first three months of the war, these labor organizations expended $3,000,000 in this way. Since these first three months, the unions have increased these benefits. At first they thought they could not keep up the rate of these allowances; and, indeed, the funds of the unions did decrease.

But they are now increasing. The metal-workers, for instance, had 18,000,000 marks on hand at the outbreak of the war. After three months of war, this had sunk to 16,000,000 marks. But on the first of

February, 1915, the metal-workers again had nearly 18,000,000 marks in their treasury. And this is only one of the many labor unions of Germany which are doing the same.

Also, it is worthy of remark that the German Labor Union and Socialist newspapers are sent to the Trades Union and Socialist soldiers at the front—hundreds of thousands of them.*

Now, turn the light in another direction; it reveals the German volunteer as a visible and embattled manifestation of the German spirit. The quality of these volunteers is as significant as their numbers. Hard-headed business men, the proprietors of great establishments; distinguished public men; learned and famous professors—all far past military age—were found at the front, as volunteers, enduring the hardships, braving the dangers of the simple soldier. Here are three of many such examples which came under personal observation:

Calling at battery headquarters, after visiting the guns before Messines, where flying death was singing in the air, the artillery commander was found to be a leading German business man, head of one of the greatest chemical manufactories in the empire. Although past military age, yet there he was, serving as a volunteer, only his importance compelling his acceptance by the government.

On the way from Lille, France, to Grand Headquarters, a former Governor of German East Africa, with the high title of "Excellency," was found acting as

* See chapter on "German Thought Back of the War," No. 2, Chapter VIII.

sergeant of the guard. He also was a volunteer and over military age. His high position and past services secured him the privilege of enlisting as a common soldier. He had just won his sergeant's stripes after months of service as a simple private.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain, author of *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* dedicated his *Essays on the War* to an eminent German professor, who, although nearly fifteen years beyond the military age, demanded to be taken as a volunteer, and now is serving in the trenches, sleeping in underground quarters.

Mention is made in another chapter of Doctor Frank, the Socialist leader, and strongest peace advocate of Europe, who volunteered at the outset, and soon afterward fell in battle; and of Doctor Südekum, now leader of the Social Democratic party, who volunteered and is now at the front.

These examples are not exceptional nor peculiar; there are thousands like them.

Time and again, in America, one hears the question asked: "How long will German women stand this war? Why don't they end it?" You may read the answer in Tacitus, where he tells of German women fighting at their husbands' sides against the Romans. For, now as then, the answer is, first, that German women are prepared to stand this war until Germany triumphs or is destroyed: and second, that they do not want it ended until Germany is victorious.

"My son, my husband, my all I gladly give in this sacred cause," said a prominent German woman.

"I glory that my brother fell for Germany. I wish

I could go myself," said a young woman of the working class, whose betrothed also was in the field.

"I never have heard nor read of anything like it," said Baroness Speck von Sternberg, (an American woman) widow of the well known and much liked late German Ambassador to the United States. "The calm willingness to sacrifice all, which German women are displaying, can not be believed unless one sees and hears it." And Baroness von Sternberg gave many illustrations within her own knowledge. "And," said she, "you may quote what I have said, and give my name."

A widow, whose two sons and son-in-law are serving in the ranks, declared that she was proud to have them go because "this is a just war." This woman was a Swiss, who had married a German.

"I would not have the war end now, nor would any German girl or woman of my acquaintance," said Miss Strauss, a young business woman, met at luncheon at the house of Doctor Südekum, the Socialist leader. "It must not end," said she, "until Germany wins. The German woman grieves, but gladly bears her burden. It is our duty." Time and time and time again, from both men and women, rich and poor, you hear that one word "duty!"

A rich woman of Hamburg asked her bank for fifteen thousand marks, immediately. She could have had one hundred fifty thousand marks immediately; "but," said the banker, with that guardian-like care of his clients peculiar to bankers, "what do you want with fifteen thousand marks?"

"My three sons are at the front. Two of them still

are there," she answered; "but my third son was wounded so that he can not fight any more. But I want him to go back with his brothers and act as chauffeur (a service often as hazardous as that of the trenches!) and I want this money to buy an automobile for him. I want no son of mine at home while this war lasts!"

"Ask my little son how he feels," said Frau von Xylander, of Munich, wife of the Major-Adjutant at headquarters of the VI army. "I only wish I had twelve sons old enough to serve by their father's side. Gladly would I give them all for Germany. Every woman I know feels as I do. German women glory in their sacrifice for our country. To give is our duty, the noblest of duties. I know of no German woman who has shown weakness." And Frau von Xylander gave examples, as Baroness von Sternberg had done. "And," said she, "I unreservedly consent to your writing what I have said, and using my name."

These examples are typical of all those coming under personal observation. It is believed that they fairly represent the general sentiment of German women. If so, the American reader may judge for himself of the depth of German feeling and the height of German resolve.

Disagree if you will with their opinion on the war; but do not deny the German people's sincerity, do not cavil at their heroism. Remember, always, that, as far as Germany is concerned, this is the people's war.

"You can not, Sir," said Edmund Burke, "indict a people."

VII

GERMAN THOUGHT BACK OF THE WAR—I*

Savant, Shipping Genius, Business Man

WHAT a people are thinking when at war, is as vital a fact as guns and ammunition. To state this is too serious a matter for the careful student to undertake exclusively on his own responsibility, no matter how painstaking his investigation. For one can never be sure that he is interpreting another's view correctly. But if that other himself states his own thought, a degree of accuracy is secured. This course has been followed in presenting German thought and feeling as it was during the sixth and seventh months of the war.

The same method, of course, was adopted in France and England as will appear in succeeding chapters.

The present chapter is a careful report of conversations with representatives of various classes of the German people, scholars, business men, Socialists, Trades Unionists. Out of many interviews, five typical ones are reproduced in this and the following chapter.

They were written out and submitted to the person conversed with, who altered or verified the transcript

* These conversations occurred during January, 1915.

and authorized publication. They, therefore, may be considered reasonably reliable.

They are not, of course, in any sense a presentation of Germany's case.* These conversations are the familiar talk of representative German men, all of them extremely busy; and they give casually and in offhand fashion typical German thought as it was after half a year of conflict. Incidentally, they deal with some subjects much discussed in America.

The writer acts merely as a reporter—a medium through which the ideas prevailing and the facts existing, as they really are, in three countries at war, are conveyed to the American public. While the student of peoples at war must maintain sympathetic serious-

*The American public is of course familiar with the German view of the deep source of the war. The Germans believe that the pan-Slavist program, which is racial and religious, included the break-up of the Austrian Empire; that Servia was the Russian agency through which this was being brought about; that with Austria destroyed, Germany would be entirely surrounded by enemies, practically cut off from the world, and her very existence imperiled; that Russia knew that Germany must therefore fight to save Austria (which Germany's alliance with Austria also bound Germany to do) and so Russia mobilized on *Germany's* frontiers; that the fact that Russia did not stop mobilizing when asked to do so meant war; and, hence, that Germany was forced to strike or be overwhelmed. Thus, in the German mind, the war on Germany's part was and is *purely defensive*.

As to France, the Germans say that Germany would not have attacked her except for the absolute certainty that France would attack Germany as she was bound to do by her alliance with Russia.

The most curious feature of the war is the fact that not only do the Germans declare that they have no rancor toward France or the French; on the contrary, as stated in Chapter VI, the expressions heard in Germany during the sixth month of the war were distinctly friendly to the French.

But, during the sixth month of the war, when these conversations took place, German thought was that Great Britain was

ness in order to get the real spirit of the belligerent countries visited, yet he must at the same time have ever in his heart the getting and the stating of the facts regardless of whether they fit anybody's preconceived ideas.

This much is said in order that the reader may clearly understand that what is set down in this book is an attempt to express faithfully not only material, but intellectual and spiritual conditions as they were in the warring countries at the time investigation was made.

The Foremost of the World's Theologians

The great Professor von Harnack is the unchallenged leader of German theological thought. By the learned of the earth, he is considered the most renowned historical theologian in the world—certainly the highest Protestant authority. Professor von Harnack also stands in the forefront of philosophical

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the power practically and ultimately responsible. It was Great Britain, say the Germans, who arranged the entente that almost circles Germany with a band of steel which would close entirely if the pan-Slavist program was carried out; England, declare the Germans, planned to invade Germany through Belgium by a military understanding with the latter country, violating Belgium's treaty with Germany, and destroying Belgian neutrality; Russia would not have dared to move, the Germans assert, if she had not been sure of the support of Great Britain, etc., etc.

And all for what, ask the Germans? and the Germans affirm, in answer, that Great Britain's motive was to crush her most powerful commercial rival. Great Britain was not willing, the Germans say, to attempt this by herself but only in company with a combination so mighty that she was sure Germany would be beaten quickly and easily.

The conversations narrated in this chapter, therefore, deal principally with Great Britain.

thinkers. His personal friend, the German Emperor, admires him as much as do the scholars of all countries. Only by a personal letter to Professor von Harnack from an American friend was a conversation with this German savant possible.

This most eminent of the world's theologians was first met in the Royal Library, of which he is the director. Afterward the conversation was resumed at his modest home in Grunewald, the scholar suburb of Berlin.

"I wish," said I, in explaining my mission to Professor von Harnack, "to get at the thought which moves modern Germany. And so I have come to you."

"I am a very humble person and should not presume to say that I could express German thought," answered Professor von Harnack, with unaffected modesty. "But I shall be glad to do what I can."

"You know," said I, "that American public opinion is against Germany in this war."

"I have heard that such is the fact, and it pains and grieves me. Why should it be so?" Professor von Harnack inquired.

"Many reasons are given, some practical, some philosophical," I explained. "Among the latter, we Americans have been told that modern Germany is governed by the philosophy of Professor Treitschke, who is represented to us as having preached the doctrine of force, the idea that might makes right and that war is necessary and a good thing in itself."

"That is incorrect," mildly answered this grave-faced, gentle, kindly master of theological thought

and learning. "Treitschke merely interpreted history as it actually was, not as it ought to be. Also, such of his language as might be misinterpreted at present was used with reference to the epochal period of 1868-71. These passages from his lectures have had no influence on the thought of German people now living."

"But," I insisted, "his warlike utterances are those which Americans have been told represent the German ideal."

"But Lord Acton, professor of modern history in Cambridge, went farther than Treitschke ever dreamed of going in this line," observed the great German scholar. "In his introductory lecture, as Professor of History at Cambridge, twelve or fifteen years ago, Lord Acton said: 'The objects of history are only those things for which people die or kill.' Lord Acton was a super-Treitschke.

"But," continued Professor von Harnack, "do Americans think that in these lectures Lord Acton expressed the ideal of the British people? If not, why do they think that Treitschke in the few sentences he spoke concerning nearly half a century ago expressed the thought of present-day Germany? Does our history since Treitschke's time show it? We have devoted ourselves to industry during that period without a single war, while England has had many wars; and every one of our enemies more than one war."

"But," I remarked, "General Bernhardi's book has been widely circulated in America since the war began. It is said that it is the practical application of Treitschke's philosophy of war."

"I never read it," Professor von Harnack replied. "I do not know any one who has read it. I never heard of it until long after the war began. It could not have had much of a sale. It had no influence on German thought."*

"But," I persisted, "it is said that German 'militarism' is the result of Treitschke's philosophy and Bernhardi's book is its expression."

"'Militarism'! What do you mean by that?" inquired Professor von Harnack.

"Germany's military party, Germany's military caste," I answered.

"Military party, military caste in Germany!" exclaimed Germany's great savant, in tones of mild surprise. "There are no such things in Germany! If by 'militarism' you mean our army, the answer is that it is the German people. If by 'military caste' you mean

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*The fact that Bernhardi's war book had little circulation in Germany, indeed, was practically unknown before the war, was one of the startling surprises of which investigation revealed so many. Firmly convinced that this militarist writer is the interpreter of German ideals and purposes, the American student of German conditions was shocked to find that Bernhardi's book had been read by very few Germans.

Dr. F. Schmidt, well known to many American scholars, is my authority for the statement that only 6,000 were published in Germany, not all of which were sold. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, author of *The Foundations of the 19th Century*, said that he never heard of Bernhardi's volume until after the war broke out when he learned of it from British newspapers, for the first time. Professor D. Adolph Deissman, the eminent scholar, who is, perhaps, by experience and personal contact, as familiar with the student body of all Germany as any living man, declared in the *Protestant Weekly Letter* that before the war, Bernhardi's book was unheard of in German academic circles.

Of a large number of Germans, scholars, bankers and working men, personally interviewed, not one had read Bernhardi's book, even yet.

our officers, the answer is that they are forbidden by law to take any part in politics. They have not as much influence with our government as the German working man or merchant."*

"Of course that is true if *you* say it. Still, it is hard for us Americans to understand how Germany was able to put so many men in the field so quickly, and be ready to place twice that many more in the field to supply any possible loss," I argued.

"The answer is as simple as it is sublime," remarked this grand old man—for any one meeting Professor von Harnack would describe him as "this grand old man." "It is a people, an whole people, an united people, in arms. Nothing else could explain the wonderful phenomenon we are witnessing in Germany except the fact of an whole people fighting for their lives."

"But," I suggested, "we Americans do not understand why this war involves the welfare of the German people themselves. Even those unfriendly to Germany say that they love and admire the German people, and the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, but that this Germany has given way to a commercialized, military Germany."

"Commercialized!" exclaimed the renowned German teacher. "I have been lecturing for thirty years, and

* The Germans indignantly deny the influence of a "military party" in Germany, or even the existence of such a political or governmental force, as it is understood in America. Unless scores of Germans, all over the empire, of highest character and from all political parties and every walk of life, were wilfully and by prearrangement deceiving the investigator, it would appear that we have not been fully informed on this point.

I tell you that in the last ten years there has been more interest among German students and indeed among all classes, in metaphysical and spiritual subjects than there was thirty years ago—yes, a great deal more, a very great deal more. Indeed, this is the greatest fact in modern Germany's intellectual and spiritual life."

"But what about your industrial development? Your world commerce?" I asked.

"That was necessary to our physical existence," answered Professor von Harnack. "And what of it? Does the fact that men work mean that they do not think? Indeed, it is because we not only worked but also thought that we have made this industrial progress. Our multiplying millions had to be fed. They could be fed only by giving them the means of earning their own livelihood. Is that wrong? Is that 'commercialism'?"

"But your central, Imperial government—it is said that that represents militarism and not industry," I explained.

"Who says that?" exclaimed Professor von Harnack. "The Imperial government has kept the peace of Europe for almost fifty years. It is during the period of the Imperial government that the German people have made their wonderful economic advance. Any business man or working man will tell you that Germany's industrial and commercial development could not have occurred without this central, Imperial government. It could not have happened, if the German states were separate, each for itself, as they once were, instead of all for each and each for all, as they now are."

"Is that why," I asked, "that Your Excellency thinks that some of Germany's enemies complain of and wish to destroy Germany's central, Imperial government, and put Germany in the condition in which it was in the time of Goethe and Schiller?"

"Of course, that is the reason," Professor von Harnack answered. "If they could destroy the Imperial government, they would destroy Germany's industrial and commercial system; they would take away the livelihood of millions of the German people. Ask any manufacturer or working man about that."

"So, then," I followed up, "is that the reason for the general objection to the Imperial Germany of today? Is that the reason why we are told that the Imperial government must be destroyed?"

"Yes; but it can not be destroyed," Professor von Harnack responded with much positiveness. "Suppose the impossible thought—that our enemies should win, and, as terms of peace, overthrow the central, Imperial government. I tell you that in less than one year the German people, by themselves and of themselves, would come together again in this same government and with our Emperor once more at its head."

"Is it, then, with you Germans, as it is with us in the United States where we are fond of saying: 'No north, no south, no east, no west; but only one nation?' " I asked.

"Exactly that," he answered. "That is what we say too. No Prussia, no Bavaria, no Saxony, or rather all together as just the German people."

"Your Excellency said that German defeat is unthinkable. Forgive me if I ask whether this is not

putting it a little strong? It is at least thinkable, is it not?" I inquired.

"It is not thinkable, rationally," he answered. "Consider the nature of the combination opposing us, not only in their differences in government and ideals, but also ethnologically. Against this, put the great fact, seldom if ever seen before in the history of the world, of a nation of more than sixty-five millions of people, of one tongue, one origin, one ideal, one purpose, acting as an unit, ready and glad to die or win."

"Is it so ultimate and final as that?" I broke in.

"It is, indeed," answered Professor von Harnack. "Stay in Germany as long as you like; search as widely as you will, and you will not find one man or woman who is not eager to give all and do all, no matter what, if it will win the victory for Germany."

When, afterwards, I learned what it meant for Professor von Harnack to say this, in view of the loss his family had sustained during the war, it gave this sentence of the eminent German thinker a power and a meaning which can not be expressed in words.

"I once thought that the real basis of German character and mind was poetical, thoughtful, dreaming, a little bit mystical," I suggested. "But many Americans now believe that these qualities have been overcome by Germany's intensive industrial development, and by her hard and fast military system."

"They believe wrongly, then," asserted Professor von Harnack. "The Germans are what you have said: poetic, thoughtful, metaphysical. They do not want to fight unless they must. Also, commerce and systematic business are not natural to them; and they force them-

selves to it as a means of getting a livelihood; but the real basis of their character is always there. It has been manifesting itself very much of recent years. For example, many of our most prominent business men are writers on metaphysical subjects. The whole nation cares more for culture than commerce."

"The German word 'Kultur' is not at all understood in America," I observed. "Even informed men think it means a rigid proficiency that leaves out of consideration the higher things. But the other day, one of Germany's leading business men said to me that, whereas civilization has to do with material things of life, 'Kultur' has to do with the soul and the spirit. I got the idea from him that, in German thought, 'Kultur' means the development of the spiritual life, the striving for a higher existence."

"You have said it from my heart!" answered Professor von Harnack.

"But," I remarked, "Americans will say that this is too general, and that Germans have no monopoly of aspiration toward better things. So may I ask Your Excellency to explain, specifically, what Germans mean by their word 'Kultur'?"

"I shall try to do so," answered Professor von Harnack.

"By 'Kultur' we mean three attitudes or aspirations of the mind and heart.

"First, thoroughness; the wish and will to get to the bottom of anything.

"Second, altruism—the opposite of selfishness. Matthew XXV explains what I mean. We wish to form an union, wide as human life and deep as human misery.

"Third, the wish to see all temporal things in an eternal light; the desire to connect all our thought and action with the Everlasting; the purpose and prayer to be co-workers with God in making ourselves and our fellow men better and happier.

"All of this is what we mean by German 'Kultur.' We have not reached it, but we strive for it in all humility."

"Is it the altruism in your 'Kultur' that is the source of Germany's humanitarian laws, such as old age pensions, industrial insurance, and others?"

"Yes, they are the product of the altruistic philosophy which is a vital part of German 'Kultur.'"

"And yet, we in America have been told that the philosophy of Nietzsche is the ruling spirit of Germany."

"How can that be?" answered Professor von Harnack, "with all the laws we have passed and the things we have done to help the weak and succor the unfortunate; with all our practical achievements to make human sympathy real; with our working out in actual life of the ideal of brotherhood? I do not say it in criticism; but is not the American individualistic idea more the philosophy of Nietzsche than our German community ideal and practice?"

"But," I remarked, "is not Nietzsche widely read in Germany?"

"No, not widely now. Many do still read Nietzsche, but only as a poet, not as a philosopher," Professor von Harnack patiently explained.

"I have been much impressed, Your Excellency, with the religious wave which I am told began to rise in

Germany just before the outbreak of the war, and has grown stronger, as the war has gone on. What connection has this religious movement with this great conflict? Was it because of an instinct that a war was coming?" I inquired.

"Not at all," said Professor von Harnack. "There was a period of years during which interest in religion seemed to decline among a large part of our people. But as I have said, one of the basic elements of the German character is the spiritual and the religious. So, in the last few years, a new interest in religion has been showing itself; it has been growing and spreading. It began, perhaps, with the upper classes, and then showed itself among all classes. The present great religious thought and feeling among the German people is only the flowering out of this steady development."

"Who is responsible for this hideous conflict, Professor Harnack?" I asked.

"England," he answered solemnly and with evident regret. "But I say it without hate in my heart. England is, perhaps, not directly answerable that the war should have broken out at this time; but when she saw that Russia wanted war *now,* she encouraged Russia to mobilize, as she was resolved to fight Germany down, sooner or later. By England, I mean the present English government; by Russia, the Russian military party and the pan-Slavist idea."

The Master Builder of Germany's Sea-Going Commerce

Consider now the views of one of Germany's greatest business men. General Director Albert Ballin is the

genius who built up the Hamburg-American Line from a small concern, hopelessly bankrupt, to the largest steamship company in the world. In Germany he is considered one of the greatest, if not the very first, constructive business mind in Europe. There are Germans who say that, as a commercial organizer, he is unequalled by any living man in any country.

General Director Ballin is the direct antithesis of Professor von Harnack; he devotes his large ability to purely practical business and he is an Hebrew—yet his patriotism is as intense and self-sacrificing as is that of the purely Teutonic thinker and divine.

General Director Ballin is now giving all his energy to the organization of Germany's food production and distribution.

"I never worked so hard in my life, not even when I was a young man," said Director Ballin; "and I never worked so gladly."

"I am trying to get at the bottom of this war," I remarked. "We Americans want to know the real cause of it, and who began it."

"Well," answered General Director Ballin, "if you put aside the incidents and get down to the first cause, you will find that it was commercial rivalry, and at bottom England began it. She could have prevented it. Russia never would have gone on if she had not been sure about England; even at the last, England could have ended the whole thing without war. But she did not want to do it, and she did not do it. We hold her responsible; and she is responsible."

"I can not understand," I observed, "why England should have wanted such a war as this."

"She was not farsighted," answered Director Ballin, "and she miscalculated. England was sure that with her aid, Russia and France would overwhelm Germany very quickly. England thought that the combination of allies which she had arranged would bring us to our knees very soon, and that then she could dictate the terms of peace. But she had no idea of the strength of the German people."

"But what was her reason?" I pressed.

"She wished to break down her greatest commercial rival. We work harder, longer and more scientifically than the English. A long monopoly of the world's markets made them too rich. Compared with the Germans, they are idle—all of us Germans, rich and poor alike, work every day and at long hours every day. The result was that we were dividing the world's markets with England, and, indeed, taking her markets from her. That is the real cause of England's action."

"But how could she help that by beating you in war?" I asked.

"In many ways; breaking up our commercial connections over the world would be one way," said Herr Ballin.

"But that would mean a long war," I observed. "A quick victory over Germany would not break up your foreign trade, seriously. You could recover it very quickly. Nothing but a long war, a war for years could root out your commercial connections in other countries, so that you would have to begin all over again, and start where you started forty years ago. Do you think that it will be a long war?"

"I hardly think Russia and France will care to go to

such lengths. Still, it may be a long war—a very long war," responded Herr Ballin.

"Frankly, how long can Germany keep up the war?" I ventured to inquire.

"We can keep it up for years, and we shall if necessary," said Herr Ballin. "We know that it is a question of existence with us. I suppose you have heard that statement before; but it is true."

"Have you the requisite resources?" I asked.

"Why, yes," quickly replied Herr Ballin, with emphasis. "Have you not seen that already? Financially we are in wonderful condition. Take the question of food. Have you seen any lack of it?"

"Why, then, your new food law?" I inquired.

"That is the best proof of all," answered Herr Ballin. "We have more than enough for this year without any law. But we are looking out for next year and the year after that and the year after that."

"But America thinks you do not have enough copper."

"We have large quantities of copper," declared Director Ballin. "We have not even touched our extra copper. Just take one item. If worst came to worst, the wires on our electric street-car lines alone would give us 120,000 tons of copper, which is more than enough for one year. We could easily replace them with iron wires. But that would only be an emergency which is not yet in sight. Then we could take the copper roofs of houses. And with both of these used up, we still would have left from other sources many times the quantity of copper yielded by both these sources.

"But without touching even our electric street-car

wires, we have enough copper to last for a very long time. And if we had to use all the copper of every kind, for the purposes of war, which is now in use in Germany, in other forms, we could carry the war on almost indefinitely."

"And oil? We in America think you are short of oil. Is not Galicia your chief natural supply of oil in such a war as this, and was it not for that reason that Russia made the drive on Galicia?" I inquired.

"It may have been; I do not know. But the oil question does not trouble us," Herr Ballin asserted. "We are making a substitute for benzine; wood alcohol is another excellent substitute; and there are still others. Besides we have plenty of oil and are getting more."

"Is it not rather wasteful to use your oil on taxicabs and automobiles? I notice the usual number of taxicabs in Berlin, Hamburg and every other city. Is not that a great waste of oil?"

"Oh," said Herr Ballin, "those taxicabs are run by alcohol. That is a good example of why we are not troubled about oil."

"But getting back to how England can hurt you commercially by war; while she might break up your commerce by a long-drawn-out conflict, she could not do that by a quick victory which you said she thought she would have," I remarked.

"Oh, yes," answered Herr Ballin, "if she could make terms of peace she could do anything she liked. She could limit the size of our ships. She could put a war indemnity on us so heavy as to break us. Worst of all, she could require the dismemberment of our

Imperial government—that is, our central government."

"I have heard that before," I observed. "I have been told that Germany's industrial and economic development—her management of railway rates, trusts, tariffs and all the elements of Germany's economic progress, has been possible only by reason of your central government; and that it could not have been accomplished in the divided condition that existed before the central Imperial government was established, and would be ended if the central government were overthrown and the old condition restored."

"That is exactly true," answered Herr Ballin; "and that is exactly what England would have required had she won. At least I think so."

"Is that what is meant, then, by the talk about loving the German people, the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, but hating this Imperial government with its militarism?"

"Why, of course it is!"

"Most of the talk I have heard, whether at the front in France, or in a village in the heart of Germany, always goes back to what you said—the necessity of Germany's getting her goods to market, and England's wanting to prevent her from doing so; at least business men and working men, whom I find very well informed indeed, reason it out that way. The Hamburg-American line is the center of Germany's shipping activities—how far is it willing to go; how far are you willing to go?" I asked.

"To the very end; to the last ship," exclaimed the great shipping magnate. "As for myself, I am willing

and prepared to come out of this a poor man, if necessary. I should be happy to do so if that would help Germany to win, as she will."

"Americans do not understand how you can win. After weeks in Germany it is hard for me to grasp this seemingly unanimous faith of the German people in victory. Do you really think, yourself, that Germany will win? You may speak to me in frankness and confidence. I give you my word that I will not repeat your answer if you do not wish me to," said I.

"Yes, I believe we shall win," replied Herr Ballin. "I know we will win. I do not think it, I *know* it. And you may repeat it as much as you like. I have not the least doubt on that point."

"In the United States there are those who fear that Germany intends to violate our Monroe Doctrine by occupying parts of South America."

"That, of course, is sheer nonsense. We want to trade in South America as we are doing now; and every place else. But nothing more."

"But it is said that your idea is to get possessions all over the world."

"The facts are the best answer to that," said Herr Ballin. "Since 1870 France has built up a great colonial empire—Algiers, Tunis, for example. What have we got? A part of east Africa and southwest Africa, and the Kiouw Chow experiment. That is all."

"But Belgium; will you keep Belgium?"

"I don't know," said Herr Ballin; "but personally I hope so. But the main thing we do want is such a peace as will leave us alone to work and trade without interference."

"Speaking of Belgium, your violation of her neutrality was one cause of America's unfavorable public opinion toward Germany. Do the business men of Germany approve the attack on Belgium?" I inquired.

"Belgium had a treaty with Germany as well as with France and England; yet she made a secret agreement with France and England in violation of her treaty with Germany," asserted the General Director. "She destroyed her own neutrality. We have proved this to the world now, and nobody has denied it. We have still more proof. One single circumstance ought to satisfy anybody—I mean the large stores of English war material which we found in Maubeuge. That is only one example of many that the agreement was being carried through. But besides these examples we have the documentary proof; and as I say, it is not denied. Answering your question directly, German business men heartily approve our advance through Belgium under the circumstances.

"This suggests to me the food question again," continued Herr Ballin. "We are fighting this war in the enemy's country—in France on one side and in Russian Poland on the other side. So the country we occupy, especially in the west, is furnishing a good deal of the food consumed by our armies. This is not an important item, for we have enough food within Germany itself. And yet, it is important, too, when you think that we already have nearly 700,000 prisoners in Germany, whom we must feed, and are feeding very well indeed."*

* This conversation occurred January 28, 1915.

"Does the fact that you are fighting the war in France and Russian Poland have anything to do with your belief, your confidence that Germany will win?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. They never can drive us back to the German frontier and carry the war into Germany. That ought to be plain to anybody. But that is not the chief reason for our certainty of winning. The spirit of the people; their absolute unity; the feeling of all of us that it is life or death with us; the willingness of every German, high and low, rich and poor, man and woman, to go to the end, even to poverty and death itself; the superiority of our men in the field, both officers and men—things like these are what make us know that we shall win in the end."

"But, will the women of Germany consent to allow the war to go to such lengths?" I asked.

"The women of Germany are as strong for the war as any man in the country," declared Herr Ballin. "I can give you dozens of examples, within my own personal knowledge. Here is one, which came to my attention only yesterday. A friend of mine, a lady of wealth, who already has four sons at the front; her fifth son is in America and has not been able to get back. The mother is grieving because this fifth son has not been able to get to the front also, to fight for Germany. You can write a book of examples of this spirit among the German women. They are our strongest support. I suggest that you talk to German women yourself. You will find there the best proof of the spirit that animates Germany in this war."

A Typical Young German Business Man

Let us go now to the younger German business men. Walter Rathenau, President of the General Electric Company of Germany, one of the largest corporations and employers of labor in Europe, is typical of these; for not only is he prominent in the management of one of Europe's greatest business concerns, but also is the author of books and brochures on metaphysical and philosophical subjects; and this combination of speculative learning and practical efficiency is a characteristic of the new generation that is occupying the field of German business. Doctor Rathenau is now giving all of his time to the war department, and is the head of a group of one hundred fifty scientists working under his direction.

"In considering the causes of the war," said Doctor Rathenau, "we must distinguish between the powder and the match. The match that fired the powder was Russia. But the powder was the inevitable conflict between England and Germany. On the surface this is a mere struggle for commercial monopoly on England's part. But deeper down, it is a struggle between two conceptions of life and duty.

"Let me illustrate. Take the chemical industry. Let us say that there are five thousand scientists in Germany, each glad to work for one hundred fifty dollars a month, but not merely for the money. That is only an incidental reward—just a livelihood. Their real reward is their passion to discover Nature's truths. Also, there comes in the element of their conception of

duty. They not only are satisfying themselves by doing, for its own sake, what they love best to do, but also they feel that they are helping to build up Germany, and in a broader way, to increase the sum of human knowledge. There you have the real motive that inspires these five thousand scientists.

"On the other hand, there are in England, let us say, thirty scientists of the same ability and skill. But they must be professors in Oxford, Cambridge, or other schools of learning. They would scorn such employment, such work as our five thousand German scientists do for one hundred and fifty dollars a month. The German's principal pay—the pleasure he gets from investigating Nature's mysteries, and his ideal of duty—does not appeal to his brother English scientist at all.

"It is not generally known or believed, but it is true, that most of the discoveries made by our scientists, which we apply in advancing our industry, are by-products of these scientists' general work. So there is one illustration of our industrial superiority, growing out of an ideal of life and duty. To this ideal, the Englishman is a stranger.

"Again, among us Germans the love of knowledge is a part of the German character. We feel that we can not have too much of it. To make it plainer, let me say that in Germany it is fashionable to be informed. In England, on the contrary, it is felt that it is ungentlemanly to acquire more knowledge after a certain point of education. The Englishmen say that they do not like 'walking dictionaries.'

"Again, bring in the idea of duty to one's country.

"Now, apply this to employees of an industry; say, an industrial company of thirty thousand employees, or of an hundred thousand employees; or a great bank with ten thousand employees, willing to work ten hours a day and always searching for knowledge. They work not for food only, but also as a duty for the building up of Germany.

"Contrast with this concept of life and labor the conception of the same class of men in England; as little work as possible; no more knowledge than absolutely necessary; vacations, luxuries, and the mental and physical habits growing out of these.

"In the final analysis, these illustrations show you why Germany has been able to sell her products in foreign markets which England had monopolized so long that she thought they belonged to her as a matter of right.

"So, you see, the conflict was inevitable, and the basis of it is a difference in fundamental ideals of life and duty. That is the deep reason why the war must go on until it is proved which of these ideals is the true one. It is why we Germans are willing to die, and suffer worse than death, in order to win. For not only is our ability to live physically at stake, but our whole concept of life is involved."

"Then," said I, "do you think it will be a long war?"

"I do," answered Doctor Rathenau. "Speaking for myself, I personally think the war will last for years. The very concept of German civilization is involved. Our culture, which combines our ideals, and which is the dearest of all things to us, is at stake."

"I fear that the German word 'Kultur' is not under-

stood in America," I remarked. "Would you be kind enough to explain it?"

"I already have stated part of it," exclaimed Doctor Rathenau, "the love of, the search for the truth, in all the fields of knowledge; the wish to make that search final and complete; the reward for work in the doing of the work well; the idea of duty to the community or nation, as an element in all labor, mental or physical. These are a part of German 'Kultur.'

"The ideal of mutual helpfulness is an even more important part—the concept that our neighbors and co-workers and fellow countrymen shall be benefited by the work of each individual. One result of this is Germany's humanitarian laws to aid the weak, the aged, the unfortunate. These laws are a direct outgrowth of one ideal embraced in the German word 'Kultur.'

"And, finally, the concept that all we do and think is related to all time, and that our work lives on, and will be for the good of future generations; these are some of the main ideals embraced in our German 'Kultur.'

"It all grows out of German character, the fundamental nature of which is philosophical, poetic, altruistic.

"Add to all this, industry, and you have the moving causes for the economic progress which has marked Germany the last few decades.

"At another period, this basic German character showed itself in music, metaphysics, poetry. The economic pressure of a population which has grown to be enormous turned this, in our times, to industrial evolution.

"There are nearly 70,000,000 of us Germans living in a country smaller than some of your states. Our country has a comparatively poor soil—indeed it is not rich in any mere physical resource. It has the poorest location imaginable. And it is surrounded by enemies. It has been Europe's battlefield for centuries.

"Yet in spite of all this we have built up an industry unequaled in the world; and by applying our ideals of 'Kultur' our dense population have made themselves happy and contented as well as prosperous. But just because in doing this we have dared to compete successfully with England in the world's markets England says that we must be crushed, and destroyed, or else totally disabled!

"It is not to be borne!" exclaimed Doctor Rathenau. "No sacrifice is too high or dear for us to make, to preserve our civilization and our 'Kultur.' "

"But can you win?" I asked.

"We can and will. I have not a doubt of our success," quickly responded Doctor Rathenau.

I asked about militarism.

"Of course," replied Doctor Rathenau, "what England is trying to make the world believe by the word 'militarism' simply does not exist in Germany. Our people are our army and our army is our people. Our history has taught us that we dare not be without an army. All other countries, I believe, have armies. If, then, we must have an army, we wish it to be the best possible. We have tried to make it such, exactly as we have tried to make our industry and science the best possible. It is because we have succeeded in this as in other things that our enemies cry 'militarism!' Yet

nobody attacks our enemies because each of them has a military or naval establishment!"

"But Bernhardi's book is represented to us as the German ideal?"

"Whoever told you that wronged you and us alike. Bernhardi's military book was practically unknown in Germany before the war. Most Germans heard of it then, for the first time, through the English advertisements of it as our great classic. You will not find one German in ten thousand who has read it or even heard of it before the war. Do you Americans think such misrepresentations of a friendly nation right or moral?"

"It is thought," I suggested, "that the German military and naval establishment is aggressive and threatens the peace of the world."

"In view of the fact," said Doctor Rathenau, "that Germany has kept peace for nearly fifty years and under great provocation, this charge seems hardly fair. We have had no war for almost half a century; every one of our enemies has had several wars in that period —and some of them have been serious. What the English call our 'militarism' is not militarism at all; it is merely a people prepared to defend itself. And as such, it is not only a good thing; it is a necessary thing."

"Do you think that a wider range of popular government is approaching for Germany?" I asked.

"Probably; but we shall not go so far as you have gone in America; nor as England has gone. You have gone too far. That will be one of the results of the war. We shall pick up our foreign commerce again

soon enough. It is founded on a real superiority which can not be destroyed. We shall emerge from the war a poorer but a stronger people, a nobler and a more unified Germany.

"Remember that you in America will grow rich and richer. But I am not sure it will be good for you. Here, we shall not grow rich so rapidly. But we shall find happiness the more surely."

VIII

GERMAN THOUGHT BACK OF THE WAR—II*

The Leader of German Socialism and a German Trades Union Official

"THERE are more than 2,000,000 working men now at the front; of these more than 1,500,000 are Socialists," said Doctor Albert Südekum, leader of the Social Democratic party in Germany.

"Yes," spoke up Albert Baumeister, Assistant Secretary of the International Federation of Trades Unions, "and among them large numbers are volunteers."

"Volunteers!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; volunteers," repeated Mr. Baumeister. "When this war came upon us, more than 2,500,000 men, not called to the colors, volunteered. So heavy was the pressure of these men to be taken, that scores of thousands liable for service and notified to report were left behind. For example, I myself am one of these. I belong to the naval branch and, in obedience to instructions, reported at Kiel. But there I found more than 40,000 volunteers clamoring to be accepted. So here I am still waiting. And there are thousands like me."

* These conversations took place during January, 1915.

We were dining and spending the evening in talk in the big eating room of the *Gewerkschaftshaus*—that is, the Working Men's House—the labor center of Berlin. A good orchestra played classical music. The meal for three men cost a little less than five marks, or about a dollar ten cents. One man ordered rabbit pot-pie, the other two had large, thick pork steaks, and all three had potatoes, beans, peas, cheese and all the bread and butter they could eat—a fair example of food and prices in any popular restaurant in Germany.

Both Doctor Südekum and Mr. Baumeister speak English perfectly. I had met Doctor Südekum through an American Socialist of native American stock, who happened to be in Berlin for a short time, and whom I chanced to meet on the street. Through Doctor Südekum, I met Mr. Baumeister, and thus came the rare opportunity to get the radical sentiment of Germany, and the view-point of the German working man, at first hand.

Though forty-five years old and past military age, Doctor Südekum, since the time of the conversations here recorded (January, 1915) has proved his sincerity by enlisting as a volunteer. Because of his great prominence and influence, he finally was accepted.

Doctor Südekum is a natural orator and one of the most attractive and popular speakers in Germany. He has delivered lectures in America, and is well known to many American thinkers. He is a linguist, speaking French, Italian and other languages, as well as English and German. Doctor Südekum is one of the editors of Germany's celebrated *Municipal Year Book,* by far the most complete and authoritative publication of its kind

in the world. Also, he is a member of the Reichstag, representing Nürnberg.

"Every man, woman and child in Germany is peace loving; but they are, as things now stand, for this war to the uttermost," said this leader of the German Social Democratic party. "All of them will sacrifice everything, even life, to win. But if it can be said to be the war of any one class more than another, this is the German working man's war."

"How can that be?" I inquired in surprise, for I had come from America with the impression very firmly fixed that German working men and especially German Socialists, were opposing the war.

"We are fighting for our lives," answered Doctor Südekum. "It is our very existence which is at stake in this war. By intensive industry we have furnished employment to our millions of workers. The sale of their products was taking England's markets from her. This was because we worked harder, saved better, organized more carefully, and, by our spirit of solidarity and methods of mutual, cooperative helpfulness, created a better feeling, more contentment and a finer sentiment of service for the general welfare.

"In short, we produced a better product by making better and happier workers. The English were not willing to take the pains to do all this; they were not willing to meet our honest competition. That is why they are fighting to destroy modern Germany. And that is why this war means life or death to the German people and especially to German working men."

"But how," I asked, "could England destroy modern Germany? In case of your defeat, how could Ger-

many's enemies impose any terms which would injure German working men?"

"In several ways. If one were to judge from the English talk against our centralized, national government, its dismemberment would be one way of destroying our industry by which our workers live. This is probably what is at the bottom of their hypocritical talk about loving the German people and only hating German nationalism, which they want to destroy in the interest of 'humanity.' You have heard that, have you not?—'the Germany of Schiller and Goethe!' The Germany of Goethe and Schiller could not have fed nearly 70,000,000 of people; it did not even feed the people it had in those days.

"We have all that the world admires in Goethe and Schiller, and a great deal more. We have noble ideals of human welfare, and we are working them out. Look at our laws for the care and comfort of the workers and the poor. We have led the world in this class of legislation, for the amelioration and betterment of human conditions. What English reformers are feebly clamoring for now, we Germans have had for years. And we have only begun. Much more of such reforms are coming. Several have been adopted since the war began. The Goethe and Schiller Germany did none of these things.

"Our wonderful economic progress has been made possible only by and through the creation of a central government; a national government, if you like that word better. We German Social Democrats want even more nationalism, especially more solidarity. Our tariff management, our trust management, our railway man-

agement, and other elements of our commercial and industrial evolution, could not have been worked out except through a centralized government. They would have been impossible with the divided Germany that existed before 1870.

"Forty years ago we exported men; to-day we export goods, not men. Indeed, our economic and social condition is such that people have been immigrating to Germany, crowded as it is, instead of emigrating from Germany.

"If England could destroy united Germany, with its national government, under which our industrial and social progress has been achieved, she thereby could destroy most of our industry, by which our workers live. If she could dismember modern Germany and make it once more the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, we would once more export men instead of goods, and England once more would have the monopoly of exporting goods."

"But does not your modern centralized government stand for militarism?" I asked. "We have the idea in America that militarism is the ideal of modern Germany."

"That misstatement also comes from England," answered Doctor Südekum. "As they represent it, it is, of course, absurd and false. The militarism the English talk about does not exist in the form or with the consequences they represent. A great armed force is necessary for us. You will see why, if you think of our location and history. We are surrounded by enemies; we have been warred upon and our country overrun for hundreds of years. We have to face the facts.

We can not have economic freedom without the protection of an armed force. This armed force is almost wholly from and of the people. The people are the army.

"The Social Democratic party of Germany has always fought the faults and defects of our military system and will do so in the future. But it has always stood also for the general armament of the people against foreign aggressors. In order to secure our own country (and at the same time general peace) we German Social Democrats do not object to the army itself, only to its so-called 'dark sides'; so we fought, for instance, the internationalism of war capital, the international trust of gun and powder makers.

"But so far as general armament of the people is concerned," continued Doctor Südekum, "we would even broaden the military service, begin it earlier and leave out nobody who is fit for it. As our system now is, only a part of our available men can be taken into the military service and have military training, because we have not money enough. So we Social Democrats would remedy that by shortening the time of service (of the then better prepared and trained men) from two years to, say, one year; a step on the road to a real militia, like the Swiss system. Then everybody could be in the army in case of emergency."

"But, has not Germany's extensive military service endangered the peace of Europe?" I asked.

"Nearly half a century of peace proves the contrary," answered Doctor Südekum. "For almost fifty years Germany has had no war, except the small colonial affair in southwest Africa, while every one of

the countries now combined to crush us—England, Russia, Japan, France—has had one or more wars, some of them great and serious, and nearly all of them indefensible from the view-point of justice, humanity and love of peace. Yet we Germans, who have been at peace and kept the peace, are called by the English, disturbers of the peace. Is that fair or truthful? No!"

"But as a matter of fact, has not Germany's great military establishment forced other nations to follow suit, and thus made Europe an armed camp?" I insisted.

"No, indeed!" said Doctor Südekum. "Modern militarism was NOT 'made in Germany.' Napoleon III was its father, and it was born in France. Since 1849, France has *always* been aggressive. In 1849 she overran the Roman Republic; in 1854-56, she made war against Russia; in 1859 against Austria; then came a Chinese war and then the Mexican adventure; finally, the Franco-German War of 1870-71. France, through Napoleon III, inaugurated the modern politics of big land armies; he and France cultivated the worship of 'la gloire.' Prussia, by simple fear of an overwhelmingly strong France, began to build up her modern army in 1861—and then it was anything but popular.

"So there is your origin of modern militarism. It is not a native offspring of German soil. The German military system is purely defensive. The German people are peace-loving above all things. Their spirit is not that of conquest. We want to be let alone, that is all, to develop our own industrial, social, economic and political progress. It is for this we fight now, and we shall fight to the death."

"But this is not what we understand in America from General Bernhardi's book, which is widely read and is understood to represent the ideal and spirit of modern Germany," I suggested.

"If Bernhardi's book is widely read in America, it had better luck in your country than it did in Germany. Very few read it here. It made no impression at all. I doubt if many of the 70,000,000 of the German people know that Bernhardi ever wrote a book."

"You spoke of the defects of your military system," I suggested.

"Yes, and it is these which we have fought and will fight and which we expect to remedy," said the brilliant German Socialist. "What there is of 'militarism' (exclusively in respect of officers—there are certainly 'German West Pointers'; in respect of the influence of the military service on private life; in respect of a certain harsh manner in our state officials, who, to some extent, come from the army; in respect of things like these) is a mere home question for ourselves and does not in the least regard the English. What needs improvement we, ourselves, shall improve.

"But," went on Doctor Südekum, "suppose we did have a 'militarism' such as the English describe—why should England make war on it any more than Germany should make war on English hypocrisy? Why doesn't England begin a crusade against French *chauvinism,* or against Russian *pogromism?*

"If they say that this trumped-up German 'militarism' is dangerous to the world, we answer that it has not done the outer world any harm since 1870, the year when they say it began, whereas English hypoc-

risy has done the world more harm than ever will be computed. In fact this English scarecrow of German 'militarism' does not exist—unless a peaceful people ready to defend themselves can be called militarism.

"The very circumstance that they say that they make war on German 'militarism' shows that the whole spirit animating our enemies is aggressive," continued the German Socialist leader. "One of their objections to so-called militarism is that it alienates men from civil life; this again reveals their hypocrisy; for in Germany, military service is two years, France three years, Japan three years, Russia three-four years."

"So German Social Democrats do not wish to abolish military service?" I asked.

"No; as I have said, we would broaden it so that every physically fit man might have the training, and purely as a defensive measure," answered Doctor Südekum. "I can not repeat too often that what we Germans want is to be let alone, in order to work out our industrial, social and economic and political problems for ourselves. That is the real purpose of our army; and, while accomplishing this purpose, the military training is good for every man who has it. Men are taught to take care of their health. Also, they get the idea of cooperation—solidarity, the working in common to a common end, mutual effort for mutual result. All this—the care of the health and the other things—make them more efficient economic beings, better workers, stronger men."

"What influence has Germany's military party on German policy and government? It is our understand-

ing in America that this military party is a controlling and decisive force," I observed.

"Such a thing as a military party, *as a political force of any great influence,* does not exist and is impossible in Germany," answered Doctor Südekum. "The rank and file of the army are of and from the people. Every home in Germany has one or more. The officers are sworn in to their kings and princes by a special oath, but are in fact servants of the state; and most of them look at their duty from a mere technical point of view. There may be—quite natural!—political feelings among them (I personally believe them to be mostly conservative); but they do not take any active part in politics; and can not; the law forbids it. We would not allow it, even if there were no law. There are so-called 'political generals' in Germany, but—out of service."

"What will be the outcome of the war, if Germany wins?" I asked.

"If Germany wins—and we shall win—one result will be the making of a new international law for the protection of private property on the sea at all times, during war no less than during peace," answered the German Socialist statesman. "This will be a blessing to the whole world. It will do more in a practical way to remove the cause of war than any one other single thing.

"It is an old international law that private property on land is respected in war. While every army has the right and even the duty to destroy the enemy's guns, fortresses and other military properties, the private

property of non-combatants (non-military citizens) must not be touched. If an army needs anything, say food, it can take it only by paying the owners. Private robbery is punished by our military courts with death.

"Why should not this international law exist also on the sea?" asked Doctor Südekum; and, continued he, "the right of a belligerent nation to stop and search foreign ships; to destroy or confiscate war materials like guns, powder and so on; to destroy, after duly filed notice to the world, all kinds of contraband; to stop blockade runners, or take them as prizes of war —the right to do all these things is not questioned.

"But what ought to be forbidden is the stopping and destroying of purely merchant ships, carrying a thoroughly innocent cargo, or taking them as prizes of war. Suppose a German merchant ship is carrying merchandise from Java to Seattle which could not possibly be used in war. Why should that private ship and private property be seized and destroyed? Why should not ships of all countries, which are private property engaged in carrying private and non-contraband property, in the course of peaceful commerce, having no connection with hostilities, be allowed to go on with this peaceful business?

"Let warships fight warships, let merchant ships be searched and contraband or war munitions confiscated or destroyed; but let private property and private business, having nothing to do with war, be respected on the sea as well as on the land. In fighting for this, Germany fights for the freedom of the seas, for all countries, and the whole world.

"Time and again, the Germans and other European

nations (and as I remember the United States) have proposed to extend the international law concerning private property on land, during war, to cover the sea also," went on Dr. Südekum. "This would mean freedom of international commerce, even in war time, instead of ruining international commerce as the present system does ruin it. But England has declined always to permit this extension of international law to respect private property on the sea. The last time England refused was at the second Hague Conference. This means England's absolute and unrestricted supremacy on the ocean.

"This makes it plain that the only international danger, certainly the greatest at least, threatening the world, is British 'maritimism.' The fixed British policy of a navy as large as the navies of any two other countries combined, coupled with Great Britain's refusal to respect private property at sea, or to permit an international agreement for that purpose, make this clear. If Germany wins, private property (not connected with war) under any flag, will be respected on the sea as well as on the land, in war as well as in peace.

"Heretofore, there has been for Germany but one alternative: either the extension of international law for the protection of private property upon the sea; or the protection of our commercial fleet by a big navy—big enough to brave the English. Every reasonable German was and is in favor of the first; but England would not abandon her 'right of piracy,' which was strongly denounced even in the English House of Lords, as one of the greatest reasons for war going on in the world.

"We do not deny that England needs a navy; but so do we," continued the German Socialist thinker. "Mr. Winston Churchill, the first sea lord, said some time ago: 'A big navy is a necessity for England; for Germany it is a luxury.' As things now stand, this is not at all true. It would be true, perhaps, if England should respect private property on sea, but not otherwise.

"England depends upon overseas commerce; but Germany also. We too want foodstuffs and raw materials from foreign countries. How should we get them? Only by our merchant fleet. And, unless private property on the sea be respected, what protection is there for German commerce against every thinkable British brutality? None, except our navy."

"What do you say of the violation of Belgian neutrality? Does not that give England solid ground for her contention that she is in this war to protect the integrity of small states, and the sacredness of treaties?" I asked.

"In view of her history," answered Doctor Südekum, "it is ridiculous for England to say that she went to war to defend the integrity of small states! What about the Transvaal Republic? What about the Orange Free State? What about Egypt? Look at her history—right down to the present hour!

"As to the breach of Belgian neutrality, the Chancellor, in a frank and noble way, avowed it to be wrong —from the merely formal point of view. We are of the same opinion. All our sympathy is naturally with that unfortunate nation. But, really, Belgian neutrality did *not* exist. Afterward, the breach of that neu-

trality seems to be justified, even from the *formal* point of view, there being no neutrality, but, instead, treaties with our enemies! But be that as it may, it was a case of bare necessity—emergency. It was a question of life and death with us. If we had not marched through Belgium, England and France would have done so. That is proved, now. We knew it then, and we were and are fighting for our lives."

"What other result do you expect from the war?" I inquired.

The leader of the German Social Democratic party answered: "A more united Germany; her people bound together as never before. A stronger spirit of solidarity. The advance of liberal ideas and human reforms—these, and a peace which will protect us from future attacks, and allow us to go on in our own way, solving our own problems and developing our own civilization.

"All we asked was to be let alone," Doctor Südekum went on. "We were doing so much. Look at what we had already accomplished; an united, prosperous, and comparatively happy people. Look at the houses where our working men live—even the unskilled laborers! We are well aware that there is much yet to do to better conditions, to give the population still more space, more air, more sun. All this and more we expect to do. The ameliorations worked during recent years give us hope that things will grow still better and better and in a comparatively short time.

"See these working people, men and women—how neatly clothed they are; how well fed, how healthful looking!" exclaimed the German Socialist proudly. "See the working people's children, in school or

at play on our public grounds! You have seen these things for yourself—the German laborer, his family, his home. You have seen the magnificent building owned by the metal-workers; the more beautiful one owned by the wood-workers; the splendid People's Theater, where classics are performed, built by the working people. Have the English done such things for their working men; or, rather, have English working people done such things for themselves as German laborers have done for themselves?

"All this betterment of housing conditions, of labor conditions generally, did not come of itself," Doctor Südekum explained. "It was the outcome of our own strife and struggle. We built up our great *popular party*—let us call it the people's party; our well-managed trade unions; our cooperative shops, stores and factories. In brief, we became a national power and learned to use our influence directly and indirectly.

"Yet they talk about our being against humanity and civilization! But what do those terms mean? Do they not mean the care of the weak? Is our care for the aged, through old age pensions, our industrial insurance, our provision against sickness and accident, our system of labor exchanges to bring the employer and worker together—are these examples of barbarism? And remember that there is less poverty in Germany than in America, notwithstanding your great resources and your sparse population, as contrasted with our small resources and dense population."

When I suggested that the old age pension is very small, Doctor Südekum answered:

"It is a beginning, and, practically, it is a great deal,"

said the German reformer. "Take even the lowest figure; suppose an aged woman, living with her children and grandchildren. She is very useful about the house. Her old age pension makes, to that family, the difference between industrial independence and indigence; it takes away the pinch of poverty. As I have said, there is less poverty in Germany than there is in America."

"You spoke, Doctor Südekum, about there being many volunteers among the million and a half German Socialists now at the front. This is amazing to us Americans, for we thought that all German Socialists now soldiers were forced by the government to bear arms against their will," I observed.

"No, indeed," said Doctor Südekum. "Thousands of Social Democrats volunteered and were accepted. Thousands of others volunteered, for whom there was no room, and who have not yet been taken.

"Our beloved comrade Doctor Frank, of Mannheim, is a fine example of the German Socialist volunteer in this war. Doctor Frank was beyond military age; he did not have to go; could not be forced to go; but he demanded to go, and he was accepted. And this great Socialist was among the first to fall in battle; and he was the greatest peace advocate in Europe! That is only an example.

"Jaurez, the leader of French Socialism, might have prevented this war," went on Doctor Südekum; "he was strong enough in himself and brave enough to have opposed chauvinism and might have defeated it. He was the only man in France who could have defeated it."

"But what about Liebknecht, who voted against the war appropriation?" I inquired. "We Americans understand that he represented German Socialism in that vote."

"Liebknecht stands practically alone in the party," declared the Socialist leader. "He is now a man without a hold in the party. His vote betrayed the German nation, and German Socialism. Doctor Frank, enlisting as a volunteer, demanding to be taken, and falling in battle, truly showed the spirit and feeling of German Social Democrats in this war."

"Then," I asked, "is the German Social Democratic party supporting the government in this war?"

"So far as prosecuting the war is concerned, yes. Our vote in the Reichstag showed that. The truth is that so long as this war lasts, and it must last until Germany wins a safe and honorable peace such as I have outlined, there are no political parties in Germany, no divisions of any kind. Social Democrats and Conservatives, Protestants and Catholics, capitalists and laboring men, are fighting side by side. The German people are as one man in this war."

"And the women?" I suggested.

"They are as heroic and determined as the men," replied Doctor Südekum. "They are ready and willing for any sacrifice—just like the men. They know and feel their duty, exactly as do the men. You will find no break, no weakness, anywhere."

"I suppose that your plans for social legislation must be suspended until the war is over," I observed.

"Why, no," replied Doctor Südekum. "Quite the

contrary! Just see what has happened since the war began! See how the pressure of war conditions has increased social legislation in Germany! Now the government provides for working women during the childbirth period, four weeks before and four weeks after. That will never be given up. A maximum price has been fixed on the necessaries of life, such as food. That will never be given up, except in cases where it is wiser not to have it permanently. There never again will be a cornering of any foodstuff. The government at last has taken charge of basic necessities of life. We are striving for State insurance against non-employment during the period of enforced idleness; we shall get that, too, in good time—at present there is little non-employment in Germany.

"These and our other laws for the welfare of the common people are examples of what our enemies call German barbarism. They would be better off if they had some of the same kind of barbarism, themselves, instead of fighting to kill the Germany that has done such things, and will do more. Yet it is to destroy this modern Germany which has achieved so much that Russian, Japanese, French, Congoese, English, Sikhs, Gourkas, Arabs and Moors have been combined into an army of 'civilization'! According to our enemies, we Germans are the savages, and the cultivated Slav *muzhik,* who can neither read nor write, the gentle Turco from northern Africa, the peaceful Sikh and Gourka from India, and all the motley horde gathered together to crush us Germans—this motley horde are the 'civilized,' the 'cultured' and the 'refined'!"

The German Trades Unionist

"There is no political party in Germany now, and there will be none until the war is over and Germany is victorious," said Albert Baumeister, Assistant Secretary of the International Federation of Trades Unions.* "We Socialists and trades unionists are in this war to the very end. Doctor Südekum is right when he says that with us Germans this is a working man's war.

"The German working men feel that England is responsible," went on Mr. Baumeister. "She wished to break down German trade, by which the product of German working men is disposed of. The English could not or would not meet us in fair competition. We have different methods of work, better organization, better education. It is to this and other similar things that our industrial superiority is due; not to longer hours and better pay, as the English imagine."

"Do these differences," I asked, "grow out of a different ideal of work and life?"

"Yes," said Mr. Baumeister, "that is the origin of the difference. The German ideal is that a man has never finished; that he should go on growing and developing all the time. With the German, learning is a passion. Our continuation schools are examples of this. The Trades Union and Socialist schools are other examples. These are so crowded with applicants that as yet we have been able to admit only officers of the unions and societies to learn English and French.

* This conversation is from notes carefully taken which were read and approved by Mr. Baumeister at the time.

"Gray-haired working men of sixty may be seen in these schools mastering a foreign language," continued the German Trades Unionist. "We have lectures by experts, paid for by the Trades Unions, on economic and social legislation. Every Trades Union has its own weekly journal. There are forty-seven of these unions, and their weeklies have a circulation of three millions. The Socialist party has ninety-four daily newspapers in Germany, with one million six hundred thousand subscribers, printed in sixty-five office buildings owned by the party. The building of the Vorwarts, in Berlin, cost six million marks. I mention these things as a few illustrations of the intellectual activity of German working men."

"I have heard," I remarked, "that duty as a partial reward for his labor is an element of the German laborer's concept of life and work."

"Yes," said Mr. Baumeister; "there is much truth in that. And I think it peculiar to the German character. A German working man works for wages, of course, and demands and expects to get a just share of the wealth he creates. But also, in doing his work, he feels that he is doing his duty in building up industrial Germany and making possible better industrial conditions for his fellow workers, and those who shall come after him. There is always in the German mind, a thought of the future, in his heart, a feeling for the common welfare."

This was almost the idea that had been expressed by Doctor Rathenau, who is a very large employer of labor.

"I can understand," went on Mr. Baumeister, "that

it will be difficult for non-Germans to grasp this, or perhaps to believe it. But it is true. The best single expression for the German working man's ideal of life and labor is 'the spirit of solidarity.' "

I repeated Professor von Harnack's definition of "Kultur."

"That is very brilliant and eloquent," said Mr. Baumeister, "but German working men would put it all in these four words: 'The spirit of solidarity.'

"The English do not even comprehend our German ideal of constant growth of the individual," he continued; "the acquiring of more learning day by day; the mutual spirit; the putting of duty into work and getting satisfaction from it, and all the other things from which flow our better methods, better work and better living. Even if they did comprehend it, they would not be willing to adopt it. Yet without it, they can not match us, so they have set out to crush us."

Mr. Baumeister went into detail as to how England might crush German industry, his explanation being substantially the same as that of General Director Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line, Doctor Südekum, the Social Democratic leader, and Doctor Rathenau, President of the General Electric.

"But that might mean a long war," I suggested.

"Yes," answered Mr. Baumeister, "the war may last a long time. At first, I thought it would last about a year. But now, I think it will last longer. It may last several years."

"But will you working men consent to so long a war?" I asked.

"Yes; and we shall go on to the last," said Mr. Bau-

meister. "We are ready to make any sacrifice. We are ready to give our lives. Many of us have given life already."

"Who began this war—who do the working men think began this war?" I inquired.

"Russia began it; but the working men believe that England is to blame," said the German Trades Unionist. "If England had not promised to help Russia, Russia would not have acted. And England had a real motive—to break down German industry."

"But Russia had no such motive?" said I.

"No;" answered Mr. Baumeister. "It was a mixture of motives that moved Russia; the pan-Slavist propaganda, the rotten Grand Ducal party, Russia's justifiable desire to get to the sea, and another reason, which I shall mention in a moment. With any one of these motives absent, it is just possible that the others would not have been strong enough to have caused Russia to act as she did. For example: If Russia had been allowed to keep Constantinople, at the end of the Turkish war, or Port Arthur, perhaps Russia might not have acted now. England was the moving force behind the scenes that kept Russia from the sea in both cases."

"What was the other motive which German working men think induced Russia to act?" I asked.

"Liberalism in Russia," said the Trades Unionist Secretary; "that springs from Germany, you know. Every one of our social or political reforms, either accomplished or proposed, had its reflex in Russia. The agitation for popular government in Russia, resulting in the Douma, really came from Germany.

All this got substantial help from German working men. A backward state can not maintain its position next to a liberal state. There were strikes and upheavals, and all sorts of labor disturbances as the result. So Russia wanted to overthrow such an annoying neighbor. We working men think this one reason for Russia's action. Yet we do not dislike the Russian people; we wish to help them."

"But," said I, "France is liberal."

"Yes," said Mr. Baumeister, "that is true. And no German wants to fight France. France made this mistake of lending too much money to Russia—more than 20,000,000,000 of francs. She has no reason to fight us, nor we to fight her. We do not compete nor conflict with one another, industrially, commercially or economically."

"How will the war end?" I inquired.

"Germany will win, sure," came the quick positive answer. "We can not be hurt, financially. See how the appeal by the Emperor was answered. It is impossible to starve us; the food monopoly, which the Trades Unionists first urged at the outbreak of the war, makes it certain that we shall have food for any number of years. The prisoners of war will work in the fields. Even if we were hard pressed, every German is ready for any sacrifice. The spirit of sacrifice amounts to a religion among the German people. There is nothing we are not ready to give, or do."

"Was not Doctor Frank, the Socialist peace advocate, who enlisted and was killed, a Jew?" I asked.

"Yes, and what he did represents the feelings of the Jewish people in Germany," said Mr. Baumeister.

"They are as much in earnest for the war as the working men. They know, as we know, that only by preserving the nation can we build up reforms."

"Do you working men then look for more reforms as a result of the war?" I inquired.

"Certainly," answered the German Trades Unionist. "Germany will come out of the war a more unified people, with a stronger nationalism. There will be a more liberal government. If in our industrial development there has been any of the dross of selfishness, it will be burned out, and we shall emerge a purified Germany. Liberalism is spreading rapidly, as the war goes on. It has shown itself in laws already adopted."

"What has been your observation of the wives, daughters and mothers of working men?" I inquired.

"As united, staunch and determined as the men," was the answer. "At the outbreak of the war, there were some tears. I have seen none since."

IX

ESPECIALLY SHELLED: FRENCH FRONT*

THE guns are booming, nor is the sound so far away. For an hour their thunder has been growing louder as you approach. Soon you are to stand beside batteries and later in front of them, their metal singing a few feet above you. Several officers go with you to a certain point where the French guns are most thickly planted. Through a village you pass, where, every day, German shells fall, and on toward a great hill up which the road winds at a sharp incline.

Luckily this highway is bordered by trees so that the half dozen automobiles bearing the escort of officers, can not be seen from the German positions, except at one point where for a space the road is unscreened; and you are to find later that German watchfulness has not overlooked it. At a certain well sheltered spot near the crest of the hill, the automobiles are stopped—to go further means their certain discovery and an equally certain hail of German shells. From this point, all walk forward, for single individuals can not be discovered easily from the German observation stations.

In a few minutes you are among the big guns. Marvelously well hidden they are. Some are planted in

* At the French front, February 26 and 27, 1915.

Big gun of a heavy masked battery at the French front, February 27th, 1915. "A growth of small pine trees thinly veils the location."

natural hollows; for others great excavations have been dug. A growth of small pine trees thinly veils the location. At first you think this little wood quite abundant, for the small trees are very numerous, and you observe that the guns seem to be located where the trees are thickest.

On noting this, you are laughingly informed that most of these trees have been cut and brought from another place, and are fixed in the earth to resemble their natural companions. With such skill had this tree planting been done that your surprise is plain when told that they are the work of military art, and the French officers laugh heartily, pleased at this proof of their resourcefulness.

Also the big guns are so covered with evergreen boughs that an aviator would not likely suspect what they conceal; and his photograph would show nothing except an apparently natural wood with equally natural undergrowth in occasional small open spaces. These monsters are not now in action, and the gun squads are busy about the details of the batteries, or attending to some household duty of their underground living places. You go into many of these, and find them so comfortable that you gladly would exchange them for some stuffy hotel rooms you have frozen or smothered in.

Other batteries are in rapid action, however, and to these you make your way. They are located a considerable distance in advance of the big ordnance. You pause for a while to note their work, and then:

"Would you like to go to our observation post? You can see the effect of our shells from there, and

also see and hear our telephone system at work," politely explains the French major in command of all the batteries at this strategic location.

"Orders are telephoned from there to each battery," he went on, "the exact distance, elevation and direction for each shot and the frequency of our fire."

Beyond these batteries then you make your way, to an open space, perhaps three acres in extent. Apparently this once has been a field, for no trees grow upon it. You note a great hole in the earth a few feet from the path upon this tiny field, and step aside to estimate its depth and diameter; but:

"Please keep to the path," the major suggests. "The field is quite exposed," he courteously explains. "The path itself winds along the brow of the hill, which is heavily wooded and thick trees, therefore, protect this narrow roadway from hostile observation."

"Crash! Crash! Crash!" go the French guns, now behind you, and shooting over your head. The shells' song is a chorus. Just as was the case when at the German batteries near Messines, Belgium, Arras, France, and at Bolimoff, Russian Poland, the music of the shell is distinctively attractive. But the explosions of the guns as they are fired buffet your ear drums with vicious blows of sound. Curiously enough, no answering shells come in reply for the time being, although a few hours before the German gunners tried to find out exactly where these concealed batteries were, as is shown by the occasional pits on the surface of the little field.

And now, just on the edge of the hill, facing the German lines, you enter the French observation point

and central battery telephone station. It is, perhaps, half underground, the upper half being so skilfully arranged with earth upon poles and vegetation and shrubbery over all, that a very short distance it can not be distinguished from other similar bumps on the hill's knotty forehead. The hill at this point drops sharply down to the valley below.

Through two wide, narrow, strongly-framed slits, looking out over the valley and to the distant heights, you watch the effect of the French artillery.

"You see that little wood in front of that first line of trees? It is to the left of the church tower in the village," asks a French officer. And when finally you have located the grove—"We think the Germans are setting up machine guns there. We are shelling that wood to prevent them," he explains.

"How did you discover that the Germans were doing that?" you inquire.

"We are not sure of it, of course," he answers, "but we saw some movement there early this morning and we deduced the German purpose. It doesn't hurt anything to take precautions."

"But," you observe, as you scan the valley, "your shells are falling to the right and the left of the wood. That is bad marksmanship, is it not?"

"Oh, no!" he answers, "those shells you see bursting on the open field have fallen exactly where they were intended to go. The German trenches run along there, and our shells are falling very near them if, indeed, not on the edge of the trenches themselves. Other shells are going into the wood—but of course you can not see them explode."

"Crash! Crash!" still go the French cannon. In a moment you learn to watch for the spout of mingled earth and smoke which marks each missile's fall, and think that you can locate by observing the difference in time between the gun's firing and the shell's explosion the gun that fired it.

"It is a matter of exact mathematics," elucidates the artillery commander. "Here are photographs of the German trenches; they were taken from our aeroplanes," and he lays before you several pictures, with white angular lines upon the dark brown. These photographs were taken from a great height, directly over the German trenches, and show with exactness every turn and bend of them. Such are the unreal and impossible feats of photography in modern war—unreal and impossible, yet actually accomplished, and from flying machines going at great speed.

"These photographs," explained the artillery expert, "are traced upon our maps. By calculating the distances between known points, each detail is reduced to scale with mathematical exactitude. Modern artillery work in its execution is a matter of pure mathematics. Any error in shell firing is noted, and the proper change in calculation made. For instance, we find out by these photographs and by computing distances in the way I have told you, just where the enemy's trench or battery is; then we calculate the exact trajectory and know before it leaves the gun where the shell will fall. The rest is just hammering away."

The French fire was growing faster and faster.

"Why don't the Germans answer?" I asked.

"Our aeroplanes are over their batteries. If they fired, our airmen would locate some which we have not yet found."

"But you do not keep your aeroplanes over their batteries all the time?"

"No, of course not; but they are there now. Perhaps the German guns will answer when our aeroplanes leave."

And answer they do, not a quarter of an hour later. We stroll back to the guns which are in action. As we approach them, "Cease firing!" orders the major of artillery, in an instant's lull between shots. "There might be an accident," he solicitously tells you. "Something might slip, you see, and—there might be an accident." We are walking toward and slightly to the left of the guns, which are firing almost over our heads just to our right, and are so close that the singing shells are passing not more than ten or fifteen feet above us. Yes, to be sure, something might slip, and there might be an accident. But there is not.

"All right, my Captain!" answers the gun corporal, and everybody laughs.

"The joke is that the Major here used to be their Captain, and the soldiers can't get over calling him 'My Captain.' They seem to forget that he is Major now," an officer explains. Such is the democracy of the French army in war.

Then stepping to the side of and past the battery, you ask if you may watch the guns at work for a while.

"Why, certainly! We are very proud of our gun-

ners and almost as proud of our guns. They are our '75's' you know—perhaps you have heard of them before?"

And heard of them you had—everybody in France is talking of this 75 mm. field piece. So you take your stand four or five feet from the breech of one of the guns, and study the handling of these famous French cannon. It is astonishingly rapid. On either side of the gun's breech sits an artilleryman; the one on the left seems to be attending to some apparatus controlling the elevation of the gun; the one on the right pulls the lever which discharges it. Others pass the cartridges. All these men have their ears stuffed with cotton. Those who give and receive telephone orders have their ears protected by the close-fitting receivers.

"Put your fingers to your ears," advises an officer. At first you do so, but become so fascinated with the quick accuracy of the men, the easy action of the gun, and the nonchalance of the gunners, that you twice neglect the precaution and get a smack of sound in your ears that makes them tingle for many minutes afterward.

You are now midway in a day at the French front. These hours of incident opening delightfully have sped by on flashing wings, each moment laden with the mild pleasure of possible danger; and they are soon to close, like the climax of a play, with a snap of hitherto unenjoyed experience; for your party is presently to have the pleasant distinction of being especially and directly shelled by the well-served German ordnance.

The day before visiting the French batteries, and at another part of the French front, you had gone

Famous French "75" in rapid action, French front, February 27th, 1915. The Artillerymen's ears are stuffed with cotton. It is an instant before firing. A gunner stands ready with another shell. "The easy action of the gun, the nonchalance of the gunners

with the commander of a certain French army, General Franchet d'Esperey, whom some call the hero of the battle of the Marne, on his inspection of a French aviation camp. Uncommonly well arranged, you find it. Precision and accuracy mark the movements of both officers and men about this celebrated flying war-squadron. Many of the mechanical creatures of the air stand in a row waiting for duty. In several great hangars are others ready for service. The aviators are busy about their tasks, coming sharply to attention as the General passes them on his tour of inspection.

"It's lucky for you," said General Franchet d'Esperey, "that we are just sending out three machines typical of three branches of our aeroplane service. And I am glad of it," he went on. "We want you to see everything."

One after another, three flying machines leave the ground. Each airman is clad in fur-lined leather drawn over thick warm clothing; head and face are similarly protected. Not the smallest particle of the face is uncovered; for they are to mount to heights where the thermometer registers far below zero and exposure, even for a minute, means freezing. One young aviator standing by, who, a few days before, had uncautiously taken off his glove when at a freezing altitude in order to take more accurately a photograph of the enemy's works, had his hand frozen badly.

The General examines the young airman's hand as carefully as he notes everything else: Alas! this incident prevents your having the rare experience of making one of these military flights yourself; for the

General generously had offered you this privilege, but changes his mind when he looks at the hand and then at you.

"Too cold!" he remarks. Evidently he thinks you too unseasoned to risk such an arctic experience in the winter air.

One of the aeroplanes is to make a long distance reconnaissance. It is a new type of machine, capable, you are informed, of a speed of two hundred fifty kilometers an hour; certainly it flies with incredible rapidity, mounting in vast spirals to an immense height, and then off with such speed that it quickly is lost to sight.

Another machine, a biplane, goes more slowly, but still very, very fast. It has wireless equipment, photographing apparatus, and is to discover, if possible, certain German batteries. Still a third is for artillery work, you are told. It will drop bombs on the enemy's guns if it can. Devices for accuracy in bomb dropping as well as other military contrivances of these war aircraft are shown and explained to you; but you do not understand their mechanical details.

How swift their flight! Although the day is cloudless, these craft of the heavens vanish even as you look!

"Will you come with me to Rheims?" presently suggests the General. "I am sorry that I shall have to leave you there," he remarks.

"The General is going to bestow the Legion of Honor on a wounded soldier who won it as all our men do by distinguished gallantry in action," explains an officer who is of our party. "It is the General's greatest

pleasure, next to actual fighting itself; and he has plenty of it to do; for even the enemy must admit the courage of our men."

"They do, and most generously." You are glad to give this information; and the officer's face lights up with surprise and, you think, with pleasure.

And so, with General Franchet d'Esperey, in his automobile, you are whirled toward Rheims. Already you had come greatly to like and admire this fighting French commanding officer; and this reminds you of the curious fact that, with notably few exceptions, the soldiers, either German or French, are quite the most agreeable of all the persons one meets either in Germany or France. The fighting men, on both sides, have common traits which irresistibly attract. They are simple, for one thing; simple and direct as a child. There is no mystifying subtlety about them. The successful officer is not complex. He has decision, too. And he is unfailingly cordial.

Without an exception, in your whole experience, every officer you have met on both sides has been polite and considerate—and somehow, you have felt that it is no mere formal thing but welling out like a clean spring of friendliness from a heart without guile. With the officers you have met, both French and German, everything said and done seemed genuine, unaffected; neither in France nor in Germany have these brave men attempted to impress you—and after much experience you are convinced that this type of man is incapable of the little tricks which constitute the legerdemain of the courtier or politician.

And their attention to their duties—it has been a joy

to observe their conscientiousness and efficiency. General Franchet d'Esperey is an admirable example of all these soldierly qualities. You have ample opportunity to note this fact, on this red-letter day when you have the good luck to be with this fighting French chief on one of his innumerable tours of inspection. Nothing escapes the eye of Franchet d'Esperey. You go with him into a semi-underground soldier dwelling and observe him test the bread and take in with his swift and critical glance every detail of that war abode.

It is said that he enters the trenches themselves in the same way and with the same method. He sees to every detail himself; he compliments or criticizes the private soldier as well as the officer; but apparently he does both in such a manner as to make all feel that they are his comrades, for all, officer and private alike, adore their General. Only one criticism was heard of him—his unconsciousness of fear or danger. This estimate is borne out by your own observation.

Nothing could be more heartsome or pleasant than spending an hour or two with this thoroughgoing soldier. His table talk at luncheon makes you forget your appetite. For Franchet d'Esperey is full of ideas, and very clear ideas they are, and he speaks them out in forthright words, as if ordering a charge. His big brown eyes look squarely into yours—fighting eyes, they are; his powerful jaws snap together as he makes an assertion or asks a question. Sometimes he stamps his foot to emphasize his point as, for example, when he tells what the Allies are going to do to the Germans.

His thought and words are not confined merely to

Headquarters 5th French Army. Col. de Lardemelle, chief of staff to General Franchet d'Esperey, in centre. The French officers are highly trained and efficient. "One notable military fact of this war is that France appears to be extremely well equipped with highly educated and seasoned officers."

the military phase of the conflict; he is just as clear on the political issues which he thinks are being argued on the battlefield, and upon the big reconstructive work which, in his opinion, must be done if the Allies win. For this fighting General is something of a statesman as well as a soldier, although first and last and in every fiber of his being, Franchet d'Esperey is the soldier. Born in Algiers, he has taken part in every military conflict France has had almost since his boyhood—in Africa, China, Tonking, Indo-China, Madagascar, in short, in every part of the world where France's battle flag has waved or French guns have thundered.

At his businesslike headquarters, the dominant impression which the visitor gets is that of discipline; rigid, exacting and stern. Orders are given with clean-cut abruptness—with force not to be misunderstood. A not unimportant officer comes panting in response to a sudden command to report. He gets his clear, brief instruction, and, "Hurry, now!" explodes the General —the curt words leap from his lips like the shell from a "75."

The General's chief aide, Colonel de Lardermelle, is quite as peremptory. "He is a magnificent soldier, and a martinet," an officer informs you.

He looks and acts the part. He is a professional soldier, as is General Franchet d'Esperey himself, and indeed, all of the higher commanding officers up to the supreme head of the army, and of the nation, General Joffre himself. This fighting chief aide of a fighting General is of a family of professional soldiers, you are told; six brothers there were, three already dead

on the field of battle, yet no smallest sign of a visible impression made upon the three who remain, you are informed; for with them it is an incident of duty, a part of the day's work, the fortune of war. There is no nonsense about General Franchet d'Esperey, his chief aide, nor indeed his whole staff. It is business with them, direct, blunt, imperative, not to be questioned. The great and deadly business of war!

This much is said of these men because they are excellent examples of the French officer; and one notable military fact of this war is that France appears to be extremely well equipped with highly educated and seasoned officers. If, as is the common report, the new volunteer British officers are not well trained, they are sure to get sharp instruction from the French officers, so administered as to be obeyed, whether compliance is agreeable or not.

"Like Indians, eh?" remarks General Franchet d'Esperey, as he points toward a collection of huts not far from the road. They are constructed of small branches of trees and thatched with straw or dried branches. They are the homes of soldiers who, it is said, prefer these abodes to the more civilized accommodations of well-built houses. Many of the red-trousered, blue-coated and red-capped "hairy ones," as the French call their soldiers in this war, are about their various daily tasks; some are washing, some mending clothes; some writing, some doing this, that, or the other. Without exception, all appear robust and in the high tide of health. You note the physical fitness of the men all day long.

"They are well fed, and the open-air life is good for

them," explains the General. "They really enjoy it." And, the next day many miles away: "What do you think of our men?" inquires an officer after your long hard hours among the booming guns and in the crowded trenches, almost encircled by the German war-pits, had drawn to its interesting close.

"They are a healthy-looking lot," you answer. "The campaign does not seem to hurt them physically."

"On the contrary, life at the front has actually improved their physical condition," explains the officer. "You see, they are in the open air all the time. Then they have good wholesome food and plenty of it. The mind is occupied, too—something is liable to happen any minute. And then there is nothing for them to drink—no alcoholic drink, I mean. In short, their lives are simpler, more normal. That explains the improvement in their health."

Soon our automobile approaches Rheims:

"They shelled the town yesterday—seventeen people were killed," observes the General casually; "and," he continues reassuringly, "they bombarded it this morning, also, although we have no troops in the town."

"Why waste powder on it then?" you inquire.

"Heaven knows! You never can tell what they will do! We may get some shells ourselves. That's why I sent back the other automobiles. They can see us," he explains, "and more than one automobile at a time would attract attention. The Germans would think something was up. And there is no especial point in getting shot at just for the fun of the thing."

Laughing at this quaint, military humor, into Rheims you go. No shells fall, however, during your

brief stay, though great spurts of smoke from a point in the air some distance away mark the premature explosion of a German missile.

In Rheims itself, the curious indifference of civilians to the dangers of active warfare, which so surprised you when you first observed it on the eastern and western German battle fronts, again compels your notice. People are about the streets apparently as usual. Evidently it has been market day, and the market women are leisurely gathering their unsold stock.

There is a shattered house here and there, and now and again, a hole in a wall, made by a German shell; though, in comparison with the artillery havoc you have so often seen in other places, the damage in Rheims does not startle you; perhaps familiarity with ruins wrought by battle has made anything but wholesale demolition commonplace.

The cathedral has suffered considerable damage, though not nearly so much as you had expected; for you had thought it utterly reduced. Yet there it stands, its two noble towers rising against the sky in all their ancient majesty. But most of the old carved figures upon the archway of the right door are shattered and cracked off. Strangely enough, those adorning the central and left arches are, for the most part, intact. About the base of each entrance are thick layers of sandbags, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high. These, you are informed, are to absorb the shock and prevent splintering in case a shell should fall at these points.

The interior of the church is stripped and bare; the rich tapestries, you are told, were sent away before the

Germans reached Rheims. Many of the medieval carvings on the pillars and walls at the front of the interior of the cathedral have been split off, the effect of fire, you are advised. Some of these have been collected and the slabs arranged upon the floor.

The irreparable loss is the shattering of the priceless thirteenth century stained glass which made the glorious windows of the cathedral at Rheims artistic monuments of one craftsmanship of the middle ages now lost to the world. These bits of unrestorable art, so cunningly fixed in the marvelous pattern of these ancient and noble windows, were shaken from their places by the concussion of exploding shells; not one of these bulky missiles appears to have entered the windows themselves, whose intricate framework remains as the pious workmen made it hundreds of years ago. But the entire effect is ruined by the dislodgment of the countless pieces which have fallen away and been destroyed.

Curiously enough, the modern glass, in one or two of the great lower windows, is not even cracked. It easily could have been replaced if destroyed; but the delicate and exquisite ancient glass of the splendid upper windows and those above the doors which were wont to give to the interior of the cathedral of Rheims its unearthly beauty, never can be restored.

The arched flying buttresses supporting the walls from the outside have disappeared; and without these, you are informed, the cathedral walls will, in the course of time, give way; but skilled masonry and good engineering should be able to replace these massive supports in a comparatively short time. It was questioned,

however, whether modern constructive craft is equal to the task.

Strangely enough, the big building (the archiepiscopal palace) where the priests and cathedral attendants lived, which stood near the sacred edifice perhaps not two hundred feet away, is entirely demolished—by fire, you are told.

Such was the condition of the cathedral at Rheims on the afternoon of February 26, 1915, as it appeared to an unskilled observer, upon hasty inspection. But the priest in charge said that it had been hit several times, although the solid heavy stone had withstood the shock; he said, too, that an unexploded shell at that moment was lying on the cathedral roof.

But let us return to the scenes of the following day at another and far distant part of the battle line. Let us hark back through the zone of fire to that point of the extreme French front where the mighty artillery duel is leaping to one of its innumerable climaxes of ferocious activity, already described. And there, having seen all that is to be seen and heard more than plenty, but still fascinated and loath to leave, yet eager for the trenches, where an hitherto unwitnessed drama awaits you, these words are both regretted and welcomed:

"We must be going, now, if you would like to see the trenches thoroughly. There is not more than enough time to do that well while there is clear daylight, for they are a considerable distance away," suggests an officer accompanying you.

To the automobiles, then, you make your way, gently

At the moment of firing. Another shell being carried to the gun. The cannonading is very heavy at this point. A big German shell fell nearby a moment after this picture was taken. "A thundering explosion rends the air." French front, February 27th, 1915.

bitten by disappointment that nothing thrilling has happened.

"Just my luck," you observe to an officer. "Shells go, but none come."

"Well, there's one!" he exclaims sharply, as a thundering explosion rends the air a little distance behind you. You turn at the sound and a great column of earth and smoke flies into the air, not an hundred yards from where you stand. You had gone about that distance from the batteries, and to your unexpert eyes the German shell seems to have fallen upon the very gun and among the very men whose work you had been admiring only a few minutes before; the trees hide from you the spot where it fell and exploded.

Have the French gunners been hurt, you wonder, and suggest to the major that we go back and see.

But: "Very sorry," he replies a little acidly. "You really have no time, if you wish to make the trenches." And then another fountain of earth and smoke flares upward behind you. And again a twisting whine as a third German shell makes its descent.

"Something the matter with their guns," remarks an officer, "or that shell would make a straight sound, not a corkscrew whine."

"Still, it seemed formidable enough," you suggest.

"They are dangerous but in a curious way," observes a seasoned artillery officer.

"I think that was a big shell. If it falls close to you, you may not be hurt by the fragments though you may be paralyzed by the concussion. It scoops out a lot of earth and covers you with dirt; it is the

men who are standing just a little way off whom the fragments of the shell strike and tear badly."

But the thought that the robust-looking and carelessly courageous young soldiers among whom you had stood only a few moments before as they served their guns had been hurt, will not leave you. Not till a week later do you learn that none of them was killed, none wounded.

You make your way to the automobiles and feel that for another day once more fate has cheated you of any real excitement; for you are going to the trenches now; and familiarity has advised you to expect nothing extraordinary there. But fate is kind, and mild entertainment is being provided from the air a thousand feet above you.

The French fire has been so rapid and heavy that the accustomed alertness of the Germans is sharpened, even beyond its usual razor edge. As the automobiles descend the hill and pass the short open space:

"Bang!" comes a sound directly over your automobile.

"Huh!" exclaims a French officer. "That was only a '77'!" a term the French use for the shells of the small-calibered German field guns. Still, if that "77" had hit any one of the automobiles, there would have been another story. As it is, the German marksmanship appears to be fairly good.

But it is not until you are well in the trenches six or seven miles away that you find how closely the German gunners can follow a moving party, even when going, apparently unseen, through zigzag passages.

Away you speed miles upon miles in the open coun-

try. At last you alight and make your way for a long, long distance through a deep trench called an "approach." At intervals, other "approaching" trenches join the main "approach" at right angles. About half a mile from the village toward which you are making your way, where the local trench headquarters are located, the local commanding officer meets you. Very attractive and gentle-mannered he is, delicate of face and figure, spectacles before his mild blue eyes, suggesting the student, artist or dreamer. He is an architect by profession but almost as carefully schooled in the military art as are France's superb professional soldiers.

He leads the way, and finally the monotonous walk through the "approaching" trench comes to an end, and you are in the streets of the tiny town. The major takes you to his personal headquarters first of all. Down the steps into the cellar of an old building you go, and stand in the brain center of this minute fraction of the French front. It is quite comfortable, and even interesting. A bed, a desk, a telephone switchboard with wires leading to every part of the trenches and light batteries under his command—you are pleased with the businesslike appearance of this subterranean headquarters.

Then up and out upon the street once more, along which you make your way.

"It is very dangerous indeed here," suggests a certain officer from the War Department in Paris. You know that there must be peril if this man makes such a remark, for you have heard something of his recklessness, such as standing for half an hour among fall-

ing shells, trying to take a snapshot of one of them exploding.

Still, nothing happens and you watch two young masked soldiers at bayonet practice within a building opening on the street, surrounded by their companions, shouting and applauding as if at a boxing match. Along the street you go, and become conscious of a curious phenomenon. The village seems utterly deserted, and yet you have a sense that it is teeming with life.

And so it is. Here and there a window is full of faces. Hardly a doorway that does not reveal some one. At the end of the street are the remains of what once was plainly a charming church, picturesque, and with a sort of dainty dignity, even in its ruins. You enter, and observe that in one corner, which is still intact, a mass is being said.

And so, on to the real trenches, the fighting trenches of the French. You mount to an observation point just before, and scan in all directions the field of action, or rather the field of waiting. The French trenches you find thrust forward somewhat like a horseshoe; the German trenches circling them in front and on left and right.

"Will you have this seat? It is pleasanter, and you can see better."

It is the French lookout who is speaking, and in perfect English. He is a small-statured man, with great mild blue eyes, his intellectual face covered with beard; he can not be over twenty-five years old.

"Where did you learn such perfect English?" you inquire as, thanking him, you take the proffered seat.

A little church, beautiful even in its ruins, in a French village, passed on the way to the French trenches just beyond. The small town seems deserted but its inhabitants are still there. French front, February 27th, 1915.

"In Berlin, of all places in the world! Comic, isn't it?" he answers, smiling.

"How do you like this sort of thing?" you inquire.

"It isn't very pleasant," he answers; "but it's all for the country, so I don't mind."

Into the trenches at last. There is no rifle-firing near you, nor indeed within hearing. In this particular, the experience is totally unlike that enjoyed in the German trenches several weeks before, for at that time and place, the firing was almost continuous and, from the French side, exceedingly rapid. But:

"Bang! Smash!" comes a burst of sound. You pay no attention, for you have heard it three or four times before in the last ten minutes, and think these explosions the firing of the guns of the French light batteries which, you idly conjecture, are located close behind you in the rear of the trenches. Not until later are you undeceived.

Finally you come to a trench typical of all the others you see this day. A marvelously comfortable fighting workshop it is, and safe, too. It is unusually deep and, from the bottom, a soldier standing erect can come to no harm by a bullet fired from the opposing trench. A firing bench, or standing place, solidly constructed of boards next to the wall facing the enemy, enables one to look and shoot through the firing apertures which are quite numerous and arranged at regular intervals.

Upon this bench stands a line of soldiers, each with rifle in hand. They come to attention, and salute as the company of officers passes by. A sturdy, healthful, well-nourished lot of men they are, and very grim of

feature. These particular soldiers you learn are Bretons. This company is what the French call "territorials" and the Germans would call "Landwehr"—that is, men over twenty-nine years of age. There is little light, for the trench is protected overhead by a bomb-proof roof made of railway ties covered with earth. It seems absurdly secure, but:

"Please do not look for too long a time through that opening," requests the major in command, "and be careful not to look through the same opening immediately after some one else has done so. You would not think it," he explains, "but they can see that there is movement; the shutting of this shooting space means that some one is looking through it. It is surprising how quickly a bullet sometimes comes. That is the way most of our men in the trenches are wounded —in the face, head, or arms—and I fancy it is the same with the Germans."

In another trench, exactly like the first, many of the rifles are resting on the lower board of the shooting slits, through which their muzzles protrude, ready for instant use. You observe that the soldiers here have more genial countenances, and that a more kindly look shines from their eyes than was the case with the Breton territorials. Twice you get a faint smile in response to a friendly greeting. The physical fitness of these men is also noticeable. Indeed, this may be said of most of the French troops personally studied at the front.

"Will you see my living quarters?" inquires a young captain. You will, of course.

The neatness of this officer attracts your attention,

as you follow him down several steps and come into a good-sized room many feet under ground. The arrangement of this room corresponds to the smartness of the young captain's personal appearance. It is a very large room, at least twelve by fifteen feet, with a ceiling not less than ten feet from the floor. A comfortable and commodious iron bed, with mattress, sheets and blankets, stands in one corner, as well made up as the beds in most hotels. In another corner, to the right of the entrance, is a desk, chair and the inevitable telephone.

On the left is a large mirror fixed on the wall above a dressing table. Razor, soap, brushes and the other ordinary articles of a man's toilet are laid out in perfect order. Above the looking-glass is a black crucifix with an ivory image of the Holy Figure exquisitely carved. On a shelf fixed in the wall stands a bottle of *eau de Cologne* and other accessories of exaggerated elegance. The officers accompanying you observe your look of surprise, which you do not well conceal, and begin to joke the young captain.

"It is his boudoir, you know," one of them explains to you. "Quite sumptuous, isn't it?" solemnly remarks a second—"for the trenches!" exclaims a third. All laugh, and the young captain laughs with them. He is a favorite, you find, not only with his brother officers, but with the men he commands, for he has shown both courage and ability.

So you make your rounds, which seem endless.

And "Bang!" And again "Bang!" "Smash!" comes the sound you had heard before and thought the firing of near-by French guns. You notice it particularly

when passing along an uncovered space from bomb-proof trench to bomb-proof trench. Within these latter the sound is only a muffled thud, scarcely distinguishable. But:

"I must ask you to remain here for a moment," remarks the major. And the party draws back into a chamber, or passageway, where there are no soldiers, and no spaces through which to look or shoot at the enemy's lines. It is covered securely by railroad ties and earth. Also, a thick door, fixed to the stout wooden uprights that frame the entrance, is shut when the last man is within. It is a bomb-proof retreat. Within it is pitch dark. You do not understand the procedure at all.

"We might as well sit," remarks the major. Some one lights a candle and places it in a niche in the earthen wall. There is a bench, you discover, and every one sits.

"We shan't have to wait long, I think," observes the major. "They are shelling us," he explains.

"Shelling us!" you exclaim. "They can't be shooting very well, then, for I have heard no explosions!"

"There have been plenty of them, and will be more and they are shooting very well indeed, too. They have been following us from trench to trench. There goes one now," he remarks.

"Yes, and I think it will be safe now for a minute or two, for us to go to the next protected trench," says the major. "But let us make sure." And he orders a soldier to open the door and see what damage the last shell has done.

In a moment, the grinning young private returns

and reports no casualties, but says that the German shell exploded on the edge of the trench, and brings a fragment of it, and one of the missiles with which it was filled, which the major courteously gives you as souvenirs.

And so you learn that what you had supposed to be the sound of the near-by French guns, was in reality the explosion of German shells aimed at this particular party of officers, and following them from trench to trench. One officer has counted them—there were twenty-nine in all. It is explained that this seemingly impossible phenomenon probably occurred in the following way:

When the six automobiles were seen from the German position descending the hill, where the French batteries had been working so swiftly, a German aeroplane, equipped with wireless apparatus, had been sent up to note and report the party's progress and destination. This aerial observer, it was surmised, had sent a wireless message that a party of officers and three civilians had left these automobiles at a certain point, disappeared in the long approaching trench, reappeared in the village street, and entered the fighting trenches.

To the Germans, this probably had meant that the officers were a French general and his staff, and the civilians important French functionaries, perhaps the Minister of War, who frequently makes such excursions, or the President of the Republic. Had the Germans known that it was only an innocuous neutral observer, his secretary and an agent from the Foreign Office, they would not of course have wasted a grain of powder on us. But it would never do to permit so

distinguished a party, as it might well have been, to depart without paying their military compliments. No indeed! So "Bang!" "Smash!" and scurrying into bomb proof and running in open trench.

And thus chanced the good luck of being the object of twenty-nine well directed German shells!

"It would be amusing," remarks a genial French officer, "if those directing that fire were some of the friends you made at the German front! What a joke if that were so, and you ever get to tell them about it!" And he laughed pleasantly. You laugh also, but say that you do not think it likely, for it was another part of the western German front you visited.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but we shall have to run through these uncovered trenches. And bend over, please. It won't do to stand still for a minute, nor show your head for an instant."

Thus advises the commanding officer. And run you do, and hard running it is, the major leading the way; not in the speed you make, though you achieve good progress, but in the difficulty of going rapidly while bending forward through narrow winding trenches with uneven floors.

No incident is without humor, and here fun runs before you. The officer immediately preceding you is a very large man and much heavier even than his great height requires. Also, he still wears his thick winter military overcoat. He is quite winded when half of a mile has been traveled, and at the end of a long run, is perspiring like a longshoreman at heavy labor in August.

"Phew!" he says, "I had rather fight!" The scion,

this, of an ancient house, whose good humor, stolid courage and lack of pretense have made him beloved in spite of his rank.

"Oh, yes! ——— is no good for a charge! But put him in command of a position, and he will take a comfortable chair and cheerfully get himself shot to death. His courage is of the staying kind, rather than of the dashing kind. I am quite sure that it never would occur to ——— to retreat. He is bravery itself but he is not built for charging."

Thus your attention is brought to another fact worth noting. This sturdy soldier was spoken of as ———, his patronymic. He was spoken of, too, as captain. His title was utterly ignored. A duke, count, prince, baron, marquis, or any other like title, does not exist for the French soldier or officer. There are plenty of these in France, and of the most ancient blood. But the French soldier declines to recognize the fact, and to their infinite credit, it must be said that these high-born ones with inherited titles, decidedly respect them that they do not.

X

FRANCE IN ARMS*

THE most notable result of the war in France is one of the finest human circumstances which the war has developed in any country. The revealing light of this world-changing conflict has discovered a strong, quiet, serious France, earnest and elevated in character. There has been a new birth of idealism; certainly this is true among the intellectual classes, and in the higher social circles.

The French man and woman, from these sections of the French people, declare that this moral and spiritual phenomenon so conspicuous and undeniable even to the casual observer is nothing new or strange; they assert, on the contrary, that this French attitude of mind and soul, its eyes fixed upon the stars instead of upon the gutter, is the old, the real and the true French spirit which has been there all the time though unnoted by an idle world bent on gaiety.

"Paris and all France," said one of the old Faubourg nobility, a traveled gentleman of serious purpose, totally unlike a peculiar type which has been held up to us Americans as representative of this ancient class; "Paris and all France," said he, "is like a noble

* Written aboard ship, March 21, 1915.

old house of granite, with simple beautiful lines, its foundations fixed in rock. Here and there it had been defaced by stucco. The idle passer-by saw only this grotesque exterior, and judged the house accordingly. At the shock of war, this has fallen away, and there stands the real Paris and the real France, solid, simple, beautiful and enduring."

Said another of the same station in life: "We are like Kipling's ship that found itself; there have been many complaining and contending voices among the timbers of our new France; but now that the storm is on us, we find that the period of friction is over, harmony prevails and the nation rides the waves with an unity of purpose which has surprised even ourselves. In short, France has found herself."

Such are typical French interpretations of present-day France and its capital. Whether accurate or not, the future alone will disclose. But it is the calm estimate of the best thought, and the firm conviction of the highest character among the French people. It is felt even by the cautious observer trying to hold a steady balance of just proportion, that one statement at least may be ventured with confidence: The American visitor to or resident of the French capital never again will see the Paris to which some were accustomed. Vanity and show, surface and neurotic delights, *ennui* and overfashion, have passed away. The intellectual pessimist, the *blasé* in life and character, that tinsled gaiety in conduct which the sated mistook for pleasure—all these have gone.

None of these things is in vogue any more in Paris. The serious, the thoughtful, the idealistic,

even the religious make up the moral, spiritual and intellectual atmosphere of this transformed city. A new spirit of industry, too, is in the air, or rather industry in a new guise—industry in the sense that *everybody* has something to do, everybody is doing that something; and that something is noble, pure, unspotted of gain. Also everybody is finding that the joy of unselfish doing is sweet and wholesome. To put it in terms which some American frequenters of Paris will better understand, let us say that the smart, the flippant, the irreverent, the idle, are no longer fashionable.

In this soul-testing hour, little or no excitement and bluster is to be seen or heard. Instead, there is a quiet stern resolve. At least one may say, to keep far within the limits of the truth, that this certainly is true of the intellectual classes and scholarly circles.

"Our feelings are so deep that we can find no words to express them," said Monsieur Bergson, the noted philosopher and leader of the new school of French thought. "Our emotion and our purpose," said he, "can manifest themselves only by a great calmness, which almost may be said to be exaltation."

All this was visual to the visitor in Paris toward the end of the winter of 1915. For Paris was a place of sadness and mourning, but also of heroism and resolve. Her streets were deserted of young men, as indeed is true of every town and city of France, and of her fields and vineyards also. They are all at the front, or in reserve depots, waiting for the order to launch themselves into the conflict.

"Yes," said a highly informed and moderate-minded

young woman of one of the best families of France, "Paris is deserted, and we are proud of it. We would not have our men stop behind—not one of them. Where would they be, if not at the front?"

And Paris does seem deserted to one who knew the Paris of old, with its crowded streets, its overflowing cafés, the whirling activity of its thoroughfares. There are many people about, to be sure, and sometimes the *grands boulevards* seem well filled. But the Parisian visitor of a year ago would hardly recognize the French capital of to-day, so great is the disparity between the teeming life of the place then and its comparative meagerness now. Also, the atmosphere of gloom is instantly felt by one newly arrived in Paris, although the sensation wears off after a week or two under the anæsthetic of time and custom.

This feeling of depression which falls upon the visiting observer is deepened by the darkened streets at night; for while there is light enough to make one's way about the central and more frequented thoroughfares, yet the city as a whole is very somber after sunset. An American thoroughly familiar with his Paris found great difficulty in making his way on foot from a residential quarter to the hotel section. No blazing arc lamps longer flare, and the system of electric lighting which was wont to make the Paris nights so brilliant awaits the issue of war to resume its illuminating work.

Then, too, the hospitals. Hospitals! Hospitals! To one unaccustomed to such scenes and familiar with the Paris of old, everywhere there appears to be these refuges of the stricken. Along the Champs Elysées, well-known and palatial hotels are now the abodes of

wounded men, and uniformed nurses have taken the place of the hotel attendants. Private houses facing this world-famed thoroughfare are now also devoted to the housing of the injured.

This, indeed, is true all over the city. Calling upon a gentleman of great wealth living in one of the most extensive and luxurious houses of Paris, one found one's self among the odors of disinfectants, and the women members of the family arrayed in the costume of nurses. On side streets, too, the sign of the Red Cross or other symbols advertise these stations of succor.

As you are starting for England, March, 1915, comes the order from General Joffre himself to prepare one hundred and fifty thousand additional hospital beds against the need which the spring campaign, so shortly to begin, will bring in its sanguinary wake. This in Paris alone, where also the boys' schools have been taken over to serve as hospitals! Such is the grim prospect the French people consciously and bravely face!

"Is this really gloom that I seem to feel in Paris, or am I merely depressed without real justification?" you ask an American woman, wife of an old-time American friend, as you sit at luncheon with a company of American acquaintances.

"Yes, it is gloom," she answers; "we feel it ourselves, and no wonder. France is suffering so much, fighting so hard, and the Germans are not so very far away. The men are all out there fighting, or waiting to fight. I wish I could fight with them—I do, indeed! I should like to take a gun and shoot a German!"

And the Germans are not so very far away—an hour and a half swift automibile drive would bring one into the German lines. Also, the words of this American woman reveal a circumstance which you are to note again, in London as well as in Paris: the American woman is far more violent in her feelings than are the women of the warring countries—certainly more violent in the expression of them. It would appear that an American, when inoculated with the sentiment of a country where he or she resides, shows that sentiment in intense fashion.

But while Paris is depressed it can not be said that the feeling is caused by despair; the gloom does not seem to be the child of hopelessness. On the contrary, the French firmly believe that the Allies will win, and the grounds for this faith we shall examine presently. But France has lost much blood; she is losing more all the time, and she knows that soon, very soon, the life current is to issue from every pore; and France has no blood to lose. It will take her a long time to supply the crimson strength already poured out so prodigally and with such abandoned valor.

It will take a long, long time—generations—to replace the men who must fall before this war ends; a fact so well understood in France, and especially by French women, that one of the reconstructive results of this war already apparent is the purpose and resolve now openly stated by representative women of the highest class, especially among the old aristocracy of whom America never hears, that the French family should and will be very much larger in the future than it has been in the past.

The melancholy feeling flows from the carnage already wrought and the greater havoc which they know must come. Even more it flows from their constant knowledge that the enemy is on French soil, that the war in the west is being waged in France itself, and the very richest part of France at that.

But the French have no doubt that they will win—or rather, that the Allies will be victorious. For they frankly admit, and the admission is infinitely to their credit, that, standing alone, they could not prevail against their mighty eastern neighbor. They even concede that Germany might possibly overcome France and Russia put together. But they contend that with England added Germany has no chance against these three greatest powers of Europe combined.

And the French are ready to do their part in this gigantic partnership of war.

They already have done far more than their just share. Not in the most glorious days of the great Napoleon did the sons of France pour out their blood with greater prodigality than their descendants have done up to the present hour of this mighty conflict. And they do not begrudge it; they are willing to give still more.

"To the last man!" exclaimed one of the first intellects of France.

For they are obsessed of the conviction that defeat means the extinction of France—its physical extinction. They really believe that France will disappear from the map of Europe if Germany wins. It has become an *idée fixe*.

The roots of this conception of German purposes and policy run back to the fateful year of 1870, and are fixed in the soil of Alsace and Lorraine. The French never have forgotten the taking of these two provinces. In latter years they imagined they had forgiven it; but the war revived the sleeping rancor; the doctrine of *revanche*, preached for so many long years, though latterly abandoned, left its seed of dragon's teeth in the French heart; and—so runs the French thought—if Germany wrongfully took Alsace and Lorraine by force when she won then, what will she not wrongfully take by force if she wins now? Certainly Flanders, Artois, Champagne and Picardy, the richest portion of France, and that part of the coast of Normandy upon the Channel, down to and including the harbor of Le Havre.

This is the very least which the French believe Germany would exact from them, if victorious. Amazing as it may seem to Americans, and surprised as the Germans will be to learn it, it nevertheless is true that there are those in France who think that Germany would take the whole country if she could, yes, even to the Pyrenees.

And they are perfectly sure that Germany is out gunning for French colonies; and these, very rich, very profitable and very well administered, are very dear to the French heart no less than to the French pocketbook. Just how this French way of thinking developed will be an engaging theme for the historian. Certainly the French think that the Morocco affair and the Agadir incident sustain their opinion. What they describe as

"Germany's pounding on the table with a sword" got sadly on their nerves; for they are a highly sensitive people.

Then, too, the more thoughtful believed that France was already being "Germanized."

"German working men have steadily been taking the place of French laborers, here in France, here in Paris," said one of the most dependable of this class. "German business men were rooting out French business men. The Germans were even buying up our land. This has been going on all over France," he continued, "and with them, these multitudes of Germans brought their industrial methods, their ideals of life, their so-called 'Kultur.' It is a fact that if this had gone on it would not have been a great many years until they would have taken France."

Careful inquiry was made as to the accuracy of this statement about German industrial and business success in France. It was confirmed by those questioned concerning it. "It is quite true," said an American, a friend of thirty years' standing, who is one of the best informed men in the country, and whose conservative reliability and cautious understatement is his principal characteristic; "it is quite true," he testified. "For example, many of the largest dressmaking establishments, which most American women suppose to be French, are in reality owned by Germans."

A foreign business man, manager of a large plant in a certain part of the republic, testified that the Germans were taking France in an industrial and a business way. Asked as to how this was possible, he explained, from his own experience, the infinite pains the

Germans took to supply just what their customers desired, their patient labor and prudent foresight.

When asked why Germany should resort to war to obtain what she was already getting by peaceful methods, the answers of French men and women were that it is the German habit of mind to take physically and by force the thing desired; or that a successful war would give Germany governmental control as well as physical possession of very rich and contiguous territory, and also more soldiers for her army; or that it was Germany's desire to get coveted ports on the Channel; or that it was the love of conquest for its own sake; or that it was the "insane ambition" of the Emperor to rule; or that it was the working out of the supposed German plan to dominate the world; or that it was a part of Germany's resolve to be the first, the leading, the compelling power of Europe, "the autocrat of Europe," etc.

As to why France is in the war, most will tell you that it is because she was invaded. But not all give this as the primary cause; indeed most, after the frontiers of conversation have been passed, concede that France would have entered the conflict for deeper reasons, even though she had not been invaded.

It was admitted that her alliance with Russia would have forced her to take up arms to aid her ally, as a matter of national honor. Stronger even than this was the statesman's view that France had to fight to save the principle of the equilibrium of Europe, the balance of power, which Germany's growing strength already threatened, and which her victory over Russia would have overthrown.

Running parallel with this and with equal or greater influence in the French mind was the feeling, yes, even the deliberately thought-out conclusion, that if Russia was unsupported, Germany would defeat Russia, and then attack and conquer France next, and after that undertake the conquest of England. "It would have been our turn next," was the common expression; and "it would have been our turn next," was what you heard said in England.

The belief entertained by some Germans that France's enormous investments in Russia, which would be imperiled if not lost in case of Russian defeat, was a deciding factor in determining France to engage in the struggle, is hotly denied by every Frenchman, and, to the careful observer, seems unjustified. Some Germans estimated that the French have invested more than 20,000,000,000 of francs ($4,000,000,000) in various ways in Russia; painstaking inquiry in France inclines one to the opinion that this is at least 5,000,000,000 ($1,000,000,000) too high.

The best informed financial men in France who are not French citizens or of French blood, place the maximum of French investments of every kind in Russia at 15,000,000,000 of francs ($3,000,000,000); but it seems reasonably certain that, no matter what the amount, France was not drawn into the war by the fear of losing her Russian investments, nor even influenced by that consideration.

Just as the Germans believe they are fighting for their lives, for their very existence as a nation, which they think the Allies under the leadership and direction of Great Britain are trying to crush, so the French be-

lieve that they are fighting for their lives and their existence as a nation, which they consider Germany is trying to crush. Especially is this true of the higher classes and the intellectual circles.

Whether this thought and feeling that French nationality will be extinguished, French culture and ideals smothered, and the French country physically seized and occupied in case of German victory, which so saturates the mind and heart of intellectual France, extends downward to the grass-roots, and is entertained to the same extent by the mass of the common people, is not certain. Nor is it for the present moment material.

One thing, however, may be said for sure of the French masses: They know that the enemy is on French soil, and they are resolved to drive him out of French territory and take back the lost provinces. Whatever the reasons which brought France to take part in Armageddon, the present feeling among all French men and women is one of heroic resolve that counts no cost too high, no sacrifice too great. This resolve is noble, inspiring, beautiful and even touching in its spirit of self-sacrifice and high purposes. There is something almost of religion in the exaltation of sentiment, especially among the higher classes, who mean to go and will go to the very end, to the very last centime, to the very last drop of blood—literally that, not figuratively, but literally.

And the end, to these upper classes, is not merely the expulsion of the Germans from France; to them the driving out of the invader is only the beginning. It is not even the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine;

"That goes without saying" or "That is not to be discussed—Alsace and Lorraine, of course." Their purpose is to annihilate the military power of Germany: "To destroy military Germanism, root and branch," as one French statesman put it with flashing eyes. "We are going to make another war on France impossible; we are willing to die now, ourselves, rather than that our children should have to go through the furnace."

Just how they will break the German sword and make the German hand powerless to grasp and the German arm nerveless to wield it, is not clear. The bitterness toward the German Imperial Government affords a hint.

Also this class dreams of the re-arrangement of all Europe. To this end they are making maps in France—redrawing the existing boundaries of nations. Their quick and logical imagination has leaped to a new and, as they think, more natural adjustment of peoples. Germany is to be dismembered, or at least shorn of what the French think is not hers and confined within what the French contend to be her rightful limits—and even then something more is to be done with her; Austria is to be torn all to pieces and distributed according to race; Poland is to be made a kingdom with the Russian Czar on her throne; Turkey is to be divided among the Allies and so forth and so on. It is the same map you find later which has been drawn in England, where mapmaking is a favorite pastime.

That all this may mean a very long war does not matter in the opinion of the best realms of French thought. Not that they believe that the war will continue for any extended period—for they are convinced

that the Allies will overwhelm Germany within a few months;* but they are willing to prolong the war indefinitely to accomplish the far purposes they now have in mind.

But the views of the common people on this point are not so clear. "The peasants know only that France is invaded," remarked an uncommonly intelligent French business man, "and they want to put the Germans out of France. Of course they want Alsace and Lorraine back too, now they are at it. But further than this, I can not say."

A business man, not of French birth or blood, but unusually well informed concerning the French common people, and especially what he terms "the money-making middle class," gave it as his opinion that these classes would not be hot for the continuance of the war once the Germans were back in their own country, and certainly not if Alsace and Lorraine were recovered.

"I have heard members of the money-making, money-saving *bourgeoisie* say," he commented, "that the war is getting to be very long; that they wish it were over; that they are not doing any business—and so forth." And this particular man was very severe upon this "money-making middle class." "For," said he, "the Germans ought to be smashed and smashed forever." Asked whether he thought that any decided reverse would still further weaken this class, he answered with bitterness: "Yes, undoubtedly; they want to get to making money again."

On the contrary, consider this statement of a French business man, conservative and reliable and belonging

* Written March 21, 1915.

to the upper reaches of "the money-making middle class."

"Certainly we shall go on to the end! Will the retirement of the Germans from France satisfy us? No, indeed; and they will not retire—we shall put them out. Will we be content with Alsace and Lorraine? Certainly not! They are ours, anyhow. I am an Alsatian, you know. What will satisfy us? Crushing Germany so that she never can make war on us or anybody else again! How far am I willing to go myself? My two sons are at the front. They may be killed; they probably will be killed. I am prepared to give them gladly to destroy the menace of Germany. If I had more I should give more!"

No one could doubt the deep earnestness of this man, an old acquaintance of stainless character and moderate cautious mind. He had been a soldier himself in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 and had left his beloved Alsace rather than live under the rule of the conqueror.

And here is the comment of a woman who kept a bookstall in Paris and has two sons in the army: "We have been living in terror all the time—the terror of war. We can't stand it any longer. We've got to get rid of it forever. We had rather die than go on living as we have for the last forty years. We have been under the menace of Germany all that time. I hate war, all war. I want this war to go on until there can be no more wars. How far am I willing to go? I have given my sons!"

Two old French maiden ladies, sisters, sixty years of age and over, living in their cold and cheerless

apartment four flights above the street, in the Latin quarter: "We would do anything," said they, "sacrifice anything, to get rid of the menace of the Germans! We would work, starve, fight, anything if necessary." They were greatly excited. But just what "getting rid of the German menace" meant to these aged people was not explained. Whether they would be satisfied with freeing France of the invader and recovering Alsace and Lorraine was not ascertained.

As to the intellectual classes, the higher business circles and especially the ancient aristocracy, however, there can be no manner of doubt. The calm purpose of these classes to prosecute the war to such a point that France never again will be disturbed is clear and certain. And to these classes this means the shattering of present-day Germany.

Across the beauty of their resolve, however, has been shot a dark and unlovely circumstance. Cartoons, and by noted artists, represent the German soldiers as creatures of infinite cruelty, shameful cowardice, bestial lustfulness. For example, one of these pictures, so well done that it is a work of art, portrays a beautiful woman perfectly nude; she is being thrust forward, screaming and throwing her arms in despair above her, by a group of savage-looking German soldiers, who, using her as a shield, are firing from behind her; and other German soldiers are seen crawling over the embankment above which she has been lifted. The title of this cartoon is "Their Shield."

Another cartoon, done with similar art, shows a beautiful woman, also perfectly nude, lying on her side upon the floor, her arm thrown in terror before her

eyes, and over her half crouching, in brutal loathsomeness, a German soldier, with arms extended toward her, the greedy hands arranged like talons, two teeth showing between the thick, curled-back lips of infamy, the face stamped with remorseless lust.

Still another portrays three or four German officers, their faces bloated to rotundity, their eyes protruding like frogs, their faces unintelligent and animal, taunting a lovely, almost an ethereal woman whom they had stripped of every particle of clothing and had chained or tied to a bar. The officers are maudlin with drink. Again, another similar cartoon shows two young German cavalrymen, their horses laden with plunder, with little children tied with ropes and dragged behind, the German soldiers on horseback riding along in great glee over their booty and their captives.

Yet another of these numerous cartoons is particularly revolting—it shows a wounded German soldier lying on his back in bed; a kindly-faced, uniformed French army surgeon is dressing the hurt in his foot. The injured soldier's face, full of hate, is turned toward the French military Samaritan; it is a criminal's face, with heavy jowls, protruding chin, close-cropped hair and low forehead; the coarse fingers of the thick hand grasp a murderous knife—he is about to strike the kind-hearted French surgeon who is affording him succor.

The above are only examples of many such presentments of the German soldier whom each of these pictures portrays as a type of the German army and indeed of the German people. The effect of these representations of the German soldier and the German

people was nothing short of ghastly to the American newly arrived from Germany, where his study of the faces, manner and conduct of common soldier and officer, and of the German people, gave no such idea as that pictured in these cartoons.

Yet it is certain that these pictures and the swarm of monstrous stories that cluster around them have had great effect upon French sentiment. The grave error of them is that they brand a whole people with infamy. Every well-wisher of France must regret this: even for the purposes of the present hour. For no sustained conflict can be waged upon mistaken hatred against an entire nation; and, if it should turn out that personal contact negatives the ground of that hate, there is danger that there might be a letting down in such animosity-inspired energy.

To the lover of humanity who, looking far ahead, sees the end of the war and realizes that these peoples in the coming years must live together as neighbors, the thought is terrible and full of dread of the generations of bitterness which the feelings thus aroused must bequeath to the future.

There are soldiers in the trenches who, it would seem, reflect little of this spirit. Their letters are full of courage and kindness. Here is an extract from one written by a French soldier to his wife the day after Christmas:

"In the Trenches, December 26, 1914.

"My Dearest—It's something new for me to celebrate Christmas in the trenches, and especially so to celebrate it with the enemy. Think of it! We crawled out of our holes and they did the same, and by signs

and grimaces wished each other a happy Christmas, and exchanged chocolates and cigarettes. Yes, they are men like ourselves, and we must all obey, and each one fight to defend his country. It's hard to think that to-morrow we will be at it again and may be killing each other. My heart was heavy when I read in your letter last night that you were not going to buy anything for the children at Christmas. Why do you do this? You should have bought them something useful—at least some little thing for Christmas. I am glad mother is well. If only you could get news from Auguste! I am afraid the worst has happened. Try to keep it from mother, but prepare her for it. To all, thanks for the packages and also for my sleeping bag. All the civilians around here have been expelled on account of the treacherous things they have done. Now we have received orders to take anything we need from the houses of these people. We have even taken furniture to make our fires. It is dreadful. Kiss the dear children for me and tell them always to be good. To you, my dearest, he who loves you embraces you tenderly."

Here is another from a French soldier to his parents:

"January 5, 1915.

"My Very Dear Parents—It is raining again and the mud is awful and makes it difficult to circulate in the trenches, fields, and especially the woods. But, in spite of this, the general condition of our troops is good. Few cases of sickness, and we are always in good spirits. New Year's eve we had a little extra—two quarts of wine, apples, oranges, nuts and tobacco. Also, a little champagne. Oh, no quantity of anything!

For by the time all these good things reach the poor trooper there is not much left! For instance, we had three cigars for five of us, so that the two who had no cigars did the spitting and tried to imagine they were smoking. We were all quite happy, seated on some straw, singing and reciting. At Christmas we also, each of us, got a package of tobacco as a present from the children of France, with a special label.

"Christmas eve we also stopped fighting, and we all assembled, French and German, without arms, on the ground between the trenches. By mutual consent we buried our dead. Then we exchanged wine and cigarettes. Then we all sang together, and at last went back to our trenches. I forgot to say that these Germans were Bavarians. They are different from the Prussians. They also seem tired of this war of the trenches, which is tiresome and demoralizing. It's very difficult for either side to advance. The first line of trenches are about 100 meters apart. We have few wounded. Most of the time both sides fire in the air, just to scare each other a little." . . .

The following from a French soldier to his mother, full of endearing tenderness, describing the hardship of the trenches, "with water up to our shoulders," assures her that

"Your letters always do me good and give me fresh courage, which I need, for the time passes so slowly. Fortunately there are others more courageous than I and who keep up the spirits of the rest. *Mon Dieu,* what a struggle! And for a result which will probably not be very brilliant. But we will fight to the very end. . . . I leave you to go to sleep in my cave, at

least protected against those devilish bullets. When will their awful whistling stop?"

Here is a battle picture, written to his aunt, by a wounded French soldier in the hospital:

"I was wounded the 22nd in Belgium. One ball went through my right wrist, and a piece of shell struck my left hand, I was also hit in two other places. So I certainly got my full dose, and don't want another. We arrived in a little village in Belgium at 10 o'clock in the morning where we thought we could spend the day quietly. All of a sudden the bullets began to whistle. We searched the houses but at last found the enemy hidden in trenches about 200 metres from us. They were six times as many as we. The battle lasted from 11 till 5, the bullets fell like rain. We had to retreat taking our wounded with us for over four kilometres, and the Germans were some times only fifty metres behind us. You can imagine, dear Aunt, how the bullets whistled. My comrades fell to right and left of me. I, wounded as I was, kept saying to myself, 'it's your turn next,' but the good God had a little pity and I managed to escape, etc."

Just one more of these letters telling of trench warfare—this from a French soldier to his wife:

"September 13, 1914.

"In the Trenches 5 I.

"Still in the trenches. If we were exposed like this in time of peace we would certainly all be dead. Many fellows are killed through their imprudence. They want to see what's going on and of course the enemy

shoots. That is the reason so many are found dead with wounds in their heads. Well this war can't last forever. The women must not lose their courage, we won't all be killed, and those of us who do return will be better men than we have ever been, that I promise you."

All French men and women personally conversed with are absolutely certain that the Allied Powers will be overwhelmingly victorious and that the Germans will be hopelessly and irretrievably beaten. The grounds for this belief are substantial, material, and, to the eye of purely practical calculation, weighty.

First of all, as has been suggested, France's belief that Germany will be defeated is not based alone or even chiefly on French resources, French valor or French spirit, although she has displayed and is showing an over-abundance of all these. French courage and French steadfastness have won for France anew the admiration of the world and the ungrudging applause of her enemy in arms.

It is impossible to say too much in praise of French fortitude and spirit. But the combination of Allies is, the French think, a massing of power against which Germany can not possibly prevail and under the blows of which Germany will be crushed as certainly as a hollow globe of glass would be ground to powder under the impact of a monstrous triphammer.

Germany, they say, already has two frontiers to defend, and before long she may have three. Germany must keep half her army in the east to resist the Russians, half of it in the west to oppose the French and English; and at the same time Germany must make

shift to send hundreds of thousands of soldiers to Austria. Worst of all, argue the French, Germany must equip with seasoned officers the Turkish troops and fortifications, and sprinkle a goodly number of officers among the Austrians. Moreover, the British fleet is in absolute command of every water approach to Germany from the north, and the French fleet performs a like service upon the Mediterranean. In short, the French contend that not only is Germany surrounded, but by forces that are irresistible in numbers, and in wealth.

Here is a characteristic summary of this reasoning afforded by a careful French authority:

Resources

Germans and Austrians	Allies
Men: Twelve to fifteen million.	Twenty to twenty-five million.
Money: German bank notes losing on exchange.	French bank notes gaining on exchange.
War Materials: Blockaded.	Inexhaustible.
Foodstuffs: Blockaded.	Inexhaustible.

Undoubtedly France is counting heavily upon enormous reinforcements of men from England. And she has earned the right to expect this aid; for, at least up to the present time, March, 1915, the French have been doing by far the greatest part of the fighting in the western theater of the war—how much one can grasp in an instant by examining the battle line over four hundred miles long, every foot of which has been and is being held by the French except

a comparatively small space of thirty or thirty-five miles.

Consider now the French strength, apart from that of the Allies. While no official or other dependable figures of French losses are to be had from any source, yet there is basis for an estimate which would seem to be reasonable. A French gentleman, who is believed to be entirely reliable, furnished the information that, up to February 1, 1915, the French returned to the Germans eight hundred and forty prisoners so badly wounded as to be incapacitated for any further service in the war; and in exchange for these the Germans returned to France sixteen hundred French prisoners in similar condition. From this data it would seem to be a fair inference that the French losses up to the end of January, 1915, were virtually twice as great as the German losses on the western front; and this, it is surmised, is informed French opinion.

This French estimate does not take into account unwounded French prisoners. Up to January 1, 1915, according to German railway statistics, Germany had taken prisoner two hundred and twenty thousand unwounded French soldiers, who were then in numerous prison camps throughout Germany; whereas the number of unwounded German soldiers taken prisoner by the French must have been very small in comparison. For while no figures on this point were obtainable in France, the total number of soldiers, prisoners and missing, from the German side on January 1, 1915, amounted to only one hundred and fifty-three thousand men all told and *on both fronts,* according to German estimate.

The only other basis from which French losses may be surmised is a French estimate that France needs one hundred thousand new men every month. As in the case with the German wounded, at least sixty per cent. of the French wounded recover sufficiently to return to the front.

To supply the men needed France has an astonishing store of soldier material. At the date of this writing, March, 1915, France has two million men on the battle line. Behind these, she has in waiting about one million eight hundred thousand more trained soldiers. These are gathered in military depots or camps located conveniently near the front. There are two hundred and ten of these *reservoirs* of men for infantry alone.

In case of emergency there can be added to these nine hundred thousand additional men between the ages of thirty-nine and forty-five; to these could be added two hundred and fifty thousand men of the class of 1916 and the same number of the class of 1917; these would be youths of seventeen to eighteen years of age, respectively.

France's financial resources would seem to be very large. The Bank of France reports a gold reserve of four billion francs; and that institution estimates that the people have in their stockings the same amount of gold. It would appear that this estimate is generous in view of the extremely heavy investments which the French people have made in Russia. The inability of South American countries to pay their vast obligations incurred on account of extensive French investments in that quarter caused a temporary disturbance in cer-

tain banking circles; but it is not believed that this has produced serious embarrassment.

Like all other warring countries, except Germany, France declared a moratorium at the outbreak of the war. From the very first, however, the banks paid two hundred and fifty dollars, plus five per cent. of the balance of the deposit. This proportion was gradually increased, and at the time of this writing, it is fifty per cent. of deposits; but from the beginning of the year the greater banks paid all deposits in full. Also, these larger financial institutions resumed the payment of dividends, which had been suspended from the outbreak of the war. These bigger and solider banks at first paid to their employees who were called to the colors, full salaries if married and half salaries if unmarried; but beginning with 1915 the salaries of their fighting married employees were reduced. The reason of this probably was that the government pays the wives of soldiers one and twenty-five hundredths francs per day (twenty-five cents) and fifty centimes (10 cents) per day for each child.

Business in France does not reflect the apparently excellent financial condition of the country. Conversations with thoroughly informed and careful business men indicated that French business is for the time being paralyzed. "It is badly shattered," said a substantial French business man. "It is practically suspended," was the opinion of the expert of a great house whose duty it is to keep accurately posted on this vital subject.

"Would you say that business generally is fifty per

cent. normal?" was one question asked of a thoroughly informed French business man.

"No; nor anywhere near it."

"Forty per cent.?"

"No."

"Twenty-five per cent.?"

"Hardly—perhaps."

"You see," another informant explained, "most of our plants are practically idle because their forces are in the army, except, of course, those engaged in making war materials. Then, too, you must remember that the richest part of the country—our principal textile district, our best mining district and among our largest metal works, our most fertile agricultural region—is in the hands of the Germans."

It was the estimate of these gentlemen that it will take from three to five years after the war ends to make French industry normal again. The deterioration of unused machinery, the difficulty of reorganizing working staffs, the supposed destruction of plants, and the other effects of war upon industry, form the ground of this unhappy view of the future.

All this does not in the least cool the ardor of French spirit nor soften the hardness of French determination, so far as this could be judged by conversations with those personally consulted. The only doubt upon this point was that already referred to, of reported indications of weariness of the war on the part of the *bourgeoisie,* and their eagerness to get to making money again.

But personal investigation did not confirm this report. On the contrary all French men and women

personally talked to displayed a determination quite equal to that found in Germany, and much fiercer and more vivid in expression; yet this talk is not strident, loud, or boastful, but instead tense, quiet and desperate. It is reasonably safe to say that at the very least the French are an absolute unit in their resolve to drive the Germans from French territory, take back the lost provinces and secure, for France, a permanent peace, and that to these ends pauper and millionaire are as one man, ready to sacrifice fortune and life.

Also, it should be said upon the issue of supporting the war, political parties have merged into one, although on other questions there still are, it was said, party divisions. In the early part of March, 1915, the government was attacked in the Chamber of Deputies because Paris was kept under martial law. Such nagging as this promises to be not infrequent; but it does not mean that there is any division in prosecuting the war. While the form of parliamentary government is observed, yet at bottom France, one was informed, is under a military dictatorship. "What Joffre says goes," was the statement of one of the most competent and dependable Americans whose home is in France. It appears that the commander-in-chief indicates what is necessary; the government takes measures accordingly; and parliament sustains the government.

It is among the higher classes, however, that the French spirit burns brightest and with purest flame. Within the intellectual circles especially does this patriotic fire blaze in its noblest radiance. It is quite impossible to overstate the exalted ardor of these French men and women. If their heart and soul are those of

the whole French people; if the *bon bourgeois* feels as deeply as the descendant of the old nobility; if in the peasant's mind there is the militant resolve which dwells in the mind of the French scholar; if the emotion of working man and tradesman is as deep and simple as that of the French philosopher and thinker, then indeed is France embattled for a war to the uttermost. Certain it is that for the immediate object of expelling the invader from French soil, the valor of the rank and file of the French troops has written an immortal record.

XI

FRENCH THOUGHT BACK OF THE WAR—I

Statesmen, Scholar and Philosopher

THE following conversations reflect French thought as it was at the beginning of the eighth month of the war. They present what may be called the statesmen's view as to the basic cause of the conflict; and also what should be termed the popular opinion of the source of the struggle.* The same method was followed as in the talks with representatives of

* The first of these opinions was that the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe was necessary to the self-respecting dignity, importance and even safety of the various continental nations which are known to the world as first Powers. This, declared French statesmen, was being disturbed by the growing strength of Germany united with what the French call her aggressiveness. It was to maintain, said French statesmen, this principle that the English-French-Russian arrangement called the Triple Entente was made.

The popular view, held also by the intellectual circles, was that Germany had designs upon the territorial integrity of France. Germany said these Frenchmen, who voiced this view, had intended for a long time to seize portions of French territory. What the French asserted to be Germany's arrogant and even militant bearing ever since the Franco-Prussian War, excited French imagination. "We have been living in apprehension for years," was a common expression of the feeling of many thoughtful Frenchmen.

French belief seemed to be that if France had let Germany defeat Russia, Germany then would have crushed France. So that while, of course, France's alliance with Russia bound France in

various classes in Germany and the same types of men were selected.

Out of a number of conversations the following have been chosen as giving the current of French thought as it was expressed during the last week of February and the first week of March, 1915. Each of the conversations here narrated was written out and submitted to the gentleman interviewed, who very carefully verified the same, making such changes as he desired and authorized publication.

A French Statesman's Exposition

"The deep cause of the war is the effort to maintain the equilibrium of Europe," said one of the most eminent statesmen of France, whose name I am not permitted to give, but whose word is weighty. "This is the principle that no one Power shall become so strong as to disturb the equilibrium of the Powers. In other words, that no one nation shall be the first, or dominating, Power.

"I have seen this war coming for a great many years," he continued. "Germany was growing so

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honor to come to Russia's aid, the French idea of what the French believed to be their self-preservation was an equally compelling force driving France into battle. Publicist, scholar and thinker entertained these views as well as holding the additional opinion concerning the equilibrium of Europe, already mentioned.

Back of both the statesmen's and the popular view and powerfully effecting both was the French resentment for the taking of Alsace-Lorraine and the purpose, dormant in recent years but never dead, to recover those provinces. In the minds of the majority of the common people, especially the peasants, it seemed probable that this, together with the presence of the enemy on French soil, were the master thoughts which caused them to fly to arms willingly.

strong as to disturb or threaten the equilibrium of Europe. That fact is the greatest reason for the Triple Entente. France and England began to understand each other. They found that their interests were not antagonistic, but reciprocal.

"Common commercial dealings was the first step to this understanding. England and France were heavy purchasers one of the other. For instance, France does not produce enough coal for her own use, and therefore bought her extra supply from England; and England bought great quantities of products such as foodstuffs and objects of art and luxuries from France. But England bought over one billion francs' worth of products from France more than France bought from England. On the other hand, the trade between Germany and England nearly balanced.

"It was chiefly to carry out the great principle of the equilibrium of Europe that the Russian alliance was made. Of course, the conditions which produced the entente grew stronger all the time, and the Russian alliance fitted into this entente perfectly."

"I have heard it said," I observed, "that it was England's traditional policy, running back as far as the Spanish supremacy, to oppose that continental nation which showed the greatest strength—first Spain, then France, then Russia and even Holland in between. Is that the source of England's opposition to Germany now?" I inquired.

"Well, why not?" quickly answered the French statesman, and continued, "Why is it not the wise policy on England's part to see that no one nation becomes dominant? That is simply maintaining the equi-

librium of Europe. That is the great central principle. No one nation on the continent must become so strong that it threatens the position of other nations as first Powers. The idea is that such an equilibrium shall be maintained that all can live peacefully.

"The real reason of the conflict is to maintain the equilibrium of Europe, which the growing power of Germany is disturbing. Then Germany's conduct has been irritating; there has always been the rattling of the saber, and speeches by the Kaiser about his powder being always dry. It is just like a man going about the streets heavily armed, with pistols and knives sticking out all over him. Well, you pay no attention to him. But when he begins to swagger and talk about using them, peaceable people get together to take measures to see that he keeps the peace."

"But suppose Germany, or any other one nation, did become the leading Power of Europe," I asked, "how would that hurt the French people in their industry and lives?"

"It would not, perhaps, in that respect. But the point is that with Germany the first Power of Europe, France could no longer be one of the first Powers of Europe. She would be one of the secondary Powers. Of course, Germany might grow as big as she liked; but her threatening attitude menaced our position as one of the first Powers of Europe.

"But to get back to the origin of the entente, not only did it grow out of economic conditions between England and France, but also out of colonial policy. Both France and England found that they could agree

as to their spheres of colonial activity. Neither stood in the way of the other. This was a very important ground of the mutual understanding which first made the foundations for the entente. This mutual interest grew out of what at first seemed very irritating circumstances. But these very incidents, such as the Fashoda affair, made it clear to both countries how friction could be avoided—that France could drop out here and England could drop out there, each keeping out of the other's way.

"Russia's entering the entente came about in the same manner. The Franco-Russian alliance laid the ground for it, of course. But the Dogger Bank incident, which threatened war, really was the occasion for the same policy of understanding which had grown up between France and England. France pointed out to both England and Russia that the interests of all were common and that the Dogger Bank incident ought to be composed. And that very thing was done right here in Paris. This led to an understanding between Russia and England as to their relative possessions and interests in Asia. Such is the general outline of the entente, whose reason for existence is to maintain the equilibrium of Europe, and whose immediate object was to see that the growing strength and threatening attitude of Germany did not upset that equilibrium. Not only did Germany's growing strength make the entente necessary, but this was made still greater by the Triple Alliance, which Bismarck formed for Germany's protection. He first got Austria on the ground of 'Germanism,' there being much

in common between the two in race and language. Then he got even Italy."

Let us turn now to unofficial French opinion.

The French Scholar and Publicist

Gabriel Hanotaux is known throughout the world as one of the first intellects of France and one of her ripest scholars. He was for many years Minister for Foreign Affairs, and still earlier one of the constructive minds which shaped the destinies of modern France. For example, Hanotaux was the father of the Franco-Russian alliance. A letter from an intimate mutual friend was the means of the following notable conversation.

Monsieur Hanotaux is a man of great vigor, physically and mentally, although past middle age. He is direct, simple, outspoken. He states his points clearly and with great emphasis.

Asked what was really the beginning of the war, Monsieur Hanotaux answered:

"You will find the roots of it in the great wrong Germany did when she took Alsace and Lorraine by force. With us it is a principle that no territory shall be taken whose inhabitants object. The inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine did object. Their consent was not asked. Thus a vital principle was violated."

"But," I remarked, "did not France violate that same principle in acquiring her colonies and possessions, such as Morocco, Algiers and others?"

"That is not the same thing," answered Monsieur Hanotaux. "In countries in a state of anarchy, whose

people not only are not civilized, but are a constant source of danger to their neighbors, the principle does not apply. Take, for example, your own case. Serious trouble broke out on the frontiers of Mexico—"

"Oh, spare me Mexico," I observed. "You mean that France has done with her colonies and possessions just as we have done in the Philippines?"

"Yes, that is a good example. And you took other territory in the same way."

"Oh, yes," I admitted; "we took some of our territory that way."

"Well," said Monsieur Hanotaux, "the taking of Alsace and Lorraine by force was not at all that sort of thing. It was just as if the Japanese should take California and your Pacific coast. Would you submit to it? Would you forget it? Would you not want it back?"

"We certainly should," I admitted. "But, of course, Alsace and Lorraine was not the present cause of this terrible conflict."

"No, certainly not," answered Monsieur Hanotaux, "France has been most patient these last forty years, and that in spite of the violent aggressiveness of Germany in Alsace and Lorraine. She would have been patient even longer. I gave that only as an example of what lies at the root of all the trouble which German ambition has brought upon the world. But let us now come to more immediate causes of the war.

"The whole policy of Germany was changed by the Emperor's announcement of Germany's idea of 'Weltpolitik.' You may read it in the newspapers of the period—the speeches of the Kaiser and of his Chancellor, Von Buelow. Germany's population had

grown so great that they felt that more territory was needed. This meant colonies, and colonies meant a fleet. So Germany began to build up a fleet, a navy which she hoped to make the greatest in the world. As to colonies, Germany was entitled to them as much as any other country. But she was too late. The best parts of the earth were taken already; so her idea of colonial expansion was impossible. Thereupon she resolved, to employ Bernhardi's expression, to take what belonged to others. This is shown clearly by what actually happened. First, she tried China. She got a foothold there. Indeed, her dream was the conquest of China. That, of course, brought her in conflict with Japan. So she failed there. The next route of expansion for Germany was to become the heir of the Ottoman Empire, as well as, through Turkey, to reach the Persian Gulf. So she cultivated Turkey. But how should she get to Turkey? Through Austria, of course. And so began the policy of penetration into the Balkans. Of this Servia stood in the way. So Servia must be made a victim. Thus war was declared in reality long before the Austrian Archduke was assassinated—indeed, as far back as August, 1913, as Monsieur Giolitti's revelations prove, when Austria decided to dispose of Servia—Servia was to be subjugated by Austria. And thus, with the Bagdad railway in her hands, Germany's course was open all the way to the Persian Gulf.

"As a part of this plan came Germany's courting of the Moslem peoples. You recall, for example, the Emperor's dramatic journey to Jerusalem? So much for the Balkans. But everywhere, throughout the

world, this 'Weltpolitik' was equally aggressive, as numerous other circumstances of the same kind illustrate. Now just see how all this Germany policy, which she calls 'Weltpolitik,' came into direct conflict with each of the Allies, one after another, making each of them antagonistic to her.

"First take France. There was the Morocco affair. The state of anarchy in that country forced us, as the nearest neighbors, to take a hand. But the Kaiser went to Morocco and made a speech in which he said that Germany recognized no other authority than the Sultan of Morocco, the native authority. Now, France is peaceful—above all things, France is peaceful. Therefore, in a sense, France backed down in the Morocco affair, just to keep the peace. But Germany increased her aggressiveness. There came the Agadir incident. Once more Germany interfered. A German warship was sent to Agadir, and threats were made. Under these threats France again gave way—just to keep peace. And so also France gave up part of her Kongo territory in Africa to Germany, although Germany had no right to it. Again France did this solely for the sake of peace. And yet all the time Germany was stirring up trouble with the Moslems of these parts of the world; there was constant turmoil, for which Germany only was responsible. These are examples of the conflict with France of Germany's theory of territorial expansion.

"Second, see how this German theory of expansion impinged on Russia. Russia, defeated at Mukden, torn by internal dissensions, wished no external complications. Everybody has known for years that she

desired to reach the sea. Constantinople was her natural objective, as well as the Persian Gulf. But again Germany interfered with the Bagdad railway. By this she could get to the Persian Gulf. This Bagdad railway cut Russia off from the Persian Gulf, and Germany's domination of Turkey cut Russia off from Constantinople and the Mediterranean. Finally, in order to control the Balkans, Germany plotted the destruction of Servia, a little Slav country, protected by Russia. You see from these examples how Germany's plan of expansion brought her into conflict with Russia, just as the Moroccan, Agadir and other instances are examples of how Germany's policy of expansion brought her into conflict with France.

"Third, Germany's conflict with England. England was and is, like every commercial people, peace-loving, just as France and Russia are peace-loving. The proof of this is before all men's eyes to-day. For ten years England has been governed by the Liberal party. This party wanted no war with anybody about anything. The whole policy of the English Liberal party was peace with the outside world, because it needed this peace to effect its own internal reforms. Let me prove England's peaceful intentions. She has had no land army to speak of, and she would not increase it. On the other hand, Germany has built up an immense army and constantly increased it. That shows conclusively the peaceful intentions of England and the warlike intentions of Germany."

"Do you include the navy in this reasoning?" I interrupted.

"The navy," answered Monsieur Hanotaux, "is a

different thing altogether. England needs her navy for her own defense."

"But England's navy," I observed, "is as large as that of any two other Powers combined. Is not this England's naval principle? Our Admiral Mahan, in his book on sea power, points out that England's naval superiority has given her a dominant position for more than an hundred years, if I remember correctly," I suggested.

"You must remember that England does not feed herself from within," explained Monsieur Hanotaux. "She must get her food from abroad. Thus a great navy is essential. I have already referred to Germany's navy. But let us now take up where Germany's 'Weltpolitik' conflicted with England's interests, as I have pointed out the collision of Germany's 'Weltpolitik' with the interests of France and Russia. Twenty years ago the German Emperor said to General Obrontcheff, then Chief of the Russian General Staff: 'I shall sign the peace of the world in London.' I quote his exact words. I have published that in my book on the Policy of Equilibrium. The Emperor also said in substance that Germany must get rid of England. Having failed in the Chinese and Turkish adventures, Germany's colonial policy was to obtain possession of the richest colonies in the world, which are those of Holland, Belgium and France. With these, Germany would be a dangerous rival of England. But let me here give you a further example of England's peaceful intentions—I mean the visits of Lord Haldane and Mr. Lloyd George to Germany. Both made speeches about England's friendship for

Germany; Mr. Lloyd George was especially emphatic. So deeply was this impression made in Germany that Herr von Jagow, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, said how surprised Germany was when England came into this war. If he had thought a little upon these facts which I have been reviewing for you he might not have been so surprised."

"Do you think that Germany intended to acquire French, Belgian and Dutch colonies as a result of this war?" I asked.

"Why, of course!" answered Monsieur Hanotaux. "And here is the proof: The German Ambassador to Great Britain naively remarked to Sir Edward Grey that that was just what Germany did want!"

"So it is French opinion that Germany had a definite and far-reaching aggressive program for war, is it?" I inquired.

"Certainly!" answered Monsieur Hanotaux. "Germany expected to dispose of Russia first, France next, and then attack England separately. After England it would have been your turn. Germany would have attacked the United States next. I speak of what I know. The German Emperor has declared more than twenty times that he intended to attack the United States."

"What would the Emperor expect to gain by attacking the United States?" I remarked.

"I haven't any idea," said Monsieur Hanotaux. "All I know is that he did make the statement, twenty times at least. With a little trouble, I could look up and cite you the occasions. But as I was saying, an evidence of England's peaceful intentions is before us in this

war, for England would never have come into this war, save for the violation of Belgian neutrality. In fact, going into the war at all worried England a great deal, and we, too, were worried for fear she would not do so."

"It has been published," said I, "that an arrangement was made by England, France and Belgium under which England and France were to invade Germany through Belgium in case of war; and it is claimed that this had already violated Belgian neutrality."

"So far as France is concerned, I can speak personally, for I have been Minister for Foreign Affairs, and I know what I am talking about," asserted Monsieur Hanotaux. "I give you my word of honor that so far as France is concerned, no such transaction ever took place. Indeed, the documents themselves do not pretend to involve France. But what do these documents amount to? Just a conversation between the British military attaché and somebody in the Belgian government! It is not even claimed that this reached the form of a treaty. And even this conversation touched only on the case where Germany should first have invaded Belgium!"

"How long will the war last, Monsieur Hanotaux?"

"A fortnight ago," Monsieur Hanotaux answered, "I thought the war would last a year, perhaps a year and a half. To-day I think it will not last so long."

"What has changed your mind in this short time?" I asked.

"The impending fall of Constantinople,"* said Monsieur Hanotaux. "When that occurs, which will be

* This conversation occurred March 1, 1915.

soon, the circle of iron will be closed about Germany. The Balkan States and Italy will join the Allies. That, of course, will hasten the inevitable end, which will be the defeat of Germany."

"In case the Allies are successful, what terms will they impose on Germany?"

"Ask Monsieur Delcasse! I am not Minister for Foreign Affairs!"

The Prophet of the New Philosophy

A quiet old house, far back from the street, with a still garden between to protect it from the unfrequent noise of the most quiet corner of Auteuil, the calmest suburb of Paris, is the abode of Monsieur Henri Bergson, the noted French philosopher. It is just the home for a thinker. There, at luncheon, we discussed the war.

Monsieur Bergson justifies his reputation by his appearance. The long, thin, intellectual face; the expansive brow; most of all the large blue eyes, whose lights reflect keenness, mysticism and kindness—indeed, the whole personality of the man, gives one the impression of great mental acuteness, mingled with poetic idealism. Monsieur Bergson is perhaps the best representative of intellectual France.

"It is all so simple to us—the cause of this awful war; at least the immediate cause of it," said France's great philosopher. "That cause is Germany's policy of aggression. This policy grew out of a few fundamental facts. For example, her population had become so very great that Germany felt the need of ex-

panding. She must have an outlet. France, and France's colonies, was to be the first victim. Indeed, Germany has felt this for a long time. We knew it, too. That was the real cause of the Russian alliance. Without that, we should have had to stand alone against Germany."

"Was it this Russian alliance which caused France to go into this war?" I inquired.

"That was an incident only," replied the French philosopher. "The real cause lay far deeper. If Germany had made war on Russia and won, then France would have come next; and afterward England. As to England, there was an economic conflict.

"But I am perfectly sure that England would never have attacked Germany. If she had meant to do so, she would not have waited so long. Even now the English nation would not have consented to go to war if it had not been that they felt it their duty toward Belgium. On the contrary, the aim of Germany was very probably to attack England in a few years hence, and that is one of the main reasons of the present war. Germany wanted to crush France and Russia first, so that England would have to stand alone when Germany had completed her naval arrangements and become strong enough to attack her."

"We Americans," I observed, "can comprehend the commercial conflict between England and Germany. I myself saw that conflict many years ago, in every visit I then made to the Orient. It was plain to the naked eye. But it is not plain to us why Germany should wish to wage an aggressive war against either France or Russia. We do not see the economic con-

flict between Germany and France, nor between Germany and Russia. So we do not see the reason for Germany's policy of aggression against those two countries."

"Yet it is very plain," answered Monsieur Bergson, "and sordidly material. In considering it, however, let us not forget Germany's determination to be the dominant power of the world. That is psychological. She wishes to be first in everything; to lead everything; to direct everything. She has manifested this in her threatening attitude. The rattling of the saber and the rolling of the drum!"

"But to us Americans who do not understand European politics, that does not seem substantial," I urged. "Suppose Germany, or France, or any other country claimed to be the 'first power of the world;' England did that for a long while; some in America have dreamed of it, as the destiny of our own country. But what of it? Let any country strut as it likes, rattle the saber, beat the drum and wear all the trappings it wants to—how does that hurt the people of any other country? How would it hurt the working men and business men of America if France should do that foolish thing? How would it hurt the working men, the business men of France if Germany did make this empty claim to primacy and it was accorded her? Would not your life go on just the same?"

"No, indeed," answered Monsieur Bergson; "and that is just the point. Germany would follow this up with war upon us, just as she is making now. Then, even if she took no territory, would come the imposition of German goods upon us, German workmen

would take the place of our workmen here in France. German business would take the place of French business. Our industry would go. Germans would buy up our land; France would go. It would be the end of France—the end of our ideas, our ideals, our culture, our civilization. All would become Germanized. So if you look at it only from the material and economic side, you see that we fight not only for physical existence but, what is far more important, for our very civilization."

"But would the Germans go so far as that?" I suggested.

"There is no doubt at all about that," replied Monsieur Bergson. "It is their theory of Germany's mission in the world. They would make all culture German 'Kultur.' Our idea is exactly the reverse. We think that every nation which has developed a culture has made something of value to the whole human race. Let Germany keep her 'Kultur' and develop it; but also let France keep her culture and develop it; and England keep her culture and develop it. It is the manifestation of human evolution at different angles. And this is good for the world. But it is bad for the world to have any one system made universal; and this bad is made worse if this is done by force. Yet just this is Germany's idea and purpose."

"What do you understand, Monsieur Bergson, to be Germany's idea of culture?"

"It is," answered the French thinker, "a subjection of the individual to the state, for the purpose of an uniform efficiency; and probably also a subjection of all other European nations to German influence, for

the purpose of a uniformity that will be profitable to Germany."

"The Germans do not consider their 'Kultur' as you have described it," I explained. "They make a distinction between civilization and 'Kultur.' Civilization, they say, has to do with material things; such as conduct, manners and the practical intercourse of men and nations; but 'Kultur' has to do with the things of the spirit and the soul. The German idea is that civilization is of this world and of the present; 'Kultur' of the higher world and of the eternal. England, they say, is civilized, but not cultured; France is both civilized and cultured."

"We make no such distinction," said Monsieur Bergson. "With us civilization and culture are one. They merge. This very distinction illustrates the German mental habit of separating things which really are not separable. They think with two minds, act with two souls."

"Still, Monsieur Bergson," I remarked, "one necessarily is struck by this fact: that the working out of this German conception of culture is broader than Germany's scholars and thinkers. For example, I have found that German business men whom our business men think are interested only in business, are really far more interested in metaphysical subjects and other nonmaterial things. They meet our business men and talk trade, markets and prices because they must; but they would far rather talk with an informed and thoughtful person on philosophy, poetry, music, art."

"That," replied Monsieur Bergson, "is what I mean by speaking and thinking with two minds and two

souls. One of the two souls may be concerned, as you say, with philosophy, poetry, music, art; but the other is below the ordinary level of humanity. We have seen that other soul at work since the beginning of the war, and we know what it is worth."

"There is one thing, anyhow, that can be said for them," I observed; "you can state to them, in the bluntest possible manner, your objections to them, and they will answer without being offended. They will say that objection is not the fact, and show why; or they will say this other objection is not valid for such and such reasons. The point is that they will meet you face to face in discussion."

"Yes," said Monsieur Bergson; "that is quite true—which makes my point still stronger about two souls and two minds; for they answer you with words and reasons, but they do not *live* those words and reasons. And it is living and acting that counts!"

"But what has this to do with their imposing their ideas on the world?" I asked.

"It has everything to do with it," said Monsieur Bergson. "They are so engrossed in their idea of the superiority of German 'Kultur' that they do not recognize the great truth that other nations, with their different cultures, have a right to exist. We French, on the contrary, believe that when any people have developed into a nation they have proved their right to a separate existence, and that the thought, the ideal, the culture of that nation as thus developed is a contribution to the sum of human welfare. So we say that no one nation, no matter how powerful, is right or wise in forcing its intellectual domination on any other na-

tion, no matter how weak or small. Take Alsace and Lorraine for example. Germany tried to force her thought and methods of life on Alsace and Lorraine. If the people of those provinces had accepted this German mental and moral domination, well and good. But they did not. They remained French and are French."

"But," I observed, "would you call Alsace and Lorraine a nation?"

"No," replied Monsieur Bergson; "but vital parts of a nation."

"If I understand you, Monsieur Bergson, what you have said is also a priciple with us Americans; yet we have taken much of our territory regardless of it. Have you not done the same in the case of your possessions and colonies, Algiers, Morocco and the rest?"

"It can not be said," replied Monsieur Bergson, "that these were nations. They were warring tribes. They had no solidarity, no national consciousness. They had not proved to the world the usefulness, even to themselves, of their turbulent condition. So our theory that a people who have welded themselves together until they have become a collective human entity does not apply to bands of individuals in the state in which the inhabitants of Algiers, Morocco and our other possessions were before France took charge of them."

"But," said the French philosopher, "all this is incidental. The great elemental issue is that of separate and distinct developments of separate and distinct peoples as against a rigid and unnatural uniformity. Broadly stated, it is an issue between liberty and abso-

lutism. Shall Europe and the world become just one thing, or shall nations who are different, but each of them good in some respect, progress along the natural line of their own development?"

"You seem to indicate that, at bottom, the conflict is deeper than mistakes of diplomatists or the ambitions of governments, and that it is a war of peoples and of opposing ideals," I observed.

"Yes; at bottom, perhaps, that is true," replied this leader of French thought.

"If so, the war may last a very long time, may it not?" I asked.

"It may, indeed," answered Monsieur Bergson. "I hope not; I think not. But it may."

"Mr. Chamberlain suggested that there might be a series of wars," I observed.

"That, too, is possible, historically speaking," said Monsieur Bergson. "But we mean to carry this war to such a final conclusion that another war will be impossible, at least for a very long time."

"What is French thought as to that conclusion in case the Allies win?" I inquired.

"We *shall* win. We have not the least doubt about that. Then will come the great readjustment. Alsace and Lorraine will become a part of France again, because they were unjustly and wrongfully torn away from France, and because their people have persisted in remaining French. We shall break the German military system and idea."

"How?" I asked.

"That is to be worked out," answered Monsieur Bergson. "But perhaps the German people will attend

to that themselves, when they see the failure of their military caste."

"France's loss of men is a serious factor, considering her population and birth rate," I remarked. "The same loss in our Southern States during our own great Civil War, when the South held out for four years, suggests this thought: Can France afford this loss; how far are you willing to go in order to win?"

"To the very last man," said Monsieur Bergson. "To the very last," he repeated. "Sacrifice does not matter. If we should lose France would disappear as a nation."

"In America where the feminist movement is strong, the question is asked: How long will the women of the countries at war permit the slaughter to go on?"

"The French women suffer and are brave and unyielding," exclaimed Monsieur Bergson with emotion. "They do not hesitate at the sacrifice. Among women and men alike there is a deep quiet feeling which is almost exaltation."

"Do you look for a happier state of humanity as the final outcome of the war?" I inquired.

"Yes; more kindness, more liberty, more brotherhood. But I can not say that it is reasonable to expect war to disappear from the earth altogether.

"But there is one thing more, and that a thing of serious importance. We think that Germany has dishonored herself in the way she declared war and in her manner of conducting it. We feel very deeply indeed on both these points. Especially on the latter, Germany's brutality in the conduct of the war, is our feeling intense. It is so deep and so strong that it expresses itself in the quietness of our conduct

and speech; we simply have no words to express our feeling. As I have said to you, we shall go on to the very end, regardless of sacrifice or cost, however great. This element of French thought and emotion should always be considered when estimating French spirit and opinion in this crisis."

XII

FRENCH THOUGHT BACK OF THE WAR—II

Manufacturer, Peace Advocate and Agitator

France's Master Manufacturer

TO ONLY a few men in France is accorded industrial supremacy. One of these everybody in France agrees is Eugene Schneider, owner and active manager of the world-famed Le Creusot works, and whose artillery has attracted the attention of all nations. There are those in France who say that Monsieur Schneider is the leading business man of the Republic. He is still a young man, only forty-six years old. Earnestness and sincerity are the qualities which first strike the observer when meeting this unusual man.

But it is not in his constructive business genius and its remarkable results that Monsieur Schneider takes most pride. On the contrary, it is the social betterment of his forty thousand employees which to him, and, indeed, to his whole family, are the chief source of gratification.

In familiar talk at a family luncheon the conversation turned, of course, to France's desperate crisis.

Madame Schneider's comments are typical of those of many French women of the highest classes.

"We are all one family," said Madame Schneider. "Since four generations the contact was always absolutely close. The elderly people say with pride and devotion: 'I worked under the orders of your grandfather and father,' and should anything happen to one of our children we feel the whole population would go through the same anxiety as ourselves. Everybody in the place is ready to help and protect them, if needed, as we are ready to help and protect any of theirs!"

"You see," said Monsieur Schneider, "it is the spirit back of any enterprise that makes it successful, and not merely the mechanics of business plan and detail."

"And," remarked Madame Schneider, "just that is the most remarkable thing in regenerated France. It began a few years before the war. The young generation talked of the serious, the elevated. We noticed it in our sons, and everybody else's children we found to be just the same. The solid, the noble, a mixture of energy and kindness are in vogue; the frivolous is no longer fashionable."

"Yes," said Monsieur Schneider, "this spirit of our people is the soul of the conflict, so far as France is concerned. It surprised everybody, even ourselves; most of all, it surprised the Germans. They thought us decadent; they found us and we found ourselves, recrudescent. Indeed, they did find us weak, in the sense that we were not prepared. But now we are strong; from the first day we grew stronger. At first we were weakest; now we are strongest."

"What, Monsieur Schneider, is the opinion of the French business world as to the real cause of this war?" I asked.

"The carrying into action of the German tendency to take what they want, or think they need, whether it belongs to them or not," answered the famous French gun manufacturer. "It is part of the German mental make-up to take, take, take. We have been threatened with this for more than forty years. There was always over us the shadow of aggression."

"Do you mean that French business opinion thought Germany intended to take anything from France, in a physical sense, such as territory or colonies?" I inquired.

"Yes, we are convinced that this was Germany's purpose," he replied. "The northern and eastern parts of our country are very, very rich. Our best ore and coal mines are there; our best agricultural district is there; our finest textile establishments, such as lace factories, are there; our greatest, or at least very important, steel and iron works are there. And this territory adjoins Germany or Belgium. The Germans said: 'We like that country—why not take it?' There is the adjacent district, with its ports of Calais, Le Havre, Dunkirk and Cherbourg. The Germans said: 'These ports are good for us to have, too. From them we look across the Channel to England. With them we could at least divide the Channel with England. They would be an immense advantage in our program of sea power; in any event, it is good for us to have them. Let us take them then.'"

"But," I remarked, "would not Germany see that

this might be another Alsace and Lorraine—a source of trouble and of possible revolution within her own dominion? If so, would the Germans want to take this French territory as a matter of cold deliberate plan? Would she not have another hostile population on her hands?"

"She would not reason so from her experience in Alsace and Lorraine," Monsieur Schneider responded. "Many of the inhabitants of those provinces left rather than to endure German rule. Others stayed for as long as twenty years, and then left. The places of all these were taken by Germans. So Germany could well reason that the Champaigne, Picardy and other districts would also become Germanized. I do not think that the difficulty of an unfriendly population would have deterred her."

"But may not Germany have learned a lesson from her own experience with Alsace and Lorraine, just as the British did from their treatment of us and our revolution, which their treatment caused?"

"Perhaps she might," answered Monsieur Schneider. "Perhaps she has learned that kindness, rather than force, is the wise treatment of a subject people. But all of that is immaterial in view of her actual purpose to take and our purpose to resist being taken. We do not intend that France shall become Germanized."

"But," I remarked, in surprise, "do French business men really think that the Germans intend to Germanize France?"

"Why, they were doing it already. Perhaps it would have been wiser for them if they had gone on with their program of peaceful Germanization."

"What do you mean by peaceful Germanization?"

"Why," said Monsieur Schneider, "all over France German business men were coming in and taking our commerce. German laborers were displacing French working men. And with all this went Germany's desire to be the first Power of Europe, and later on, of the world."

"But what we Americans can not see is how Germany's asserting that she was the first Power would hurt France, or any other nation, practically. Would not French business men go on doing their business, French working men continue at their labor and France exist?"

"Well," answered Monsieur Schneider, "that might be if they only intended to assert that they were the first Power. But then they would at once use their power to take our place (and, perhaps, later on, your own place) in the commerce of the world. Then, of course, we might still exist, but under German power, and only to do as we should be told to do by Germany and the Germans, and never to do what we might want to do ourselves."

"Do you mean that, even without war? Just by the fact that Germany claimed to be and was acknowledged to be the first Power of Europe?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Monsieur Schneider, "more concrete and immediate. If Germany wins, a great part of France is gone. That is plain from what already has happened. Germany to-day occupies some of the richest territory of France—the mining district, where also is located our best textile and metal industries—is still in German hands now. It is clear to us that

if Germany wins France is reduced to nothing. That would mean the reduction of millions of French men and women to a worse position than that of the Alsatians before the war; the loss of some of the most venerated places and monuments in France, the battlefields of Valny and Montmirail, the cathedral of Rheims, the cottage of Joan of Arc, etc. So it is war for existence on our part."

"In America the feminist movement is very strong, and the question is on the lips of our people: 'How long will the women of France let this war go on?'"

"I can answer that," said Madame Schneider. "Our sons are young, hardly more than boys. When the war began they enrolled at once, and, dear as they are to us, I immediately consented. France is our common mother, and no mother in France would keep her sons away from that absolute duty; to protect and save France. You should read, as I have, the letters of French mothers to their sons, and the letters of these sons to their mothers."

"May it be, then," I asked, "that this is a people's war?"

"It seems to be," answered Monsieur Schneider.

"If that is so, it may last for a long time."

"It may, indeed," replied Monsieur Schneider, "though I do not know. But long or short, we shall fight to the end."

"Yes," said Madame Schneider, "we want to finish while we are about it. We do not want our children to go through what we are going through now."

I said, "The Schneider guns are playing an important part in the war and are considered by French

military men as superior to the Krupp guns. The world is interested in your establishment. How did it make headway?"

"Our works made most of the French guns from the time of Louis XVI, 1782, to the end of Napoleon's reign, 1815," Monsieur Schneider explained. "Then after the final peace a law passed that no private enterprise should make guns for foreign countries. This law was enforced until after the Franco-Prussian War (one of the many reasons for France's failure in that 1870 war was the inferiority of our artillery). After the Franco-Prussian War this law was repealed. During this long period gun manufacture was a government monopoly; we then manufactured machinery, engines, metallic bridges, all kinds of iron and steel work, ships, and also a large amount of parts of guns, which were designed and mounted in government's concerns. I then said to my father: 'Artillery is the future weapon of war. So let us make guns again, not only, or even chiefly, as a good business plan, but also and principally for our country's defense.' Meanwhile, of course, the Krupps had built their great establishment, which was encouraged by the German government, whereas we were not encouraged by our own government."

"How were you not encouraged by your government, and how were you then able to make guns at all? For whom did you make guns?" I inquired.

"We always made parts of guns for the French navy and army—but we were only allowed to make parts of guns," answered Monsieur Schneider. "These parts were mounted by and in government concerns."

Shells in the making. The artillery and shell department of the celebrated Le Creusot works in full blast. The Schneiders, proprietors of these and other similar plants, have made most French artillery from the time of Louis XVI.

"How then, did you get any foothold at all?" I asked.

"Only by making better guns, and asking other governments to test our guns with any others," responded Monsieur Schneider. "It was a hard pull. I would go to a country and say: 'We have better guns.' That country's government would say: 'Why, then, does not your own government let you make its guns entirely; the Germans do that? The Kaiser says the Krupp guns are best. Your government does not say yours are best.' And all I could answer was: 'Try them. Test them. Compare them.' So, little by little, we made headway. If our artillery should prove better, it is only because I never have been satisfied that anything we did was the best that we could do; but kept on trying to do better. Now the Schneider guns have been adopted by most governments in the world, as well as by the French government; and, of course, you know, for example, in the Balkan war, the Servians, Greeks and Bulgarians proved they were the best."

"What do you expect, Monsieur Schneider, will be the result of the war?"

"Our victory," answered Monsieur Schneider. "That is settled now."

"But," I suggested, "what will you do with your victory if you get it?"

"We shall make it impossible for France to be disturbed again—at least for one or two generations," responded Monsieur Schneider.

"And how will you do that if, as you seem to think possible, this is a war of peoples? There must now be shaping in the public mind some outline, however

vague, of what you will do if you win. Especially should this be true of business men whose habit of mind is to think in concrete terms," I suggested.

"That is in the future. Events shape policies, not policies events," Monsieur Schneider answered.

"If you mean to destroy the military power of Germany, would you do it by dismembering the Imperial government," I asked.

"I do not know, I can not say," answered Monsieur Schneider. "That would be difficult. It is hard to tell people what they must do, and then make them do it."

"Do French business men contemplate disarmament of all nations?" I asked; "would this mean a limitation of navies as well as armies? If so, on what principle? For example, must England have only the same size navy as France? Would England agree to that?" I inquired.

"That is a hard problem. It is for the future," said Monsieur Schneider.

"Suppose disarmament did come, how would that affect your industry?"

"Scarcely at all," said Monsieur Schneider. "We should at once turn all our energies to the manufacture of engines, locomotives and other things made of metal. Indeed, that is our chief business, anyhow."

"But," said I, "what would become of the Krupps?"

"Just the same," answered Monsieur Schneider. "They, too, manufacture as many things for peace as for war."

"As a result of this war, do you anticipate that both you and the Krupps will cease making guns, armor plate, battleships, submarines?" I asked.

(For the Schneider works, like the Krupp works, manufacture armor plate, build ships, construct submarines; and the Schneiders have factories at Le Havre, Bordeaux and other places, just as the Krupps have factories at Kiel, Stettin, etc.)

"I do not," positively answered Monsieur Schneider. "That would mean universal peace. But universal peace would mean that every nation, people and country would agree never to fight again, and that some power could force them to keep that compact. Such a prospect is not in the immediate future, to say the least," said Monsieur Schneider. "I say this disinterestedly, for we make more work for purposes of peace than we do guns and armor plate and ships for purposes of war. It is a matter of self-respecting safety. After all, a nation is like a man. What do I do myself? I fence and ride every day. I do this in order to keep my body and mind in perfect condition to do my work principally, but also there always is the thought of being my own man and being prepared to assert that fact. I mean to harm nobody; but if a highwayman holds me up on the street I hope I should be able to give a good account of myself. The man who is weak, flaccid and powerless is anybody's prey. True, nobody may harm him, but anybody could harm him. It is just so with nations."

An Eminent French Peace Advocate

A prominent Frenchman, one of those who have been the most eloquent advocates of peace between the nations during the last few years, expressed him-

self in the following way during a luncheon. At the request of this well-known French public man, his name is withheld; but the conversation was revised with great care by his secretary under his direction and is given exactly as he wished it to appear.

"What, in French thought, was the real cause of the war?" I remarked.

"We must always start from this foundation: 'What is right?' A man must be right. A nation must be right. When men neglect what is right there always is trouble. When nationalities are crushed, there is no harmony in the world—so one of the causes of this frightful struggle is that right was not regarded."

"In what respect do you mean?" I asked. "We Americans are so far away and so detached, physically, from the rest of the world that it is hard for us to understand the complications of European politics. So we should like to know French opinion as to the real cause of the war. What began it?"

"It is very easy to answer that," replied the eminent Frenchman. "The war's real beginning was at The Hague Peace Conference, when liberal powers proposed obligatory arbitration as a preventive of war, and when Germany refused to agree. Your Mr. Choate supported this idea, but Baron Marshall von Biberstein refused to follow him and worked in such a way that general arbitration was rejected, although twenty-two nations supported it, among them the United States, England, France, Russia."

"Now, what about the limitation of armaments?" I inquired. "What rule was to be followed? For

example, were all nations to have the same sized navies? Or was there to be a maximum navy which all might build, but none could exceed? Or were nations to be divided into classes according to their strength, wealth and so forth, certain nations being counted first-class Powers, others second-class Powers and so forth, the nations of each class to have the same sized navies? And was the same rule, or rules, to apply to the size and equipment of armies? In other words, just how was the limitation of armaments to be worked out; and, even more important, how was the arbitration to prevent war to be accomplished in a practical way?"

The distinguished French publicist responded:

"Limitation of armaments is a very important but difficult problem and in all cases it ought to be resolved only after arbitration—the problem you refer to should have been resolved if the principle is admitted with a real good will."

"But the war having actually broken out, why did France go into it?"

"Only because France was invaded," was the answer.

"But before actual hostilities, and assuming the war to have been between Germany and Russia, would France have joined in the war because of her alliance with Russia?"

"The Russian alliance was not the only cause of France's action," replied the distinguished Frenchman. "France kept all her army ten kilometers behind her frontier—notwithstanding she was attacked. France fought, and is fighting now, *because she was invaded.*"

"But when Germany asked France what she would

do in case of a Russo-German war, which then was impending, and France declined to answer, was France's attitude influenced by her alliance with Russia?" I inquired.

"Allies must be faithful to each other," he responded. "But the great cause of war, as I have said, is because France was threatened and invaded. Her frontier was violated in twenty-five different points by German troops *before* the declaration of war."

"In a conflict so tremendous as this, greater than any in history, there must have been some powerful forces, deep beneath the surface of diplomatic exchanges, which brought it on. The American people earnestly wish to know what those forces were. Putting aside diplomatic correspondence, what was the real, the fundamental cause of the war? It seems to be a war of peoples, rather than an armed dispute of governments," I observed.

"That is true. It is a war of peoples," remarked another brilliant member of the luncheon party, "and therefore," said he, "it is of course a conflict of ideals. Modern Germany stands for militarism in life as well as in arms. The German idea is that everybody should conform to the same rule in conduct, living, and even in thought. No man is allowed to develop in his own way; no man acts independently. Everybody looks to some higher authority to regulate his conduct. The French idea is the exact reverse. In France, every man is his own master. He grows up in his own way, thinks his own thoughts, lives his own life. He cultivates his individuality. The German idea is that of efficiency, which they think can be secured only by an

arbitrary absolutism. With them, efficiency is first and liberty second; with us French, liberty is first and efficiency second."

"That," said the French statesman, "is a correct statement of the opposing ideals of France and Germany. And the Germans want to impose their ideal, their 'Kultur,' as they call it, on France and the whole world."

"But how," I inquired, "could the Germans force what you have said to be their ideal upon the French people? In a conflict of ideals, the one which wins must do so only by merit, must it not? So why should these hostile ideals, these opposing systems of thought, be a cause of war?"

"The Germans," was the reply, "were not content to let merit decide the controversy. They wished to extend their rule by force."

"What good would that do Germany in a practical way? How could war with France force the German intellectual system on to the French people?" I asked.

"By taking some of our territory, as they took Alsace and Lorraine. We have a proof of it in Champaigne; they told to the mayors that they would not like to burden the country because they were to stay definitively," said the noted French publicist.

"Would Germany do that, merely to extend what you have said is her ideal of life? In what way would Germany be benefited by such a war, even if she were successful?" I inquired.

"In three ways," he explained. "The territory which she now wishes is the Champaigne district of France.

This is very rich, agriculturally and also in mines. Indeed, it is one of the richest if not the richest part of France. Also another part of the territory which Germany now wants, is that which includes the ports of Le Harve, Calais and Dunkirk. This new territory Germany wants and is trying to take would add greatly to her wealth and give her ports which would control the Channel and menace England. This is one way in which Germany would get material benefit from a successful war with France.

"In the next place, the inhabitants of this territory would be forced to furnish more soldiers for the German army; and Germany wants soldiers as much as she wants wealth and power. To the German mind, soldiers mean wealth and power. That is what Germany has her army for.

"In the third place, if Germany could overcome France, she would take France's colonies and possessions. These are very valuable. They would give to Germany immense riches and a greatly extended commerce.

"These are three methods, plain to every one, by which Germany would reap an immense material benefit if she were victorious in a war with France."

"Do you think, and is it the French opinion, that Germany has had all this in mind? Is it the French view that Germany has intended to take all this French territory and acquire French colonies and possessions, as a settled policy, steadily held by Germany for any length of time?" I inquired.

"Yes," came the positive answer. "We all think so.

We believe that has been Germany's intention for many years."

"You mentioned Alsace and Lorraine. Will France take back Alsace and Lorraine from Germany if France wins?"

"If France wins! Why, she will win; she has already won; Germany already is beaten!* Of course we shall take back Alsace and Lorraine! That is not even to be discussed! It is a good example of my first remark about being in the right. Right was violated when Germany took Alsace and Lorraine from France, and right will be vindicated when France takes back what is hers by right."

"And then what?"

"Then, of course, we shall destroy the military power of Germany. We shall make it impossible for Germany ever again to disturb the peace of Europe."

"And how will you do that?"

"By putting Germany back where she was before German militarism was built up."

"Do you mean that if the Allies are victorious they would place Germany where she was before 1870?"

"Not exactly that. But we mean that German militarism has grown up about their Imperial government. It is Germany's Imperial government that has fostered and cultivated German militarism. And as this militarism increased, Germany's Imperial government has shown more and more aggressiveness. Therefore, its destruction is necessary to secure and preserve the permanent peace of Europe."

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* The date of this conversation was February 25, 1915.

"What more do you think the Allies would require if successful?"

"A war indemnity, of course. Also, the re-establishment of the integrity of Belgium. But above all, a system of arbitration and limitation of armaments which reduces the causes of war."

A French Agitator

The reconciliation, wrought by the war, of the most hostile French elements was illustrated by a luncheon at the house of one of the very wealthiest of the French *bourgeoisie*. Men who had no interests nor thought in common and who even are personally and intellectually hostile, sat about a common board, drawn thither by their agreement in the present crisis of French history. One of these was Monsieur Hervé, editor of a French Socialist newspaper, *The Social War*. Hervé's career has been full of high color and dramatic incident. Some called him anarchist. Still more declared him unpatriotic. He served a long term in prison as a result of his agitations. Nevertheless, it appears to be reasonably probable that Monsieur Hervé does voice the feelings of a certain element of Parisians.

The following conversation took place in the office of Monsieur Hervé's paper, *La Guerre Sociale,* one of the organs of the French Socialist party.

"How do French Socialists look on this war, Monsieur Hervé?" I asked.

"The German Socialists could have prevented it," said Monsieur Hervé. "The French Socialists went to

the German Socialists and said: 'Let us jump at the throats of our respective governments if they take the least step toward war.' This was at the Socialist congress at Stuttgart, eight years ago. I myself bore the message."

"Well, what did the German Socialists do and say to that proposal?"

"'Oh,' said they, 'we can't do that; we must not do that! We can't pledge in advance to oppose our government if our country goes to war!' They acted as if they looked up to the Kaiser as a kind of god! They mustn't do anything that might disturb the dear Kaiser! That was their attitude! They didn't say it; but they acted it. So!" And Monsieur Hervé put his hands together as if in prayer, rolled his eyes upward and assumed the attitude of one in frightened appeal.

The Socialist editor continued: "When the German Socialists didn't have the nerve to agree with us to attack the French or German governments, if either made a move toward war, we French Socialists made another proposal: 'Let us get rid of all the possible causes of trouble.' For, you see, we here in Europe have understood for a very long time that the Balkan states were bound to make trouble for somebody sooner or later. All through the nineteenth century there has been a series of wars, revolutions, coup d'états and what not, all due to the same cause, and all pointing in the same direction. They have been the fires that have welded the peoples of one blood and common ideals into states, independent and autonomous. Thus the war for the unification of Italy, the coup d'état which separated Sweden and Norway, and the war of 1870-71

itself, which brought about the unity of Germany, and so on. But the Balkan states were the slowest of all the European states to emerge from this fire. They have required a great deal of gestating to get shaken down to where they belong, and it is not yet finished; no, not by a good deal. But while they were at this nationalizing process, that strange patchwork of everything and nothing that calls itself the Austrian Empire, with the Ottoman Empire the only remaining state in the world whose foundations are purely political, and neither racial nor intellectual—this politician's paradise was deftly absorbing bits of territory which rightfully should have belonged to one Balkan state or another, and holding them by force. Well, you can't do that, you know. It only makes trouble in the long run. It violates the principle of nationalism, and every time that principle is violated somebody has to pay for it sooner or later. When Germany violated the principle of nationalism by taking Schleswig and Holstein and Alsace and Lorraine, she was in for trouble some day, as she might have known. She was due for a bad case of national indigestion, just as Austria was due for a bad case of national indigestion when she swallowed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and just as Russia is in for another unless she lets go of Poland. We pointed these things out to the German Socialists. We told them that there was trouble ahead for Germany if she insisted on keeping Alsace and Lorraine against the will of the inhabitants. Not, you understand, that anybody was plotting to *make* Germany trouble over Alsace and Lorraine; but just that a great wrong, a violation of a fundamental

principle of human life, carries its punishment with it. And so, too, we told the German Socialists that if Germany stuck to her Austrian alliance the upheaval which was bound to overtake Austria some day would drag them in, just as our Russian alliance was apt to drag us into the same trouble, from the other side. So, we said, there are two things which *must* be done if the French people and the German people are going to get along together on any enduring basis; first, the German people must purge themselves of the wrong they have done in respect of Alsace and Lorraine—not for our sake, but for theirs; and second, we must both of us get rid of our unnatural and purely political alliances, which are dangerous because they are founded on no lasting principle of human right.

"For these reasons we said to them, 'You make the German government give back Alsace and Lorraine to France, and we shall make the French government give you colonies in exchange. Then we shall make the French government break the Russian alliance, and you make the German government break the Austrian alliance.'

"Now that was a fair proposition," went on the Socialist editor. "Yet what do you think those German Socialists said? They said it was romantic; that it could not be done; that it might require a revolution.

" 'Well,' we said, 'then go ahead and have your revolution! There is nothing so terrible in a revolution—it is better than a long war, anyhow. We have done just that many times in France. If the government will not do it, make the government do it.'

"And the German Socialists answered: 'Oh! go take a walk! Go to bed!'

"And," continued Monsieur Hervé, "why did they answer our fair proposition by telling us to 'take a walk' or 'go to bed'? What reason did they give? This: 'It wasn't practical.' 'It couldn't be carried out!' "

"But what about the war itself?" I suggested. "What do French Socialists think caused it, and what do they think should be done?"

"Just understand this first," answered Monsieur Hervé: "although the French are a revolutionary people, as their history proves, and although they—and especially the common people—have got their reforms by force, by shooting and killing, yet these very common people, who now are the French Socialists, are against all war, and all force.

"We have shot men—yes, we admit it. But for many years we are the people who have been in favor of doing away with all of that sort of thing; we who have won our rights by shedding blood, are now the force that is against any more bloodshed."

"And the war—the present war?" I intimated.

"Yes, that's just it. We are making this war against Germany to stop all war," declared Monsieur Hervé. "Germany's fool feudal military caste brought this war on. The German Socialists could have stopped it if they had wanted to. They wouldn't; they didn't. So the French Socialists are going to stop it. And with it, they will go a long way toward stopping war for good —all war."

"How?" I asked.

"By destroying Germany's military caste, Germany's

foolish, feudal, military caste, which still is thinking in terms of the middle ages!" exclaimed Monsieur Hervé. "It was Germany's military caste, fuddling around with their medieval brains that brought on this hideous war.

"Here, let me show you how true this is," he continued. "There was the Morocco affair. Poof! There was going to be war. But was there? There was not! Business interests were involved and the commercial men had their say. So business men settled it in a business way. The military, saber-clanking caste had nothing to do with it. That enraged them. 'Oh!' said they, 'what are we for if not to settle everything our way, which is by force?'

"So when the Servian trouble came up, they strode forward with their clanking sabers, their silly medieval brains and they pounded on the table with their swords. 'Ho!' said they; '*we* settle this, our way. If not—war!' Well, they got war. I think that they were surprised that they did get it, yes and more than they want, too! They thought everybody would give in to them.

"They thought pounding on the table would scare everybody!" went on the French Socialist editor. "Well, it did not! Instead of giving in to them they brought on a war which is going to be the end of them. That's what comes of the politics of pounding on the table!

"This war was caused by the idiotic German military caste, with its middle-ages scrap of an intellect, pounding on the table with a sword, in modern times!" repeated Monsieur Hervé with infinite energy.

"What do French Socialists think of the end of the war?" I inquired.

"Oh, the end and the cause are the same," explained Monsieur Hervé. "Just as Germany's military caste, with its sword-rattling idea brought on this war, so our purpose in carrying on the war is to end that medieval, military caste, and the whole sword-rattling idea. So, you see, we are fighting for universal peace, and for modern ideas, against militarism and medieval ideas."

"But do you confine all this to Germany? Russia is fighting Germany, too; yet Russia is supposed to be autocratic and reactionary. Still, autocratic Russia and liberal France are both fighting Germany. We Americans do not understand that, especially in view of what you have said about a military caste. Has Russia no military caste?" I suggested.

"Russia!" blazed forth the Parisian Socialist. "You mean our alliance with Russia? Well, we didn't like it, and we don't like it now. As I told you, we proposed to the German Socialists that we would make our government break France's alliance with Russia, if the German Socialists would make their government break Germany's alliance with Austria. So far as that is concerned, don't forget that we, the French, have got the Germans to thank for that Russian alliance, anyhow; it was the fear of Germany, with her table-pounding politics, that forced us to make the Russian alliance."

"But I was merely suggesting, Monsieur Hervé, in your comment about Germany's military caste, and the war being against that, that Russia is supposed to be more autocratic than Germany," I observed.

"Well, Russia is not!" answered Monsieur Hervé. "Russia is far better prepared for Socialism than Germany. There is a more liberal spirit in Russia than in Germany. Wait until her *muzhiks* are educated, and you will see! And the end of this war will be a warning to any military party that does exist in Russia! The end of this war will open the Russians' eyes, I assure you!"

"What will be this end of the war you speak of, Monsieur Hervé?" I asked.

"The readjustment of Europe, on this principle," the French Socialist editor expounded: "All people who belong together by blood, ideals and desire, shall be put together; nations shall be formed on these natural and just lines, instead of on the arbitrary, unnatural and sword-forced lines that now exist. Then, this being done, let all these nations stay at home and attend to their own business—no expansion, no wars, no foolish ambitions to cause them. Then the United States of Europe, and an international police enforcing compulsory arbitration."

"How would you get that international police?" I asked.

"Why," answered Monsieur Hervé, "we have it now! That is what the Allies in this war are—France, Russia, England, Servia. And—oh! yes, Belgium!"

"And Japan?" I added.

"Oh, Japan!" exploded Monsieur Hervé, rising to his feet. "Long live China!"

"Your plan for readjusting Europe is quite interesting," I remarked. "Would you explain it in detail? The American public will be highly entertained."

"Why, certainly," promptly answered Monsieur Hervé. "It is quite plain and simple, reasonable and just—and not difficult. For example, merely to illustrate the general principle which I have already stated, which is that people of common blood and common ideas have a right to live together and work out their own destinies unmolested by any medieval conjurer. Suppose Europe were arranged this way:

"First, Alsace and Lorraine made part of France, because they are part of France.

"Second, Schleswig returned to Denmark for the same reason.

"Third, the Kingdom of Poland re-established.

"Fourth, let us divide Austria up—she is no nation. Her people are not of common blood; have not identical ideals. That part of Austria which is German will go to Germany—you see we are fair; that part which really is Roumanian will go to Roumania, and so on. And, of course, Hungary will be established as a separate kingdom by itself. You see the principle—put the people together who belong together and then let each of them stay at home. This principle will work itself out in spite of everything—it is bound to work itself out in the end, because it is the natural principle."

"And Turkey?" I suggested.

"Yes," answered Monsieur Hervé. "I was coming to Turkey. We shall cut it up into three parts, as it ought to be?"

"What three parts and to whom does each part go?"

"Why, that's plain!" answered Monsieur Hervé. "Constantinople and the territory adjacent to Russia

will go to Russia; Syria will go to France—it adjoins our colony there."

"And what part of Turkey does England get?" I asked of this master map maker.

"Bagdad—the railway and all that portion of Turkish territory."

"In this remaking of the modern world, by the principle of the blood unity of peoples, where would Algiers, Morocco and the other French colonies or possessions come in?" I suggested.

"Ha!" exploded this voice of French unrest, "they were all wrong on principle! Two years of my term in prison was because of my opposition to the policy in Morocco. But of course you must understand that when I refer to the great principle that people of common blood and common ideals have a right to live together unmolested, and to work out their own destinies, I do not apply that principle to peoples whose history has not shown that they have any destinies to work out, or any conscious intention of working out any destiny they may be said to have. This is the case with countries like Morocco, Madagascar, Syria and so on. They are not going forward at all; they have been going backward for centuries. They can not be permitted to keep down the average of the sum of human progress for merely sentimental reasons. They must be taken in hand and led to the road of progress by the countries which are really traveling that road. We French Socialists are not quibbling over words; we are sincerely trying to make the world a better world for everybody. We have done that with respect to Algiers, for example. We showed them the way of

progress and then, finally, when they began to get accustomed to the road, we have made the inhabitants citizens of France. That is what we must do with the people of every country which France governs. There is no other way. And I tell you that this will come in a generation."

"Have you any other plan in your program of international rehabilitation?"

"Yes; and a very dear one. The Jewish nation must be re-established in Palestine."

"And is that all?" I ventured.

"All for the present. But, with the principle in operation, more will come along the same lines. We must cure all the bleeding wounds made by the wars of past centuries. We must do it now and for all time. If we do not, we shall have to fight the same battle over again, for this same end, twenty-five years hence."

XIII

WAR CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND: A CONTRAST

TOWARD the close of the first phase of the combat of nations (March, 1915), the quick crossing of the Channel brought the student of peoples at war face to face with contrasts; conditions in England appeared to be the reverse of those in France and Germany.

A picturesque circumstance at once compelled sharp comparison. London swarmed with soldiers. For every soldier seen on the streets of Paris or Berlin, one might count at least an hundred in the British capital. Omnibuses and taxicabs were often halted to let marching companies go by. Khaki-clad privates with their natty caps thronged the streets. No restaurant was without several military customers. They were seen strolling in all public parks where the people of London take the air. The music-halls were never without a bevy of officers.

Too much can not be said in praise of the physical appearance of the majority of these British soldiers. Perhaps one-half of the thousands of these volunteers, personally studied, were superb examples of vigorous and robust manhood. The Scotch especially were magnificent specimens. Superior to all in their

physical fitness, vitality and bearing, were the soldiers and officers from Canada, although comparatively few of these were seen; most of them, it was said, were not at Aldershot or in London.

At a rough estimate, one would say that at least two-thirds, perhaps three-fourths, of all the soldiers and officers observed in England during March of 1915 were excellent military material—this includes the one-half of the whole who are exceptionally fine-looking men. The remainder were inferior in stature and all other evidences of physical strength. But, speaking by and large, neither France nor Germany has stronger looking men at the front than most of the British volunteers.

It was frankly admitted by well informed Englishmen deeply interested in the war that the officers were not well trained. "You couldn't expect anything else, could you?" said one of these. "They have not had six months' training. But," he added, with cheerful optimism, "you will find that they will turn out all right."

The heavy weight of British public opinion heartily supported the war. Thoughtful Englishmen of the highest consideration, like Viscount Bryce, declared that "The British people are united more than they ever were united before"* in support of the war.

Yet it was evident that there were not the compactness and unity of sentiment or the utter devotion and unlimited resolve that marked popular feeling in Germany and France. Such careful but outspoken conservatives as Lord Newton frankly asserted that "there

* See Chapter XIV, p. 371.

Ready for the front. British recruits, their training completed. Most of the British soldiers "personally studied were superb examples of vigorous and robust manhood."

are a large number who do not know what the war really means and there are some who actually say that they do not see what difference it would make to them even if the German Emperor ruled this country"; but Lord Newton said that "undoubtedly by far the greatest majority support the war."*

Of many persons interviewed, belonging to the under strata of the "middle class" and ranging down to the "lower class," as the British term describes them, few had any clear idea of the reason for Great Britain's going to war.

"Why, sir, we went to war on Belgium's account," said one of these. "Belgium!" exclaimed another of the group, "we are fighting for ourselves. We can't afford to let Germany get to the Channel." Of the class here referred to, a barber happened to be the only carefully informed one; he had read the diplomatic documents with a care worthy of an employee of the foreign office and had arrived at the conclusion that: "England went into this war to keep Germany from being the first Power of Europe—England couldn't permit that, sir, could she?"

But the others were either vague or absurd in their ideas of the cause of this greatest armed strife in human history or frankly confessed their total ignorance of the whole matter.

"That German Kaiser was going to come over here and rule England," said a cab driver. "You don't mean," exclaimed the questioner, "that the German Emperor meant to depose King George and ascend the

* See Chapter XIV, p. 374.

British throne himself, do you?" "That's exactly what I mean," was the response.

The keeper of a little shop in the poorer quarter of London surmised that: "Money is at the bottom of it, sir." A small business man said that he had not been able to make up his mind why England went to war, but he was sure that she ought not to have done it and very emphatic in his "wish that the politicians would get through with it."

The curious fact was generally admitted that the middle classes appeared to be unaroused and the so-called lower classes divided between those who are sullenly indifferent and those who are patriotically interested.*

But the aristocracy were eager, united and resolved. Never in history has this hereditary class shown its valor and patriotic devotion in a more heroic way than in the present crisis. Their courage amounts to recklessness. When one listens to undoubtedly true stories of these men's conduct in battle, one almost concludes that they regard it as a point of honor to get killed "like gentlemen." They are, of course, mostly officers; and it is said that the British private soldier does not take kindly to officers from his own class, but follows willingly only those from the ranks above him, and not even these unless they lead him with a death-inviting physical daring.

Well informed men in England frankly declared that the officers of the British army are selected on principles almost as aristocratic as those of the German army; and it can not be and is not denied that with

*These inquiries were made in March, 1915.

respect to officers, Great Britain's military organization is less democratic than that of France.

Such was one of the dissimilarities between war conditions in England and those in the two countries locked in deadly strife almost within sight of the British coast.

Perhaps the facts set forth in this article are the fruits of democracy, although this thought is modified by the reflection that France also is a democracy and the French even more democratic than the English. Or perhaps the conditions here reported flow from British unpreparedness in land forces due to her over-preparedness in sea forces; for Great Britain's mighty navy, greater than that of any other two nations combined, and the water defended location of the United Kingdom have justly given the British people a sense of security enjoyed by those of no other European country.

But whatever the cause, contrasts and surprises everywhere confronted one who stepped across the Channel from France and Germany on to English soil, toward the close of the first period of the war, March of 1915. Antitheses were on every side; and fixed and settled ideas were driven from the mind by the lash of hard and remorseless facts.

Perhaps the labor and industrial situation was the most meaningful circumstance that challenged attention.

The first phase of Armageddon was drawing to its close. Great Britain was in the eighth month of the war. Although she had held but a small fraction of the almost four hundred miles of battle line in France,

thousands of British soldiers had fallen and hundreds of her finest officers had laid down their lives. The larger part of her expeditionary force comprising most of her disciplined troops and trained leaders had been killed, captured or disabled.

In answer to fervent exhortations and appealing advertisements hitherto unknown in warfare, two million five hundred thousand British volunteers, it was said, had enlisted and were in training—an immense number, and yet only about half of the men with whom France now holds her battle lines or has, highly trained, waiting in reserve depots to join their comrades at the fighting front; just the same number of Germans, it was asserted by some in Germany, who, not called to the colors, yet volunteered when hostilities opened and perhaps one-third of the number that Germany has under arms or ready to take the field.

Yet, popular discontent had raised its many headed visage in multitudes of places throughout the United Kingdom. The workers on the Clyde had struck. The dock laborers at Liverpool had either stopped work or threatened to do so. Here, there and yonder, the protest of the toiler against conditions had flamed up like a fire creeping beneath forest leaves and refusing to be extinguished. Bitter animosity had arisen.

The powerful and ably edited London *Post,* of March 10, 1915, avowed that:

"The behavior of some of our workmen just now would justify martial law. . . . Many of them only work half the week and idle away the rest of the time."

An article in the London *Times,* of March 16, 1915, from its special correspondent from Sunderland entitled *Shipyard Shirkers,* thus stated the situation:

"The pride of Sunderland [Clyde] is its claim to be the biggest shipbuilding town in the world; the shame of Sunderland is its large body of shirkers, and that shame is paraded openly and almost ostentatiously in the main street of the town. At 10 o'clock in the morning there are hundreds of men, hands in pockets, slouching idly along in little groups, standing talking at street corners, most of them smoking—many of them able-bodied men of military age."

This article declared that:

"It is a common thing for men to be away three days each week. . . . Most employers and several workingmen attribute the absenteeism to drink. . . . But absenteeism is not wholly, or indeed, largely due to intemperance. The shirkers who parade the streets are a remarkably sober-looking body of men."

The *Daily Mail,* of March 8, 1915, asked:

"How *could* the employers and their workmen on the Clyde and elsewhere allow an industrial dispute to develop to the serious and immediate peril of their nation in the midst of the most stupendous war the world has ever seen?"

And it answered its own question by quoting Lord Selborne that

" 'Those concerned did not in the least appreciate the extreme gravity of the crisis.' "

In an article by "Our Special Correspondent," entitled, *Do We Realize the War?* the London *Times,* of March 7, 1915, published this:

"There seems to be a feeling, shared I don't know exactly by whom, that as a nation we are not awake to the importance of the life-and-death struggle in which we are engaged. . . . What can the French think of us—the French who are seeing part of their beloved country under the iron heel of the Hun, who are straining every nerve to free their land and crush the invader? It is known that the pack of hounds we imported into France in order that our British soldiers might hunt in their spare time has been put down at the request of the French government."

The *Daily Mail,* of March 16, 1915, editorially asserted that

"The workers in the armament factories of this country have not, as a whole, realized what this war requires of them."

The labor papers, on the contrary, tigerishly resented these attacks upon the workers. These journals saw in the assaults upon the British laboring man an effort to break down the whole Trades Unions system and an exploitation of labor by the capitalist classes. "This," declared *Justice,* of March 11, 1915, an organ of the Social Democracy, in a signed article, was

"The reason why Cabinet Ministers, shareholders, and capitalistic pressmen have commenced this campaign of calumny against a body of men who, but a short time before, they were united in praising. First it was the docker who was lazy, now it is the engineer—whose turn will it be next? Not the shareholder, who calmly pockets his enhanced dividends, and then proceeds to abuse the men who made the dividends."

Another signed article in this labor paper concerning the strike of the engineers on the Clyde said:

"We find the engineering shops seething with discontent, and it is difficult to say what may yet be the outcome."

These, out of scores of similar quotations on both sides of the labor controversy, give some idea of the sharpness of the economic strife in Great Britain.

So very grave did it finally become and so acutely was the government embarrassed in conducting the war because of shortage of material and equipment, that toward the middle of March the most drastic and autocratic law ever passed by any legislative body in British history was enacted. Broadly speaking, this law gave the government absolute power to take over and conduct the whole or any part of the industry of Great Britain.

The factories were not turning out proper quantities of munitions. Ship-building firms were working on private contracts. There had been no general vol-

untary adjustment of manufacturing to changed conditions as in Germany and France.

But, while employers were blamed for selfishness and profit hunger, the weightiest blows of censure fell upon the heads of British laborers. Thus the government armed itself with Czar-like powers of compulsion over the entire industry of the United Kingdom.

The government considered this revolutionary statute so necessary that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, assured the House of Commons, on March 9, 1915, that "the success of the war depends upon it."

Lord Kitchener, from his place is the House of Lords, on March 15, told Parliament and the nation that the military preparations had "been seriously hampered by the failure to obtain sufficient labor and by delays in the production of the necessary plants"; and complaining of labor indifference and Trades Unions restrictions he grimly declared that the Commandeering Bill, as this extreme socialistic measure was popularly called, was "imperatively necessary."

The newspapers were swift to see and frank to state the profound change which this law wrought in British conditions; and justified it only upon the ground of deadly emergency. The *Daily Mail,* of March 10, 1915, said that the law established

"A sort of industrial dictatorship," but welcomed it "because it depends very largely on the capacities of British industrialism whether this war is to end in a speedy and decisive victory."

The *Daily Express,* of March 10, 1915, asserted

"The new bill is, of course, State Socialism. That must be accepted."

And the *Times, of* March 11, 1915, announced that:

"When the Government come to Parliament and declare that this step is necessary for the successful prosecution of the war there can be no question of refusing the powers for which they ask."

Because the debate disclosed remissness on the part of the manufacturers and the law gave autocratic control of them, the *Morning Post,* of March 10, 1915, after a long comparison of the conduct of working men and manufacturers, demanded that:

"If there are to be powers to deal with 'refractory manufacturers,' let us have powers also to deal with refractory workmen."

The *Star,* of March 10, 1915, stated that the "tremendous powers" of the Commandeering Bill "make the Government absolute dictators in the industrial field."

The *Daily Express,* of March 13, 1915, in discussing another subject, announced that: "Parliamentary government has temporarily come to an end in Great Britain."

The same paper, on the same date, in an unusually brilliant editorial leader, affirmed that:

"It is one of history's little ironies that a Radical government, pledged to a complete trust in the people, should have been compelled by the force of circumstances to take away from the people practically all the liberties won by turbulent barons, village Hampdens, and proletarian agitators. Under the Defense of the Realm Act, the Executive's power is absolute. . . . The power of the British Cabinet at this moment is far less qualified than the power of the Czar has ever been in Russia. . . . At a moment of unprecedented danger the nation has shown a complete trust in the government by dowering it with despotic authority. The nation has trusted the government, but the government shows quite clearly that it does not trust the nation."

At a large labor meeting personally attended, following the first debate in Parliament upon the Commandeering Bill, bitter denunciations of the government were heard. The manufacturers, the ship owners, the dealers in life's necessities, were, declared the speakers, using the war to squeeze blood money from the people by an unconscionable raising of prices. One orator asserted that certain high members of the government were personally sharing these wicked profits.

At this labor meeting not one warm word was uttered in support of the war. But all demanded that the principles of the Commandeering Bill should be applied to food and fuel in order to relieve the distress of the people; if the government, said they, is to take over factories and docks, and to compel labor to toil unreasonably in order that munitions of war shall be

furnished, let the government also take over food stuffs and compel dealers and carriers to sell reasonably for the provisioning of the poor.

Leaflets and pamphlets were distributed, filled with astounding figures showing the rise of prices and demanding government intervention. A pamphlet entitled *"Why Starve?"* showed that bread had risen since the outbreak of the war from five pence for a four-pound loaf to seven and one-half pence and was still going up; and while the price of all meat had risen sharply, that consumed by the common people had increased enormously. "The best parts of British beef and mutton have gone up only an average of seven per cent., whereas the cheaper parts, which the poorer people buy, have risen twenty-two per cent," declared this striking pamphlet.

Similar soaring of prices was shown in other necessaries of life, the conclusion being, said this appeal, that:

"It is just as important that, in a state of war, the provisioning of the people should be undertaken as a national responsibility as that soldiers should be well looked after. . . . National organization of agriculture and national control of the foodstuffs produced, together with the means of transit used in the interests of people in peace as it is now used for military purposes in war—these are the lines which must be followed."

A leaflet distributed by the thousand entitled *The Enemy Within Our Gates*, asserted that:

"War, with all its horrors, sufferings and sacrifices, is regarded by certain people in our midst as affording a special opportunity for plundering their fellow countrymen. Ship owner, colliery owner, coal merchant, flour merchant, corn speculator—patriots all!—seek to make huge profits out of our necessities"; and gave comparative prices showing that bread, corn, coal (cheaper qualities), meat (cheapest qualities), had almost doubled in price since Great Britain drew the sword.

The leaflet said that one result of the British navy's clearing the seas of German shipping was that:

"Ship-owners are thus free to increase freights one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred and EVEN FIVE HUNDRED PER CENT.";* and demanded that "The government must take over the supply of food and fuel and the means of transport, and must administer that supply for the benefit of the people."

It closed with an appeal for organization "to force the government to act speedily in the interest of the whole people and to put a stop to this robbery by a gang of profit-mongers trading on the necessities of the poor."

"Oh! They amount to nothing," said one of the most powerful men in England when told of this labor meeting. On the contrary: "But you noticed that the chairman was a member of Parliament, that the representative of the British cooperative stores was one of the speakers, and that all of them were trusted representatives of the working classes," remarked a studious

* The capitals are those of the leaflet.

observer when told of this estimate of the insignificance of this labor demonstration.

So familiar had one become, in France and Germany, with smooth-working efficiency, solidarity of sentiment, contentment with economic conditions and steel-like resolve, that what was seen, heard and read of the labor and industrial situation across the Channel startled and surprised.

Another, though a surface, example of the differences in the British situation as compared with that existing in France and Germany: London was literally plastered with posters appealing for volunteers. "Britons! Your country needs you," in big red letters. "The Empire needs men! Australia, Canada, India, New Zealand, all answer the call. Helped by the young Lions, the old Lion defies its foes. Enlist now!" with a striking picture of a roaring lion surrounded by four younger ones. "Why aren't YOU in khaki?" "To the women of Britain—some of your men folk are holding back on your account. Won't you prove your love for your country by persuading them to go?"—so read the appeal on one poster to British women.

These are only a few mild examples of multitudes of posters. Many of these contained cleverly worded arguments. Others had attractive pictures. Great painted signs were attached to large buildings calling men "To arms for King and Country," or declaring that "Your King and Country needs you. Join the army until the war is over." Quotations from the speeches of British statesmen were displayed in the most conspicuous public places in gigantic crimson letters.

Almost every taxicab bore on its front such mottoes as "Rally around the flag," "Another half million men wanted at once," "Wake up, England! Complete another half million men." "Inlist for duration of the war." In the underground rapid transit cars appeared such advertisements as this: "England vs. Germany. Enter for the great international final. Inlist at once."

By the middle of March there were signs that such devices were palling on the public; and the *Times,* of March 17, 1915, in an earnest leader asked, "what steps are being taken to fill the places" of the killed and wounded? Referring to the advertising devices for the securing of enlistments, this editorial declared that:

"We confess at once that we have not ourselves admired some of the expedients already employed. Sensational advertisements and indirect compulsion are not the methods by which a great people should raise their armies."

In France, on the contrary, no such flaming appeals to patriotism were found. A modest request to boys under military age and their parents to cooperate with the Citizens' Military Committee was the only printed inducement to arms to be found in Paris; even this was in plain black type and posted occasionally and without ostentatious prominence on a wall here and there. And it was answered liberally; unripe youth of France were drilling by the thousand.

In Germany appeared no entreaties of any kind

for men to join the colors or for women to support the war; and this was not because, as many in America erroneously suppose, that all German men are compelled to bear arms. Hundreds of thousands of German soldiers then and now at the front were and are volunteers.

And Belgium! The greatest surprise in store for the American student of peoples at war was the place Belgium occupied in British opinion as the cause of Great Britain entering the conflict. For the American visitor supposed, of course, that Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality was the one and only reason for Great Britain's drawing the sword.

Yet a remarkably bold and powerful leading editorial in the London *Times* of March 8, 1915, on *Why We Are At War,* declared that:

"Our honour and our interest must have compelled us to join France and Russia, even if Germany had scrupulously respected the rights of her small neighbours. . . . Why did we guarantee the neutrality of Belgium? For an imperious reason of self-interest, for the reason which has always made us resist the establishment of any Great Power over against our East Coast. . . . We do not set up to be international Don Quixotes, ready at all times to redress wrongs which do us no hurt. . . . Even had Germany not invaded Belgium, honour and interest would have united us with France. We had refused, it is true, to give her or Russia any binding pledge up to the last moment. We had, however, for many years past led both to understand that, if they were unjustly

attacked, they might rely upon our aid. This understanding had been the pivot of the European policy followed by the three Powers. . . . We reverted to our historical policy of the balance of power . . . for the reasons for which our forefathers adopted it. . . . When we subsidized every State in Germany, and practically all Europe, in the Great War, we did not lavish our gold from love of German or of Austrian liberty, or out of sheer altruism. No; we invested it for our own safety and our own advantage. . . . England is fighting for exactly the same kind of reasons for which she fought Philip II, Louis XIV, and Napoleon. She is fighting the battle of the oppressed, it is true, in Belgium and in Serbia. . . . She is helping her great Allies to fight in defense of their soil and of their homes against the aggressor. . . . But she is not fighting primarily for Belgium or for Serbia, for France or for Russia. They fill a great place in her mind and in her heart. But they come second. The first place belongs, and rightly belongs, to herself."

In a brilliant leader of March 17th, the Morning *Post* asserted:

"This country did not go to war out of pure altruism, as some people suppose, but because her very existence was threatened. A Germany supreme in France and the Netherlands must inevitably have destroyed the British Empire next. That is what really underlies 'the scrap of paper' and all the talk of 'German Militarism!' "

Of several thoroughly informed and eminently thoughtful men, belonging to the various political parties, whose names are well known in intellectual England, only one was found who ventured to intimate that Great Britain would not have declared war if Germany had not violated Belgium's neutrality; and even this distinguished Englishman qualified his statement by saying that "but for this [the violation of the Belgian neutrality] England *might* not have entered the war"; for, said he, "The question of whether Britain would be safe if an aggressive military power acquired a commanding position on the Channel is quite another affair. It would doubtless be a grave menace to Britain for such a power to absorb Belgium and the Northeastern coast of France."

With this exception, every gentleman conversed with said quite frankly that Great Britain would have entered the conflict regardless of Belgium, although all of them emphasized what they called the Belgian "outrage." A composite of the views of these men, liberal and conservative, was that Great Britain could not afford to see France crushed; or to permit Germany to get a foothold on the Channel; or to allow her to become strong enough to contest or even question Great Britain's mastery of the seas; or that Great Britain is committed to the doctrine of "the balance of power" which British statesmen first formulated and which Germany's growing strength was threatening.

And every one of them said that if Germany is not beaten now, "it will be our turn next." Just as in France it was agreed that if France had let Germany

defeat Russia, "it would have been our turn next," so in England the common expression among supporters of the war was that if England had let Germany defeat Russia and France, "it would have been our turn next." In both England and France it seemed to be taken for granted that Germany could beat any one of the Allies or, possibly, any two of them combined; and that the safety of each required the united effort of all.

Thus the consensus of competent opinion was that the British government would have plunged into the maelstrom of blood even though Belgium had gone untouched by German hands.

Yet, so firmly fixed in the American mind was the opinion that Great Britain had declared war solely and only because of the violation of Belgian neutrality, that the general opinion of instructed men of all parties in London, that Great Britain would have entered the war regardless of the Belgian question, came as a distinct and unpleasant shock.

So while those sincere and powerful men and consummate politicians, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George, in their public appeals during the first months of the war, gave the Belgian invasion as the one reason for Great Britain's plunging into Armageddon, yet in March, 1915, few could be found who were willing to say that this was the exclusive cause of Great Britain's action.

Indeed, it was related that, at the very moment when the Liberal government made its fateful decision a large number of Liberals were sharply discontented. Among these were some important men. So grave,

it was declared, was the dissent that three men, conspicuous in British politics, resigned from the government. These were Lord Morely, John Burns and Charles Trevelyan. In March, 1915, it was openly charged that so extensive was the disaffection in the Liberal party when war was decided upon, that the government, not being certain that it could command sufficient strength within its own party, made a deal with the leaders of the compact opposition, which was and is hot for the war, to support the government in its war measures; and that in return the government agreed to drop all contested legislation while the war lasted.

This meant, it was asserted, that the program of Liberal legislation, certainly its most vital parts, to which the government and Liberal party were pledged, was to be indefinitely postponed. The general terms of this agreement were even reduced to writing, it was said, in a letter which passed between Mr. Asquith for the government and Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne for the opposition. There are those in England who bitterly denounce this as a betrayal of the Liberal party by the government; and some unusually bold men openly and acidly say so.

At the very outset this body of English sentiment felt outraged that Sir Edward Grey's "secret diplomacy," as they called it, had pledged the honor of the British nation to support France in a war with Germany without the British people being permitted to know anything about it until too late. Neither the British people nor even Parliament, said these men, were advised of what these men call Sir Edward

Grey's "secret promise" to France until he announced it in the House of Commons on August third, nineteen fourteen, when it was impossible to escape its consequences.

"Is it not monstrous," exclaimed Charles Trevelyan, "that a people are only told on the eve of war that they must go into it because a secret agreement made long before by a concealed diplomacy has bound the honor of a nation to that course?"

"The Liberal party and the nation were led up to the guns blindfolded," declared Bernard Shaw.*

On the other hand, Sir Edward Grey and his friends denied that the British foreign minister made any pledge which bound Great Britain. In his historic speech of August third Sir Edward Grey told the House that in 1906, when questioned as to what Great Britain would do in case of war between France and Germany, he had expressed only his personal view that British public opinion "would have rallied to the material support of France."

But in pursuance of this and at the request of France, asserted the critics of Sir Edward Grey, conferences followed between the French and British naval and military experts for the purpose of making the joint military and naval action of France and Great Britain effective against Germany in a practical way. Out of these Franco-British naval and military conferences, it was said, came the mutual placing of the British and French fleets; so that, when the present war burst upon Europe and apparently long before, the French fleet was concentrated in the Mediterra-

* See Chapter XV, p. 385.

nean, thus releasing the bulk of the British fleet for work in the North Sea and the Channel.

No attempt is here made to go into the merits of this controversy. It existed in March, 1915, and the fact is here recorded. This dispute was one of many circumstances that, even then, pointed toward a cabinet crisis. The discontent of many "war conservatives" with what they called the government's lack of energy, promptness and efficiency was another; and there were still others much more serious.

But it must not be inferred that these British critics of Sir Edward Grey and the government do not support the war, now that Great Britain is engaged in the struggle. They do support the war, though not with that savage aggressiveness which marks the utterance and action of what they call the extreme imperialists. They say that it was wrong (some of them used the expression "infamously wrong") for Sir Edward Grey and the government to have created what they assert to be conditions which made it inevitable that Great Britain would enter the struggle while keeping the people in ignorance of the situation; some of them vigorously declare that Great Britain ought not to have gone to war at all. But now that the die is cast, even these men feel that their country must go through with it.

But they are looking to the end of it, and already have formed a strong organization advocating certain principles to govern the terms of peace and to prevent such another catastrophe as the present. This organization is known as the Union of Democratic Control. Its principles are:

First:

"No province shall be transferred from one government to another without consent by plebiscite of the population of such province."

Second:

"No Treaty, Arrangement or Understanding shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament. Adequate machinery for insuring democratic control of foreign policy shall be created."

Third:

"The Foreign Policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating Alliances for the purpose of maintaining the 'Balance of Power,' but shall be directed to the establishment of a Concert of Europe and the setting up of an International Council, whose deliberations and decisions shall be public."

Fourth:

"Great Britain shall propose as part of the Peace settlement a plan for the drastic reduction by consent of the armaments of all the belligerent Powers, and to facilitate that policy shall attempt to secure the general nationalization of the manufacture of armaments and the control of the export of armaments by one country to another."

This organization is active. Public meetings are being held, where effective speakers appeal to the people. Pamphlets are being showered throughout the British Islands. Most of them assail the whole system of "secret diplomacy," of which they assert that Sir Edward Grey and the government's conduct is a calamitous example. One of these pamphlets declares:

"The public has been treated as though foreign affairs were outside—and properly outside—its ken. And the public has acquiesced. Every attempt to shake its apathy has been violently assailed by spokesmen of the Foreign Office in the press. . . . At the present moment the editorial and news columns of some fifty British newspapers echo the views of one man, who is thus able to superimpose in permanent fashion upon public thought the dead weight of his own prejudices or personal aims and intentions, and to exercise a potent influence upon the government of the day."

A pamphlet by Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., says that:

"When war had become a certainty undebated statements were made to a bewildered and entirely ignorant House. Neither in the decisions nor in the policy which led to the decisions was there the smallest exercise of any control by the people or their representatives."

Another pamphlet entitled *War and the Workers,* by J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., gives the working men's view of the war. He thus describes,

"The hidden currents beneath," which "were flowing to war. The *Entente* was brought about in 1904. Two years later it resulted in 'military conversations' withheld at first from the Cabinet and never revealed to the people until the war cloud was low and black over their heads. Instantly from every newspaper at

the beginning of August the war bugles blew (they had been blown by the most influential ones days before); books which had enjoyed no circulation or repute in Germany were sold by hundreds of thousands;* accounts of how we got into the war, with salient facts obscured or left out, in pamphlets and leaflets were scattered broadcast."

As to "militarism" Mr. MacDonald asserts that:

"What is known as Prussian militarism differs only in degree from British militarism. They are all strengthened by secret diplomacy, because so long as the cleansing light of the sun falls sparingly on Foreign Offices, the game of bluff, squeeze and gambling risk can be carried on."

A pamphlet on *War, the Offspring of Fear,* by the Honorable Bertrand Russell, states the views of certain belligerent countries, in what he declares the war to be:

"A great race conflict, a conflict of Teuton and Slav, in which certain other nations, England, France and Belgium, have been led into co-operation with the Slav."

In a remarkably lucid review of the underlying causes of the war, Mr. Russell writes that "The Austrians are a highly civilized race, half surrounded by

* Mr. MacDonald here refers undoubtedly to Bernhardi's book.

Slavs in a relatively backward state of culture." He calls "Servia a country so barbaric that a man can secure the throne by instigating the assassination of his predecessor," and asserts that Servia "is engaged constantly in fomenting the racial discontent of men of the same race who are Austrian subjects. Behind Servia stands the all but irresistible power of Russia." He maintains that the war on Germany's part is not "aggressive in substance, whatever is may be in form. In substance it is defensive, the attempt to preserve central Europe for a type of civilization indubitably higher and of more value to mankind than that of any Slav state."

Mr. Russel thus puts the German case:

"The Germans could not stand by passively while Russia destroyed Austria; honor and interest alike made such a course impossible. They were bound by their alliance, and they felt convinced that if they were passive it would be their turn next to be overrun by the Russian hordes."

As to England, Mr. Russell contends that

"Fear of the German navy led us to ally ourselves with France and Russia." He says that England's fears "have had to be carefully nursed."

In the election of 1910 Mr. Russell testifies that:

"I came upon a voter who firmly believed that, if Liberals won, the Germans would be in the country within a fortnight. . . . A continuous stream of attacks on Germany in newspapers and magazines have made men feel the Germans capable of any act of sudden brigandage or treacherous attack.

"Plain men have seen a confirmation of these feel-

ings in the violation of Belgium, though every student of strategy has known for many years past that this must be an inevitable part of the next Franco-German war, and although Sir E. Grey expressly stated that if it did not occur he could still not promise neutrality."

A powerfully written pamphlet by Norman Angell assails "militarism," but vigorously combats the idea of "crushing Germany for good and all." In this brilliant essay is the following passage:

"The Germans are of all the peoples of Europe the most nearly allied to ourselves in race and blood; in all the simple and homely things our very language is the same—and every time that we speak of house and love, father and mother, son and daughter, God and man, work and bread, we attest to common origins in the deepest and realest things that affect us. Our religious history is allied; our political ties have in the past been many. Our Royal Family is of German descent."

Nor are the above the strongest of the statements. Another pamphlet, by H. N. Brailsford, entitled *The Origins of the Great War,* says that:

"It was our secret naval commitment to France and our fatal entanglement through ten years in the struggle for an European balance of power, which sent our fleets to sea. . . . Their [the Servians'] morals and their politics belong to the Middle Ages. . . . The officers who . . . murdered his queen [when they assassinated King Alexander] mutilated her corpse, and

flung it naked into the streets of Belgrade, gave the measure of their own social development. . . . The Pan-Slavists have brought the whole of European civilization to a test which may come near submerging it, in order to accomplish their dream of racial unity."

After a bold analysis of the cause of the conflict, in which he traces the activities of what he calls the "Pan-Slavists," Mr. Brailsford makes such remarks as these:

"We are taking a parochial view of Armageddon if we allow ourselves to imagine that it is primarily a struggle for the independence of Belgium and the future of France. . . . It is, to my mind, an issue so barbarous, so remote from any real interest or concern of our daily life in these islands, that I can only marvel at the illusions, and curse the fatality which have made us belligerents in this struggle. . . . A mechanical fatality has forced France into this struggle, and a comradeship, translated by secret commitments into a defensive alliance, has brought us into the war in her wake. It is no real concern of hers or of ours. . . . No call of the blood, no imperious calculation of self-interest, no hope for the future of mankind requires us to side with Slav against Teuton. . . . If we had to make the choice in cold blood, most of us would prefer the more tolerant and more civilized German influence. . . . Enthusiasts for this hateful war may applaud it as an effort to 'destroy German militarism'. That is a meaningless phrase."*

It is not pretended that these quotations give even a part of the argument or express the spirit of these

* Each of these pamphlets quoted from was published by "The Union of Democratic Control."

extraordinary pamphlets. The notable fact is that such statements were made in print under the names of reputable Englishmen and scattered broadcast throughout the United Kingdom during the close of the first period of the war. This fact is here set down because it can not be ignored, in drawing the outlines of the British situation as it existed in March, 1915, and also because of the forcible contrast it presented with the state of French or German opinion.

The critics of the methods by which Great Britain was brought to join the Allies were savagely assailed by at least a part of the popular press. Also, one was told time and again that the men voicing these opinions "amount to nothing." But so far at least as their peace proposals are concerned, for which the Union of Democratic Control is agitating, they certainly do amount to a great deal. This organization and its leaders are making headway in their crusade against what they call "secret diplomacy."

But whatever British public opinion may have been heretofore, or may be hereafter, it is certain that in March of 1915 most of it was decidedly warlike and whetted to a keen edge of bitterness. "The Huns" was the term commonly applied to the Germans, and this, too, by respectable and important newspapers. One favorite description of the Germans was "The Pirates." The *Daily Express,* of March 8, 1915, called Germany, "Europe's kitchen wench decked in her mistress' clothes and trespassing in the drawing-room." The warlike voice was loud, clear and savage; those who oppose the war were either silent or spoke guardedly in private conversations except here and there

where an uncommonly fearless one uttered what he felt.

While moderate-minded men who heartily support the war frowned upon extravagant statements, it seemed probable that extreme views were held by great numbers of ultra-warlike people. *John Bull,* a penny weekly, said to have immense circulation, voiced this popular sentiment in sledgehammer fashion which appealed to the bellicose British fancy. *John Bull* declared that the "Kaiser is a lunatic;" it called him "The Butcher of Berlin," "that mongrel Attila," "the Mad Monarch," "the fiend of hell let loose on civilization," "the foul violator of women, the cowardly murderer of old men and little children." This penny weekly said that the German Emperor will "be known to infamy forever as William the Damned"; and that "Nothing short of the personal chastisement of Kaiser Wilhelm can appease the justice of high Heaven or the righteous wrath of men. No principle of equity would be outraged if he were blown from the cannon's mouth."

John Bull stated the reason of Germany's antagonism to Great Britain thus:

"Controlling the seas and the markets of the world, and possessing all the colonies worth having, the British Empire stood always in the way of outlet for expanding German trade and population."

And said *John Bull,*

"The mad Kaiser has been scheming and planning the overthrow of the British Empire."

This popular war periodical assumed, of course, that the Allies would soon overwhelm Germany—nothing else was thinkable; and *John Bull* thus editorially sketched for the British eye *The Glory that Shall Be:*

"This war is to be the precursor of a new era for the British race and Empire. . . . The German fleet must be swept from the face of the seas. . . . No false notions of humanity or of economy must be permitted to hinder the work of destruction. . . . From the close of this war Germany shall use the waterways of the world by the courtesy of Britain." And, "When it comes to peace we must assert ourselves as the predominant partner. . . . For the Huns there can be no readmission to the free commonwealth of Europe. . . . Britain shall recover her challenged supremacy in the western fraternity of nations. . . . *We shall not disarm.*"*

In an editorial entitled *Not a Vestige of the German Empire to be Left, John Bull* declared that Germany "must be wiped off the map of Europe." In still another editorial it described the doom of Germany and the destiny of Great Britain according to the divine plan as follows:

"'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform'; and the wonder He is now performing is the riddance of Europe, and mankind, of the Teutonic menace to His Scheme of Things. That scheme, as clearly as human intelligence can comprehend any-

* The italics are those of the paper.

thing, was and is that, for good or ill, He has placed the destiny of the Earth in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the Latins as their natural allies. All else is accidental, or caprice; it can not affect the final order of the world."

Another penny weekly, *The Passing Show,* was quite as hard on the Emperor as was *John Bull. The Passing Show* assured its readers that the German Emperor

"Is a Mohammedan, a Lutheran and a Roman Catholic as the humor suits him; but his taste in neckties is vulgar; his mind is that of a third-rate hooligan with three strains of madness in his blood. . . . He has infected his people to-day with contagious insanity."

This popular journal avowed that in and near London "are a thousand expectant mothers. They are refugee Belgian girls and women. Some of them are nuns; others are girls of sixteen; all of them have been ravished by drunken German officers. . . . These crimes were arranged, provoked and condoned by the Kaiser."

This paper's conclusion is that

"The Hohenzollern brood must be exterminated." For, "if we leave to a time of peace the question of the treatment of the Lord High Hun he will not only get off cheaply, but may remain on the throne of Prussia and be succeeded by a degenerate cracksman, who is

neither gentleman nor sportsman, as some burglars have been known to be."

As to the German Emperor this penny weekly said:

"If the Kaiser is really insane, let us treat him as a criminal lunatic"; but, "If the Kaiser is found to be sane, hang him as high as Haman," and *Passing Show* seemed to assume that "we are going to hang six German generals."

British labor papers struck quite a different chord. In an editorial, *The Atrocious Atrocity Stories,* the *Herald* [London] declared that:

"Tales of the torturing of the wounded, of slit wrists and of the mutilation of nuns and school girls served well their twofold purpose. They were at one and the same time a stimulus to recruiting and the gratification of that particular species of lustful insanity which in times of peace takes its pleasures in other and equally infamous forms. But when it was discovered that these stories were not only incapable of proof, but that the vast majority of them were capable of disproof; when there was a provoking absence of handless children, searched the mongers never so hard; . . . there was a reaction to decent silence, but not for long. This time the stories concern themselves with a wholesale outraging of nuns and school girls. . . . Make but your lie infamous and vile enough, and it will be believed. So much was proved up to the hilt in the earlier series of

stories; so much is being proved in the later. As before, every town and village sheltered handless children, so now every convent is supposed to harbor outraged and pregnant nuns. Yet not one solitary case of either infamy has been produced that could survive the easiest scrutiny, and not one will be produced."

In March, 1915, there was in England no such solid and unbroken certainty of victory as was found in either France or Germany. Still, the bulk of British opinion was sure and undoubting. "So far as the result is concerned, the war is over now," said one of the most influential men in the empire. "The Germans were beaten when they lost the battle of the Marne," he continued. "They themselves knew that then and they know it now.* Their defeat will be more decisive than any in history." The fact that this important man was more carefully advised on conditions in the various countries at war than most persons in England outside of the government entitled his opinion to very thoughtful consideration.

"The Allies will win crushingly and quickly," was the judgment of a prominent American in a position to know the real facts. "The Allies outnumber the Germans heavily," he explained; "Great Britain has swept German commerce from the seas, bottled up the German navy, blockaded Germany's ports and controls the ocean so completely that it literally is true to-day that 'Britannia rules the waves.' Then the English have money—they are so rich that they do not know how rich they are."

* This conversation occurred March 15, 1915.

"Our offensive will end them," said a chance acquaintance on a train. He was a prosperous English business man belonging to the upper strata of the middle class.

"That will begin in May, will it not?" I inquired of this commercial strategist.

"Oh, no!" he answered, "two or three weeks from now (March 7) we shall be on the move. May! Why we shall have them over the Rhine by May!"

"Wouldn't you be willing to put it as late as June?" I suggested.

"June!" he exclaimed. "The whole thing will be over by June! Germany will be smashed flat by that time. You see," he elucidated, "they have no food. There are bread riots now in Berlin. They are discouraged, too. They know they are beaten. And don't forget their working men. They are clamoring for peace right now."

This gentleman did not know his traveling companion, nor that his fellow journeyer had just come from Germany; he thought that he was giving sound information to an American fellow business man. And he was perfectly sure of his facts. Also, there was no alloy in his sincerity. So much of his comment is here given because it fairly states the belief of Englishmen of his class.

"How long will the war last?" was the question put to a cab driver.

"Not long, sir."

"Do you think the Allies will win?"

"Yes, sir. England is sure to win, sir."

On the contrary, in an uncommonly thoughtful and

frank leader the London *Post,* of March 17, 1915, analyzed the situation and, while concluding that the Allies will be victorious, said:

"But we admit that Fate hangs upon a fine edge, and there is no certainty in this matter: there is only hope and determination. . . . We have just barely held our own. . . . It must be a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together if the enemy is to be hoisted across the border."

The London *Daily Express,* of March 13, 1915, editorially declared: "We agree that talk of premature triumph is absurd."

One of the cleverest of British public men, who is an extremist for the war, toward the end of a long, brilliant and transparently honest review of the whole subject wrote: "My own fear is, not that we shall flag in the struggle, but that we may, from time to time, get out of hand. It may be that we shall be beaten. If so, we shall at least have done our best. . . . But I do not think that . . . we shall be beaten."

A private English letter from one whose sons are in the army and whose hatred of the Germans is frantic and unreasoning, and loyalty to Britain passionate and exalted, contained the following: "But we are so tired of this war. We think of nothing, talk of nothing, but peace."

Yet it is believed that such expressions did not reflect the general feeling; undoubtedly most people in England had sturdy faith in the success of the Allies. But it was undeniable that doubt did exist in, at least,

a few minds and that weariness of the war was affecting some who were its staunch supporters.

Another surface contrast of conditions impressed with uncanny grotesqueness the observer fresh from France and Germany. The greatest war in the whole course of human history lacked but four months of its first year of carnage; grave editorials penned, one might almost say with the heart's blood of the writer, so sincere was their appeal, informed the nation that its existence was at hazard, and the people that poverty, humiliation and slavery would be the result of defeat; yet sport and games of all kinds were going on as usual. Bitter lashings from press, pulpit and rostrum had not turned the British youth from his favorite amusements.

Against loud protests from newspapers and public men, England's premier sporting institution, the Jockey Club, resolved on March 16th, "that racing should be carried out where the local conditions permit." The Jockey Club's debate filled an entire page of the *Daily Telegraph*. One of the best known peers of the realm, in argument for holding the next meet as usual, said that,

"The Russians have been going on racing during the whole period of the war, the Belgians had large studs in this country and were racing as hard as they could, the Grand Duke Nicholas, as has already been mentioned at the meeting, ran a greyhound in the Waterloo Cup," etc., etc., etc.

The prevailing opinion was that to discontinue rac-

ing for the war would discourage the breeding of fine horse-flesh, disappoint the lovers of sport and give the Germans the impression that the British people were downhearted.

Still another contrast was the condition of British business. It was much better than that of Germany and out of all proportion to that of France. The casual observer could detect little difference in business between that of peace time and that of this hour of Great Britain's deadliest emergency. The catchword, "Business as usual," coined by Lloyd-George when Great Britain unleashed the dogs of war, seemed to entertain the popular fancy.

At the very moment when the most desperate and dramatic efforts were being made to strengthen the British army and supply it with equipment, enthusiastic meetings of business men were planning the capture of German overseas commerce and devising means for taking over the German dye industry.

While business men acquainted with trade conditions said that normal business had fallen off, yet their claim was plainly true that the volume of British business was greater than that of all the other countries at war put together. This, of course, was due to Great Britain's lordship of the seas—a notable fact which British newspapers and magazines kept well to the front. For example, in an able editorial on another subject the *Daily Telegraph* said: "We possess the control of the sea communications of the world;" and again, that "We and not the enemy command the seas."

The above are a few samples of a long catalogue of

dissimilarities between British wartime conditions and those of the two nations most closely locked in mortal combat on the other side of the Channel. It is not the purpose of this chapter to explain the reasons for these antithetical phenomena, but merely to state their existence. Like the other chapters of this book, the present one is a bare record of the facts with earnest effort to state them in just and truthful proportion.

To one conclusion they would seem to lead: that the history of this war should be penned by some scholar who will write not only after time shall have somewhat cooled the tremendous passions now erupting, but also at the greatest possible distance from the countries and peoples involved. Perhaps to an American historian yet unborn will fall the herculean task and the immortal achievement of describing for coming ages the profound causes of this combat of the nations and of weighing justly its infinite issues.

XIV

BRITISH THOUGHT BACK OF THE WAR—I

WHILE it may be said that British public opinion overwhelmingly supports the war now that the Empire is embarked upon the sea of blood, there was disagreement, at the close of the war's first phase, as to the cause of Great Britain's entering the conflict. In France and Germany opinion was found to be unbroken as to the reasons which brought each of those countries into the struggle. But in England, during March, 1915, a sharp division of sentiment appeared as to why Great Britain was plunged into this maelstrom of death.

The fact that most informed Englishmen testified that Belgium was not the only if indeed it was even the chief force that moved the British Empire to declare war, was as notable as it was surprising to the American investigator. This circumstance, heretofore commented upon, is so important to Americans that it deserves repetition.

There was much and growing controversy over what Sir Edward Grey's British critics termed his "secret pledge" made to France ten years ago. This, it was declared, harnessed the British people to the chariot of Mars, without their knowledge or consent. Sir Edward Grey's supporters hotly denied that he made

what amounted to a "pledge"; his opponents vigorously reiterated the charge.*

The maintenance of the principle of the European "balance of power," so clearly stated by French public men, cropped out everywhere in the talk of informed Englishmen as a basic condition which made war inevitable. This principle was upheld by some and attacked by others.

The following conversations give Americans some glimpses of these disputes. In comparison with the solidarity of French and German sentiment the notable fact was that controversy existed at all in Great Britain.

As in the other chapters of this volume, the writer acts merely as a reporter of facts. No judgment is here ventured as to the merits of the British controversy or as to the verity of the conflicting statements which both sides advanced as facts.

As in the case of the German and French conversations, these here reproduced were written out and submitted to the gentleman with whom the conversation was held; and each of them carefully revised the manuscript for publication.

A British Statesman's Survey

One of Great Britain's foremost statesmen gave the following bird's-eye view of the events leading up to the war and of its possible outcome. At his request his name is withheld.

* This contention, described in the preceding chapter, is again referred to because it is the root of one of the troubles now vexing British politics.

"The immediate cause of Great Britain's entrance into the war," said this eminent statesman, "was Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality. If Germany had not made that mistake Great Britain would not have taken the hostile action she did take so promptly and unanimously."

"It has been suggested that the arrangement made on behalf of the British government with the French government in 1906 to support France in case of war with Germany bound Great Britain to enter the conflict," I remarked.

"There was no such arrangement, nor any kind of an arrangement binding Great Britain. You probably refer to a verbal statement of a responsible minister as to what he thought British public opinion would demand in such a case. But Great Britain made no binding arrangement, or indeed any kind of an understanding which tied Great Britain to any course of action;" and I was referred to the speech of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons August 3, 1914, in which the British Foreign Minister carefully explained his now much-discussed statement to the French Ambassador ten years ago.

"Then the support of France in the war had nothing to do with Great Britain's part in the struggle? The sole cause was the violation of Belgium's neutrality?" I inquired.

"Not the sole cause; the immediate cause. Of course, back of the Belgian outrage was the desire of a large part of the British people to aid France in any war of aggression against her. We did not wish to see France crushed, nor indeed could we afford to

permit her destruction. And this suggests the real source of the war, which was Germany's settled policy and fixed determination to become the predominant Power of Europe—the mistress of Europe."

"The average American does not see how the ambition of any nation to become what is called 'the first Power' hurts in a practical way the people of any other country. What practical disadvantage to the plain people of any country is there in some other country claiming to be 'the first Power'?" I inquired.

"The answer to that arouses one's emotions. Liberty is something, after all, is it not? If one country becomes the predominant Power, the affairs of another country would be ordered according to the will of that predominant Power. Such a thing is not to be thought of; certainly not to be submitted to. No Power should become predominant; and when any Power takes steps to secure such a position it should be opposed. And when, as one of those steps, such power is proceeding to crush out of existence a neighboring nation, it should be resisted to the uttermost. That was the situation which confronted the world in August—Germany securing predominance by force and, in doing so, proceeding to destroy France. Could there be a greater cause than that for Great Britain's interference?"

"Then Belgium's plight was not the controlling cause of England's participation in the war?" I observed.

"It was the cause that moved the British nation to action. A democracy must have its heart stirred; a democracy acts through an appeal to its emotions even

more than to its reason. Germany's smashing of Belgium made that appeal to the heart of the British people. It aroused them. Although not the deep cause of England's action, yet the Belgian matter made that action possible and indeed compelled it."

"Was this support of France and opposition to Germany's ambitions another example of upholding the principle of the equilibrium of Europe, which, it has been stated, is Great Britain's traditional policy?" I inquired. "It has been said by many writers, and appears to be sustained by history, that Great Britain, as a matter of protecting her vital interests, always has opposed any continental nation which at that particular time was strongest, and seemed likely, if unopposed, to become the predominant Power.

"Yes; of course, we always did that; our situation demands it. And so does the welfare of Europe."

"It has been stated and published that Germany asked Great Britain to stop Russia mobilizing against Germany, and that if Great Britain had done this, it would have prevented the war," I suggested.

"Such a request was absurd! How could Great Britain make such a request of Russia? It meant telling Russia to submit to 'shining armor' as in 1909."

"What of the outcome of the war? How will it end?"

"It is a hard struggle. We shall stick it out, however, that is certain. The British nation has awakened to the situation now. I think it reasonable to conclude that, in the end, this means victory for us."

"Assuming that the Allies are successful, what terms will you impose on Germany? Since this is a democ-

racy, as you have suggested, there must be some thought forming in the mind of the people as to what shall be done after you have won."

"The restoration of Belgium would be one thing that may be spoken of as a certainty. Then, of course, all of us hope that some arrangement will be made which will prevent any such war as this in future. Perhaps that might mean democracy in Germany. At all events, the aggressive military system of Germany should be broken up."

"How would that be done?" I asked.

"That can not be thought out; it must come as a consequence."

"I have heard many speak of the dismemberment of the German Empire as one method of breaking Germany's military power; indeed, it seems to be in the mind of the man in the street," I observed.

"It is hard to force a constitution on a people, isn't it? They must arrange their own government to suit themselves. Still, we hope that something like that—a democracy in Germany—will commend itself to the German people."

British Scholar, Philosopher and Legislator

Viscount Bryce, known to every one in the United States as the author of *The American Commonwealth,* and as one of the most popular ambassadors ever accredited to our government from any country, was brief and characteristically clear in stating the British view of the war. So familiar are Americans

with this great English scholar, diplomat and statesman that no personal description is necessary.

"England went into this war," said Great Britain's author-statesman, "because of Germany's wanton violation of Belgium's neutrality, which England no less than Germany had guaranteed. But for this England might not have entered the war, and it was assuredly this cause which produced the unprecedented unanimity which the British people have shown in prosecuting a war which is involving tremendous sacrifices. Then the manner in which Germany has conducted the war, especially in its cruel treatment of Belgium, aroused the British people. The integrity of a small state is as important as that of a large one."

"But it has been suggested that Great Britain did not conform to this view in the Boer War, by which she absorbed the South African Republic and the Orange Free State," I suggested.

"I was against that war, as you know," replied Lord Bryce. "I did not approve of the government's policy at that time, and think the same still. Nor do I believe it had the general moral support of the British people. But the present war has this moral support as no war in our history ever had before."

"It has been suggested that at bottom the war was caused by the commercial conflict between England and Germany. Is it the British view that there are economic grounds for the war?" I inquired.

"Many Germans have said so," replied Lord Bryce. "But so far as Great Britain is concerned, it was not any commercial or economic interests that brought

her into this struggle. She is losing economically far more by it than any sane man could have fancied she could gain."

"The leading article in yesterday's *Times** suggests that the real cause of England's attitude in the war is England's vital material and political interest, and puts this cause of Great Britain's action above the violation of Belgian neutrality."

"I do not agree with that editorial," remarked Lord Bryce. "I have no doubt but that the gentleman who wrote it believes that he is correct in his statements, but I think him quite mistaken."

"The statement made in the *Times* leader that Great Britain's traditional policy is to oppose any country's becoming the predominant Power on the continent has been made elsewhere; and I find it the view of informed men in several countries. Is not this a phase of the principle of the equilibrium of Europe?"

"There may be persons who take that view, but it is not the view of our people," said Lord Bryce. "The so-called principle was used to justify many unwise wars in past centuries, and I should be very sorry to see it recognized now. The question of whether Britain would be safe if an aggressive military power acquired a commanding position on the Channel is quite another affair. It would doubtless be a grave menace to Britain were such a power to absorb Belgium and the northeastern coast of France."

"In case the Allies are successful in this war, what terms will they impose on Germany?" I asked.

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* *London Times* of March 8, 1915. See Chapter XIII, pp. 339, 340. This conversation was on March 9, 1915.

"Certainly the restoration of Belgium and payment for the destruction and damage committed in that country—that first of all," promptly replied Lord Bryce; "and then, of course, also, a resettlement in southeastern Europe and western Asia. What else, who can now tell? Of course, we all desire some arrangement which may save Europe from any such war in the future. The armed peace of the last few years was only less ruinous economically than war is showing itself now to be."

"It has been suggested that the dismemberment of the German Empire, so as to put Germany back where she was before 1870, would accomplish this."

"Prophecy is idle at such a moment as this," said Lord Bryce; "but if you ask my opinion, I disapprove any such idea and can not suppose that any statesman seriously thinks of trying to destroy the unity of the German nation."

"Do you feel that the British people are united in support of the war?"

"Yes; more so than ever they were united before," earnestly responded Lord Bryce. "Deeply as they deplore such a catastrophe and widespread as has been the sorrow it has brought to every class in the loss of those dearest to them. The educated classes especially have been bearing a larger share in effort and suffering than in any previous war. For example, university teachers and the most promising students, men whose intellect and accomplishments are a priceless asset of the nation, have nearly all enlisted and gone to the front to fight and die for what they regard the cause of liberty and civilization. Oxford and

Cambridge are more than half empty; and the same is happening in other universities. To fight for freedom and humanity against Prussian militarism is felt to be the supreme duty of the moment."

A Typical Conservative British Peer

Lord Newton is one of the most independent, courageous and outspoken of the British nobility. He is a comparatively young man, and his talk, as vigorous as it is frank, is plain and to the point. His comments upon the industrial and social conditions are particularly illuminating and valuable. Our conversation took place at Lord Newton's London house immediately after the Commandeering Bill had been passed, and this, therefore, naturally was the first subject discussed.

"What is the real meaning of the bill just passed giving the government power to commandeer manufacturing and other plants for war purposes?"

"No doubt about it," answered Lord Newton, "some of the laboring classes have not been working as hard as they might. I do not mean this in criticism of them; but the truth is that they do not yet appreciate the seriousness of this situation. They see no necessity of working harder nor longer than usual; they are more interested in a slight increase of wages than in the national crisis."

"But how can this be remedied by the Commandeering Bill?" I asked.

"It is hard to say," said Lord Newton. "The powers of the government are purposely left very vague. Of

course, after all, men can't be forced to work; and the result of such an attempt would be especially unfortunate in time of war. Fighting the enemy and at the same time facing violent labor troubles as a result of forcing unwilling men to work would be unfortunate. This whole unhappy situation is a result of our voluntary system. Many of those who do not volunteer as soldiers do not seem to see the necessity of extra nor unusual exertion. If we had the universal compulsory system, as France, Germany and every other country now at war has, and as we should have, then there would be no refusal to supply the war necessities of the nation. Everybody would have to do his part. We may have to come to that in the end. I have been urging it for a long time."

"Why should the Commandeering Law cover the factories and docks? Were these concerns not willing to do all that they possibly could do?"

"The law is an emergency war measure, of course," Lord Newton replied. "Every resource of the nation must be used for the war. There is nothing in the charges that factories and other industrial concerns are taking advantage of the war to make undue profits. The law gives the government the power to remove all legal restrictions which might stand in the way of any concern turning its whole productive resources to supplying war materials."

"I observe that already a certain portion of the laboring classes are asking that the principle of the Commandeering Law shall be extended to cover foodstuffs and other necessities of life and their prices. Do you anticipate that this will last after the war is over?

May it not be the beginning of a new alignment of parties?"

"I have no doubt," answered Lord Newton, "that there will be a great increase in Socialism after the war. One can see it beginning now. The men who now are going out in the army will not come back with the same views."

"May it not be," I observed, "that men who left jobs which they can not get back when the war is over and men who had no jobs when they enlisted, having found themselves clothed, fed and cared for as return for the work they do in war, will insist on the same care in return for the work they are willing to do in time of peace?"

"Yes," answered Lord Newton, "that is certainly a possibility, and a serious one. As I have said, I think it reasonable to expect that the war will bring a strong socialistic tendency."

"What you have said about the working classes not being fully awake to the situation suggests this question: Do all the people understand the seriousness of this situation; and are the people united in support of the war?"

"Not all of the people, I am sorry to say," answered Lord Newton. "There are a large number who do not know what the war really means, and there are some who really say that they do not see what difference it would make to them even if the German Emperor ruled this country. However, it is undoubtedly true that by far the greatest majority heartily support the war."

"There has been some dispute as to the real cause of

England's going into the war. We in America understood that Germany's invasion of Belgium was the sole and only cause," I remarked.

"Belgium was the technical cause," answered Lord Newton. "But another cause was our own self-preservation. We simply had to help France. If we had allowed Germany to defeat France it would have been our turn next."

"Does not that motive also have its roots far back in history? Is it not another example of Great Britain's traditional policy first formulated by Pitt, but practised by Great Britain long before Pitt's time as well as since the Napoleonic period, that Great Britain would be against any continental nation which threatened to become the leading Power of Europe?"

"Yes; and quite right, too," answered Lord Newton. "The balance-of-power policy is just as necessary to our safety to-day as ever it was. There are those in England who say that the principle of the equilibrium of Europe is out of date. But that is not true, and this war proves that it is not true."

"Has there been any suggestion here in England that the government could have prevented the war by stating in advance, when asked to do so by Russia and France, that Great Britain would support those countries in case of war with Germany?"

"Yes, there has been some complaint of Sir Edward Grey's indecision," Lord Newton answered. "The government did not appear to know its own mind, up to the last moment. The Opposition had to tell the government that it would see the government through the war. Lord Lansdowne and Bonar Law gave them

that assurance. Even then some Liberals did not want to go in."

"Were there any conditions for this arrangement between the government and the Opposition?"

"That all contested legislation should be dropped until after the war was over; and that both government and Opposition should unite their forces for the prosecution of the war, and nothing else," replied Lord Newton.

"Even if Sir Edward Grey had said, in answer to Russia and France, that England would join them in case of a war with Germany, do you think this would have prevented the war?" I asked.

"Yes, for the time being at least," said Lord Newton. "Certainly it would have postponed it; I will not say that it would have prevented it—but it would have postponed it. It is not likely that Germany would have risked the war if she had known positively that England would have supported France and Russia. The truth is that Germany had ground to suppose that Great Britain would not go into the war; the attitude of the government gave them that ground."

"But you think, even if postponed, the war would not have been prevented?"

"Probably not," answered Lord Newton. "Germany has looked upon Great Britain as the great obstacle to her ambition for many years. When the present Emperor ascended the throne the getting of a world empire became Germany's policy. That made a conflict between Germany and Great Britain inevitable."

The Foe of "Secret Diplomacy"

Mr. Charles Trevelyan, M. P., son of the author of *The American Revolution,* so widely read and greatly admired in the United States, and brother of the author of the monumental work on Garibaldi and Italy, maintains in English public life the brilliancy of his father and brother in the field of literature. Mr. Trevelyan was one of those who resigned from the government at the outbreak of the war, and is one of the foremost leaders of the movement now under way in Great Britain for the democratization of foreign policy. The strong group of men who are leading this movement have already made it distinctly felt, even in these desperate days when it is hard to get men to think of anything except the immediate struggle. It seems certain that the idea which these men are advocating will grow solidly and rapidly. Indeed, it may become the commanding influence in the settlement of the war.

Mr. Trevelyan is a young man of fine ability, and is intensely in earnest in his championship of this cause.

"The world has outgrown secret diplomacy," said Mr. Trevelyan. "It is the people who are affected by these hidden agreements of their governments; why then should not the people be consulted? At least, why should they not be informed of what is being done in their name?" said Mr. Trevelyan. "We hold agreements which bind nations, even to the ultimate sacrifice of war, should be announced so that the merits of

such agreements may be openly discussed, and intelligent public opinion formed upon them. Then, if public opinion sanctions them, well and good; those who oppose such agreements at least have had the opportunity to state their objections and would more willingly abide the verdict of the public.

"Is it not monstrous," exclaimed Mr. Trevelyan, "that a people are only told on the eve of war that they must go into it because a secret agreement made long before by a concealed diplomacy has bound the honor of a nation to that course? Take our present situation: ten years ago, Sir Edward Grey gave as his opinion to France that in case of war between Germany and France, England would probably enter the conflict in support of France. Yet the nation knew nothing whatever of this until Sir Edward Grey admitted it when we were on the eve of war. It is not this specific action alone to which we object, but the whole system of secret management of foreign affairs, of which it is an example."

"Did this have anything to do with bringing England into the war?"

"Yes; it had everything to do with it," said Mr. Trevelyan. "Indeed, it may be said to have been the principal cause of England's final decision."

"I have heard it said," I remarked, "that the violation of Belgian neutrality was the sole cause of England's action."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Trevelyan, "that was to many people the apparent cause. But the support of France secretly pledged was the real cause. Everybody has known for years that in case of war between France

and Germany, the latter country would attack France through Belgium. Certainly the government knew it. Nobody ought to have been surprised when that happened, outrageous as it was on Germany's part. But the pledge to France, which was kept from the British public, bound the honor of the nation to go into this war regardless of the violation of Belgian neutrality."

"Was there no economic cause for the war?" I asked. "Did not the commercial rivalry between England and Germany have anything to do with causing England to enter the war?"

"Not so far as the people are concerned," answered Mr. Trevelyan. "They would have voted overwhelmingly against war with Germany or anybody else, on the grounds of trade rivalry. It is not the British idea that we can get more trade by crushing somebody's else trade. The British idea is exactly the reverse. We say that trade creates trade, and that the more commerce other nations engage in, the more there will be for us; and that all we have to do is to go out and get it. You may dismiss from your mind the idea that trade rivalry caused England to enter this war, so far as the will of the people is concerned."

"Did the maintenance of the principle of the equilibrium of Europe influence Great Britain's action in the present international conflict? It has been widely stated in many countries that the traditional policy of Great Britain to oppose the predominance of any nation on the continent is just as vital to British interests to-day as it ever has been, and that this traditional policy was a decisive factor in determining Great Britain's conduct last August," I remarked.

"The so-called principle of the equilibrium of Europe is out of date," answered Mr. Trevelyan. "It is an inheritance from the past that has no intelligent place in present day international arrangements. It is a part of that irrational and unmodern diplomatic system which the nations have outlived. Do you suppose that the people themselves would decide to go to war to keep any nation from becoming stronger than some other nation on the continent?"

"What will be the end of this war?"

"The end of the war in which the whole human race is concerned will be the establishment of certain great principles," said Mr. Trevelyan. "These may be summed up in this one generalization: the extension to foreign affairs of the democratic idea, which controls our internal affairs. For example, as I have stated, we hold that no treaty arrangement or undertaking shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament; and we would create adequate machinery for popular control of foreign politics. If any Foreign Secretary proposes or agrees to an arrangement with a representative of another nation, let him announce to Parliament at once that he has done such a thing or is about to do it.

"Another of our purposes is that alliances shall not be created to sustain the so-called balance of power, but instead that all our foreign engagements shall be directed to securing concerted action between the Powers, and the setting up of an international council whose deliberations and decisions shall be published, with such machinery for securing international agree-

ment as shall be the guaranty for an abiding peace. Instead of grouping certain Powers together by secret arrangements against certain other Powers, we would have all the Powers brought together in an international council. Thus both the cause and the occasion for most wars would be removed.

"Still another object of our organization, [The Union of Democratic Control] which will affect the terms of peace of the present war, and of future wars, if indeed it does not prevent future wars, is this: that no province shall be transferred from one government to another without the consent by plebiscite or otherwise of the population of such province. That, you see, is the central idea of your own declaration of independence—that government can justly exist only with the consent of the governed. Also, we say that Great Britain shall propose, as a part of the peace settlement, a plan for the drastic reduction by consent of the armament of all the belligerent Powers, and shall attempt to secure the general nationalization of the manufacture of armament and the control of the export of armament by one country to another.

"In short, our programme is the application of the democratic principle to foreign affairs; and the establishment of the principle of internationalism in place of the armament-nursing and war-producing policy of the so-called balance of power or the equilibrium of Europe."

XV

BRITISH THOUGHT BACK OF THE WAR—II

Great Britain's Leading Dramatist

AMERICANS recognize in Bernard Shaw one of the most brilliant intellects of the English-speaking world. His perfect fearlessness in stating his views makes one realize that after all there is such a thing as intellectual liberty. Timidity in face of possible popular disapproval has no place in Bernard Shaw's mental or moral make-up. Also there is something of the prophet in Mr. Shaw.

The following conversation with this distinguished man states with his characteristic boldness opinions which others hold in common with him. What is here set down, was written out and laid before Mr. Shaw, who revised it with much care.

"Well," said Mr. Shaw, "I hear that you have been about the world seeing all the great ones of this earth."

"Not all the great ones," I remarked. "What I have been trying to do is to get and faithfully to reflect the various views of the countries now at war. Perhaps it would be a good beginning of this conversation if I told you of three hasty talks I have had with cab drivers, to-day."

"That would be interesting," said Mr. Shaw; "what did they say?"

"I asked the first one," said I, "when England was going to get through with this war. 'God knows, sir!' he answered; 'but I hope soon. It's hard on us cabmen.' 'What is it about?' I asked the cabman. 'I'm sure I don't know,' he answered.

"When the second cabman was asked how long the war would last, he was quite definite: 'It'll be over by the end of April, sir.' 'Why the end of April?' 'Well, sir, when Lord Kitchener's army gets after them, that'll finish 'em. I have two sons in his army. They go to the front next week.'

"The third cabman was the one who brought me to your door. He said he had no idea how long the war would last; but hoped it would not be many years. When asked: 'What is the war about?' he exclaimed: 'You've got me, sir. There's a lot of us asking that question.'"

"There are other people besides the cab drivers who are asking the same question," remarked Mr. Shaw.

"So, Mr. Shaw, while it is a far cry from these cab drivers to Bernard Shaw, yet we Americans would like to know what *you* say 'the row is about,' as one cab driver put it. What do you think caused it?" I inquired.

"A general fear of one another," answered Mr. Shaw. "Everybody was afraid that if he did not destroy his neighbor, his neighbor would destroy him."

"The reason which, we Americans have been informed, caused Great Britain to declare war is the violation of Belgian neutrality," I remarked.

"That was the formal plea on which we declared war," answered Mr. Shaw. "But really the broken Treaty of 1839 had nothing to do with it. Plenty of treaties have been broken since 1839, by ourselves and others, without war. The real reason was Grey had secretly pledged us to support France if the Austro-German alliance ever came to blows with the Franco-Russian alliance.

"All the European diplomatists had made up their minds that an European war between these two combinations was inevitable," continued Mr. Shaw. "Our diplomatists decided that we must be in that war. They chose our side—the French side—on the ground that if the Germans vanquished France and Russia, they could vanquish us afterward.

"So they concerted all the necessary military and naval plans and arrangements with the French diplomatists. And when the Servian affair brought about the war, we were of course bound by these arrangements."

"But," I remarked, "I have heard that the Liberal party went into power as a peace party. I have been told that peace was its central principle."

"Not exactly," said Mr. Shaw. "When the party came into power in 1906 it was divided, and public opinion was divided between modern Imperialism and the old non-intervention policy of peace, retrenchment and reform. The difference was compromised by including three Liberal Imperialists, Asquith, Grey and Haldane, in the cabinet. They were reinforced by Churchill, a blazing militarist Junker.

"But the difficulty was that, though these ministers

were convinced of the necessity of our taking sides in the European quarrel, and backing France by arms, they would have broken up their party if they had said so openly and revealed their entry into the Franco-Russian *entente*. They had even to deny that they were committed to war by any secret arrangement."

"Do you mean that they publicly told a lie?" I exclaimed.

"Not at all—technically," Mr. Shaw responded. "Mr. Asquith had taken care of that. He insisted on Sir Edward Grey asking the French to note particularly that the arrangements did not bind us to anything. The French, who understand the electioneering exigencies of democracy as well as any politicians on earth, gravely noted the statement. Thus Mr. Asquith was perfectly in order in stating repeatedly that we were bound by no secret engagements. And Sir Edward Grey confirmed him.

"That," said Mr. Shaw, "is how the Liberal party and the nation were led up to the guns blindfolded."

"According to that," I remarked, "Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality had nothing to do with England's entering the war."

"Nothing whatever," answered Mr. Shaw, "except to furnish Mr. Asquith with a perfectly presentable and correct pretext for entering on a war to which he was already secretly pledged, Belgium or no Belgium."

"Of course," continued Mr. Shaw, "the secret arrangements with France had to come out; but as the revelation was accompanied by the announcement that we were virtually at war with Germany, the consternation and excitement and war fever prevented the Lib-

erals from realizing at once how they had been humbugged—though, by the way, three members of the cabinet resigned—and they did not know until some months later that they had been sold to the Opposition, as well."

"Sold! How was that?" I observed in surprise.

"There was not only a secret treaty with France, but one with the Opposition as well," answered Mr. Shaw. "Mr. Asquith could not be sure that his duped followers would not rebel; and Sir Edward Grey was threatened with the opposition of the City to the war. When their perplexity was at its height, a handful of the most energetic of the younger members of the Opposition jumped into automobiles and scurried out through the country to collect the Unionist leaders to take advantage of the threatened crisis.

"When they arrived in London, they proposed a deal. The Unionist leaders agreed to supply and more than supply any Liberal defection in the House of Commons, and to see Grey and Asquith through with their war programme. And the *quid pro quo* was that Mr. Asquith should meanwhile drop the Liberal party's programme of social and industrial reform legislation. This is what was politely announced as a patriotic sinking of controversy and the presentation of an united front to the Hun. For short, we now call it The Truce."

"But is there any record of this?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Shaw. "A few months later Bonar Law let the cat out of the bag by publishing the letter in which he and Lord Lansdowne gave that pledge to Asquith. The pledge, by the way,

was to support war on behalf of France—not a word about Belgium. At the same time, Churchill was boasting loudly of the perfect preparation of the navy, and of the accumulation of ammunition which had been going on for years before the war.

"Asquith and Lloyd-George still cling to the pretense that we should not have gone to war if Belgian neutrality had not been violated," went on Mr. Shaw, "but Churchill's impetuous Jingoism is far better political tactics; for a refusal to go to war after our understanding with France would have been an infamous political treachery; and the Unionists are at last taking advantage of that opening to hoist the government with its own petard."

"In America," I remarked, "it has been said that England was surprised, pained and outraged when Germany attacked France through Belgium."

"Surprised!" said Mr. Shaw. "Why, everybody knew for ten years that Germany would march through Belgium in case of war with France! There were Germany's strategic railways built right up to Belgium's frontiers! What other object could they have? There was no secret at all about it! The British government long since had taken action accordingly. Not only were our fleets disposed and stationed according to plans agreed upon in pursuance with Grey's pledge to France, but our government fixed things up with Belgium so that Great Britain and France could meet the German attack in Belgium, when the war came."

"But was not this to be done only in case Germany first invaded Belgium?" I inquired.

"There would have been no occasion to do it in any other case. Naturally, if Germany had attacked through Alsace, the British army would not have gone to Liége. And please note that when England and France were about to pledge themselves not to enter Belgium, they did so only on condition that Germany did not attack through Belgium.

"In other words, they refused to respect the neutrality of Belgium unless Germany respected it also. There was nothing in these pledges. There never is, because international law—as far as there is such a thing—admits that a violation of neutrality by one Power dispenses all the rest from respecting it. That is why I say that neutrality is all nonsense.

"When the Germans took Brussels," went on Mr. Shaw, "they discovered the documents recording the negotiations; and there is now no secret about them. You can be as indignant as you like in theory about the devastation of Belgium, the innocent victim of all the policies and ambitions of her big neighbors; but you need not waste any virtuous indignation on the technical breach of neutrality."

"Why this combination against Germany?" I asked.

"The old story—the balance of power and our command of the sea—you know that we regard the sea as our private property," replied Mr. Shaw. "Some years ago Count Kessler organized an expression of good feeling between England and Germany. First came a sort of manifesto signed by all the illustrious names in Germany, which should be reprinted on every copy of Lissauer's Hymn of Hate. It breathed nothing but esteem and admiration for the English character and

the contributions of the English to culture and science. According to it, Germany saw us as a nation of Shakespeares, Newtons and Wellingtons.

"We responded with an equally ecstatic document. I remember it very well. As a matter of fact, I drafted it; and it may interest you to know why my name did not appear among the signatories. The reason was that I put into it a test sentence to discover what its real political value was. That sentence was to the effect that far from regarding the growth of the German fleet with suspicion and jealousy, we saw in it only an additional bulwark of our common civilization.

"Well, not a single signature of any political weight could we get except on condition that this sentence was expunged. Expunged it was accordingly. They were rather surprised when I refused to give my name to the document I had myself drafted for them; but I had tested it for humbug, and it had not passed the test.

"Since that time," continued Mr. Shaw, "I have fully realized that our Imperialists were waiting for The Day as much as the Prussian Junkers; and I did what I could to urge a change of foreign policy so as to avert war; but the Junkers of both countries wanted war, and had complete control of diplomacy; so they got what they wanted."

"Is it your opinion that the British people wanted war with Germany?" I asked.

"The people! Bless you, the people have nothing to do with wars," exclaimed Mr. Shaw. "Of course they get patriotically indignant when the government tells them that this, that or the other Power has basely, barbarously and infamously attacked their native land.

What else can they do? But if Grey had announced a war with France or with Timbuctoo, and an alliance with Germany, the people would have reviled the French and cheered the Kaiser, and applauded when our bands played *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles* along with *God Save the King.* If you go deeper than that the war is not popular, though we know we have to go through with it."

"But, Mr. Shaw, is not Great Britain's action in supporting France consistent with her traditional policy first formulated by the younger Pitt, of maintaining the principle of the equilibrium of Europe, which means, as I understand it, that England can not permit any one nation on the continent to become the predominant Power, and that she must oppose any nation which is making progress toward such supremacy?" I inquired.

"Certainly it is," answered Mr. Shaw.

"And," I went on, "is not the maintenance of this principle the best way to prevent European wars. It has been so stated."

"Nonsense!" answered Mr. Shaw. "It is just the other way around! That so-called principle, as it has been and now is being applied, is a breeder of wars. The sooner Europe does away with that rubbish, the better!"

"What would you suggest in place of it?" I asked.

"A sensible and open arrangement among the western European nations that if any one of them goes to war, the others will oppose her," responded Mr. Shaw. "Just apply that to the present case. Suppose Great Britain had said to France: 'If you make war on Ger-

many, I shall fight you and support Germany'; and at the same time, said to Germany: 'If you make war on France, I shall fight you and support France.' Neither one would have made war on the other. And suppose this sensible and honorable policy had been stated openly and made known to the whole world. Then the other western European nations would have joined in, and perhaps the United States, also."

"And Russia?" I inquired.

"Russia must become the nucleus of an eastern combination similar to the western one," declared Mr. Shaw. "You see, it is quite useless as yet to talk of a Parliament of Man, a federation of the world. The world is too big an unit to be manageable. Besides, in this sort of combination psychological homogeneity is essential to stability. The oriental peoples may be ever so much better than we are or they may be ever so much worse—I shall not beg either question; but the fact remains that they are working with different customs and traditions, different religions, and with literatures and languages utterly strange to us.

"It is not practicable to amalgamate them with us in the same supernational organization," continued Mr. Shaw. "You can get sufficient psychological homogeneity for practical purposes from, say, San Francisco to Warsaw; but if you insist on taking in the other hemisphere, you will wreck the whole project—in fact, you will not be able to make even a beginning. Therefore, with no hostility to Russia, and with a very keen sense of the complications in which England will be involved by the fact that she is in two eastern places, Egypt and India, where she has

no business to be, I leave Russia out of the western supernational organization, and invite her to make a separate supernational unit of the Slav states and the Asiatic Powers."

"Why did your plan make no headway here?"

"Because," explained Mr. Shaw, "it runs flatly contrary to all the traditions and conceptions of Junker diplomacy—Junkerthum, as you know, is just as much an English institution as a Prussian one, and is even more completely in command of foreign politics here than in Berlin. Our diplomacy is centered on what the Germans call *Einkreisungspolitik*—hemming-in game.

"Thus, Germany being strong is dangerous to us; therefore hem her in between Russia and France and the British navy. America, being strong, is dangerous to us; therefore, hem her in between Japan and England and France. Crafty, masterly, isn't it? That is the old, insular, British lion for you, at his cunningest and narrowest.

"But this notion that if you are not in a position to eat everybody, they will eat you, though it was all very well in the primitive British jungle, means nowadays that any nation that adopts it as a policy must eventually force all the other nations to destroy it," went on Mr. Shaw. "Anyhow, my policy reduced to practical diplomacy, upsets it at every point. My policy involves guaranteeing Germany against Russia. It involves guaranteeing America against Japan. It assumes—I am quite as arrogant as the lion, you may observe—that we hold the balance of power, and that we can use it to bind the western powers to us and to

one another, using the fear of Russia which prevails in Europe and the fear of Japan which prevails in America to gather in the people who will do nothing until they are frightened.

"If we do not do this, what will happen?" asked Mr. Shaw, and he answered: "The consolidation I propose will be effected, with Britain left out. Have you noticed that Germany, even in the throes of war with France, is treating her with marked civility, and emphasizing at every opportunity that Britain is *the* enemy, and is organizing a raid of barbarians from Russia and India for the destruction and confusion of western civilization, careless of everything but her trade? That is clearly Germany's first step toward the organizing of the west against Britain on the one hand and Russia on the other.

"And as long as America feels herself caught between the British fleet in the Atlantic and the Japanese fleet in the Pacific, the Anglo-Japanese alliance will make her uneasy, and will incline her to join any western European consolidation that promises to involve England in a war on both fronts in the event of her falling out with the United States. All this mischief can be averted by our exchanging our alliance with Japan for an alliance with America, and our alliance with Russia for an alliance with Germany.

"The same bargain would be equally good for France. Russia and Japan could then organize the east as best they could. They would be strong enough, if they refrained from a partition of China, to have no fear of us; and we, solid from the Rockies to the Carpathians, would be strong enough to have no fear of

them. That is by far the best practicable chance of getting rid of war, which is always due to fear nowadays. People do not go to war now like Frederick the Great, to get themselves talked about. The risks are too big. Get rid of panic, and you break the stick with which our militarists drive us to battle."

"It is a big idea, but is it practical?"

"It is better, at all events," said Mr. Shaw, "than making elaborate secret conspiracies against our neighbors because we are afraid they will make war on us, and then drifting helplessly into war after all, with the conspirators piteously protesting that they have striven for peace all their lives, like the Kaiser, and Bethmann-Hollweg, and Sir Edward Grey. Anyhow, it is the only way out I can see; and I am still waiting for any one to point out a better one."

The Great Canadian Novelist

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose books are so well known to American readers, faithfully reflects prevailing British opinion, and is a powerful member of the conservative party, the members of which are working patriotically with the Liberals who are in power. The views of this brilliant author and politician are typical of the great body of British thought, especially among the higher classes.

Sir Gilbert Parker compels one's admiration, confidence and regard. He is sincerity itself, and his devotion to Great Britain is almost a religion with him. He is an admirable example of the men of letters in statesmanship which is so notable a feature of British public life.

"I have an idea that men are born with conservative or radical tendencies," said Sir Gilbert. "It is a natural state of mind, or rather a condition of temperament. Now I speak to you as a conservative. Conservatives believe in a vigorous, constructive foreign policy, of which the maintenance of a great navy is a vital part. Perhaps, in our intense concern for the building up and solidifying of the empire, we have sometimes erred in not giving the individual the place he deserves, and have not sufficiently pressed social reforms, though the record of the Conservative Party in that direction is still a very good one.

"On the whole, and speaking roughly, the theory of the conservative is, the nation and its welfare first and the individual afterward; the opposing theory is the individual altogether first and the nation somewhat afterward. So, as a matter not only of policy, but of fundamental principle, the Liberal Party which now forms the government, has been for peace almost at any price. Its opposition to war amounted almost to a religious feeling. Day in and day out, the Liberals preached peace, disarmament and the whole anti-war programme. We conservatives thought they were wrong; we thought their position endangered our national safety; we saw a great power right at our doors engaged upon an ambitious naval programme. It was plain to us that Germany meant to outclass us in naval power if she could. And what would that great navy be for, if not to attack us?

"But the Liberal Party was consistent. When it came into power, it at once began to carry into practice what it had been preaching. It began a programme of

naval reduction; it declared that England, as the first naval Power, must set an example which would be followed by other countries, and first of all by Germany. But what did Germany do? She instantly replied by increasing her naval programme. Still, the Liberal Party, then and now in charge of the Government, did not cease its efforts; it proposed to Germany a mutual reduction of naval expenditure and armament. What was Germany's answer? She would not agree to reduction at all, but said that she would retard her programme of naval construction on certain terms. What were those terms? Why, that in case of war between Germany and France, Great Britain should abandon France to her fate, while Germany should take the French colonies. She also proposed that England should—by force if necessary—compel France to remain neutral, in case of war between Russia and Germany only. Even the Liberals could not consent to peace on those shameless terms.

"These are examples of the earnest and extreme efforts with which the Liberal Party honestly tried to carry out its policy of peace. Yet it is this very party of peace which, against its central doctrine, is forced by events to take up arms in this terrific conflict! No preparations were made for war; there was no stock of war munitions, the army was under two hundred thousand men, while Germany had millions of men trained and an enormous reserve of munitions. England is manufacturing now twenty times the amount of war munitions she was manufacturing last September, and yet she has not enough. No nation that intended war would have placed itself in this position. These big

and simple facts, well known to the whole world, prove that Great Britain did not want this war; and that so far from there being any aggressive plan or attitude on her part, the exact reverse was the case."

"What is the conservative view, then, as to why England did go into the war?" I asked.

"The view of the whole country is that we could not in honor abandon France," answered Sir Gilbert. "In any case we could not afford to see her crushed. We would not permit it; and Russia declared that she would not permit it in 1875. France has been guilty of no offense against Germany since 1870. She has never been prepared to attack Germany, and the idea of her being a conqueror is ludicrous. Yet she had to arm herself against the possibility of Germany attacking her. If she stood alone Germany could crush her. It was because of this fact that Russia joined with France after the German threat and menace of 1875. From every standpoint of material interests we could not permit France to be crushed, and Germany with aggressive designs to hold the territory on the other side of the English Channel. There was no peril from France. She has been our friend and neighbor, although we have had differences with her in the now remote past. She has no designs upon England. She wanted to be left alone. But Germany had designs on both France and England. She had designs on France to secure European territory and oversea dominion. She had designs on France to secure a base from which to attack Great Britain. That was where our material interests came in. But apart from those

material interests, England and the world owe France too much to permit the heel of a conqueror to be set upon her neck for no act of aggression or of hostility on the part of France, but simply because she was weak. We were in honor bound to see to it that France did not become a victim of German Militarism."

"Do you say then that Germany made war on France simply to secure territory and to attack England?" I inquired.

"The other consideration of course must be included; that war with Russia inevitably meant war with France, whatever Germany's designs on France or England were," replied Sir Gilbert. "France was bound to support Russia, just as Austria and Italy were bound to support Germany, owing to alliances; with this difference, however, that Italy was only bound to support Germany in a case of aggression against her. That was clearly defined. I think that France made no such reservation in her alliance with Russia. Italy had good reason to suspect Germany of aggressive designs, but whatever Russia's faults have been, so far she has not shown herself to be an aggressive power."

"Why should Germany wish to engage in war with any one? She was very prosperous, was she not?" I remarked.

"Not so fully as the world believed," said Sir Gilbert. "Her progress in agriculture and industry had been enormous. Her export trade has grown prodigiously. But, unlike Great Britain, Germany's industries were

absolutely in the hands of the banks. All Germany's industries were practically founded, not upon accumulated capital or savings, but upon capital provided by banking institutions. The burden of taxation, owing to immense sums of money spent for military and naval purposes, was growing onerous and galling. The Junker class were rebellious against the heavy impositions placed upon them, and they represented the militaristic element in the nation. Germany had intended to make war for purposes of territorial gain in Europe, and for oversea dominions. She had made preparations over a long number of years for that purpose. Her navy had been built at immense cost, out of all proportion to her needs as a continental power, and could only be regarded as an implement of war for world power. Germany could not have world power without world dominion. World dominion could only be got by taking the goods of other people.

"The time had come when internal pressure and external opportunity made the fulfilment of Germany's designs possible," continued the brilliant British author. "She counted on disposing of both Russia and France while England stood aloof, and then as the autocrat and victor of Europe to pursue her will against this country. I was a member of a committee for the promotion of a better understanding between Germany and Great Britain for a number of years. Personally I conceived that an alliance and understanding with Germany was immensely desirable, as we ought to be natural allies. On my visits to Germany of late years, financial and business men had said to me that Ger-

many could not keep spending so enormously on armaments without reaching the breaking point, and that therefore something heroic must take place. That heroic thing, of course, was war, with certain victory and immense indemnity and valuable territories, which would compensate Germany for all her burdens borne and all her financial expenditure endured."

"Is it British conservative opinion that Germany had an absolutely defined aggressive programme?" I inquired.

"Not British conservative opinion alone," answered Sir Gilbert, "but the opinion of the whole country is that Germany had an aggressive programme, and it was apparent to a great many that she did not try to conceal it. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, declared in the Reichstag that the power of a nation must be measured by its armaments. Germany's armament was to make her the predominant Power of Europe."

"But how would the fact that Germany asserted that she was the first Power hurt France or England or any other country, so far as the welfare of their people is concerned? After all, is not this 'first Power' idea a matter of national vanity on one side and jealousy on the other, rather than of concrete advantage to the one and injury to the other?"

"By no means," answered Sir Gilbert, "it is very concrete indeed! It means a very important influence on all international arrangements, and it secures the interests of the dominant Power. It may do much more. It may rob others of their interests as Napoleon did."

"Is it British conservative opinion that Germany

had a settled policy of acquiring territory by conquest?" I asked.

"It is not British conservative opinion. It is the opinion of all parties now," Sir Gilbert exclaimed. "We all know the truth at last. How else could she get territory? And she has avowed her intention to get it. She willed her 'place in the sun,' as the German expression was. This meant colonies, of course. But practically all of the unoccupied places were taken by other nations, chiefly by Great Britain and France. If Germany had acted before all desirable and unoccupied territory had been taken up, she would of course have secured a portion; but she did not act; she preferred to dream, or make war on Denmark, Austria and France.

"And finally," continued the notable British writer, "finding herself without any desirable portion of the earth in her possession, she developed the idea of taking what she wanted by force. On the other hand, making war to acquire territory has long since become a thing of the past in the intentions of this country. You know, for example, that we could have had Hawaii and Samoa. We declined them. We could have had other places also. But we declined them. Whatever other objections there are to Russia, the conquest of territory is not one of them. So Germany, in these late years, was the one Power which had an aggressive policy of territorial acquisition by conquest.

"For example, by threat to China she received Kiaou Chaou. Then she turned to the near East, and directed her attention to securing a controlling influence in Turkey and Asia Minor, with a view to commercial

domination from the Germanic States to the Persian Gulf. This was to be advanced by the Bagdad railway enterprise."

"But what has that to do with the present war?" I ventured.

"It is one of the origins of the present war," Sir Gilbert explained. "Go back a little. It is not so very long ago that the Balkan States were in a state of anarchy and constant disorder, misrule and bloodshed. They were all engaged in cutting one another's throats, under the suzerainty, tyranny and misrule of Turkey. Servia first raised the flag of independence, and then came Roumania, and the others. Most of these were Slav in blood and sympathy. It became necessary for Germany to select one of these states to hold the others in check. Bulgaria was chosen, and Germany almost succeeded in her purposes when the Balkan League was shattered. But Bulgaria was beaten in war, and Germany's plans were frustrated for the moment. Then came the Servian incident. If Austria, as Germany's ally, could absorb or dominate Servia, the way to Turkey, and ultimately into the Persian Gulf, was open, and the coveted territory was hers. Russia could not permit the destruction of Servian independence. War between Germany and Russia then became inevitable, unless one of those Powers gave way. Neither would give way, and so war came. Because of her alliance with Russia, France necessarily became a party. And because we could not afford to see France crushed, but far more than all else, because of the violation of Belgian neutrality, we went to war."

"But, from the strict view of British interests, even

if France were crushed, how would Great Britain be injured?"

"As I have already indicated," Sir Gilbert answered, "by the substitution of a great, aggressive, powerful, military nation across the Channel from us, in place of a peaceful, non-aggressive and non-military nation. If Germany had been allowed to crush France, she would have annexed territory in the north of France along the Channel, and we could not permit that."

"Do you mean that Germany actually would have taken that part of northeastern France, on whose shores the ports of Calais, Dunkirk and Le Havre are located?"

"That much, of course, to say nothing of Belgium," said Sir Gilbert. "France as a first class Power would have ceased to exist."

"Then," I observed, "England really went to war to uphold the principle of the equilibrium of Europe, first formulated by Pitt the younger?"

"Yes; and in this case that principle was endangered in an extreme and exaggerated form," Sir Gilbert explained. "For if Germany had succeeded, the balance of power in Europe would have been made forever impossible."

"Putting aside for the moment the violation of Belgian neutrality, was the integrity of Belgium considered vital to England?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Sir Gilbert. "That part of our policy is historic. For centuries, we have been the defenders and upholders of the autonomy of Belgium and the Netherlands. The maintenance of these small states directly opposite our shores was necessary to

our safety and general interests. But all Europe agreed that their independence was essential to the continental equilibrium. We could no more afford, now, to permit Belgium to become a part of Germany than to permit France to be crushed by that Power."

"Are the people of England of this mind, Sir Gilbert?"

"The people of Great Britain are absolutely united in support of the war," answered the author-statesman. "The handful against it would be against any war anywhere."

"What will the outcome be?" I asked.

"Does any thoughtful neutral doubt our success?" he exclaimed.

"Assuming that you are victorious, what will you do with your victory? What terms of peace will you impose on Germany?"

"That," answered Sir Gilbert, "is for the future. It is a problem for constructive statesmanship. But I may say that at least one thing is *absolutely* certain: we shall destroy Prussian militarism. We hope that never again shall the German military system be a menace to the peace of Europe and the world!"

"And just how will the German military system be destroyed?"

"That is not the problem of the moment. We must first have victory in the field," declared Sir Gilbert.

"I have heard it suggested many times by the man in the street and others that the dismemberment of the German Empire is the one sure method of accomplishing the result you suggest."

"The man in the street and the others you refer to

do not know what they are talking about," Sir Gilbert exclaimed. "That is idle chatter," he continued. "England will not dismember Germany, if she is victorious. When the time comes, the leaders will find a way to accomplish the desired result, which is the annihilation of aggressive German militarism. This is the supreme object which the whole British people have at heart; they will trust their leaders to find the way to do it when we have secured victory in the field."

XVI

PROBABILITIES

HOW will the war end? Which side will win? These are the questions which most Americans are asking. Amid the crash of the most gigantic conflict of all history we quite naturally take little time to sound the deep causes of this tremendous struggle of peoples; and it is not unreasonable that in the hurry of our daily lives we should be content with hasty judgment formed from first reports and newspaper headlines. So the common query is "Which side will come out on top?" And this is answered according to the sympathies of the questioner.

But what economic change is the war bringing about? What social and political alterations are happening? How will the warring countries pay their war debts? Are not these questions also important? If so, their possible answer is the object of this chapter.

The impartial student of conditions who has been in three of the warring countries and in two adjoining neutral nations will venture no prediction as to which side will be successful, nor as to how long the war will last. It might possibly collapse as suddenly as it began and two or three months might witness the peace congress in session; or it may run on for two or three or even four years—some well-

informed men and careful thinkers in the countries at war believe that it will continue for a very long time. There are those among the ripest scholars and weightiest minds in Europe, who look for a series of wars.

Nor will the investigator who has been on the ground hazard prophecy as to the war's outcome in the sense of which side will triumph; he finds so many conditions that prevent definite judgment and make hasty conclusion ridiculous. He feels that at the present time the winner can not be named with certainty. One product of the war, however, is being forecast by uniform events which have transpired and are transpiring among the belligerent peoples. What is here set down is to bring this before the American mind.

It is merely a report of actual conditions and of tendencies so plain and powerful that they are noted by those in the warring countries who are most unsympathetic with them. Nothing is here stated which the most conservative mind in Europe does not assert to be the possible and even the probable social and economic fruits of the war.

The reader will seriously underestimate the movement of which this chapter gives examples if he thinks these lines in any sense the mere reflection of the writer's opinion only. They are written solely to lay before the American people what already has been done in the countries at war and what the wisest of Europe think, some with terrified reluctance and some with eager welcome, will follow; and no judgment is here ventured as to whether what is happening and is likely to happen is right or wrong, or will affect mankind well or ill.

Each step in the neutral investigator's study leads to the conclusion that one consequence of the war is reasonably probable. No matter which side is triumphant, it is not unlikely that the world will behold in the countries at war and indeed in all European countries except Russia, an immeasurable advance of democracy, expressed in terms of collectivism.

Russia is excepted because of the nature of her culture, her peculiar mission, and the still comparatively uneducated state of her masses. Even Russia may be affected by the popular upheaval; but no one can predict this with any such likelihood as marks England, Germany and France.

Russia's destiny, speaking by and large, would seem to be toward the east. Her peculiar culture is a curious yet not inharmonious blending of oriental and occidental tendencies and habits of thought. She is a mingling of eastern and western civilizations. The Asiatic element in her history and development leads rather to the evolution of the social ideal by and through autocratic direction, than democratic initiative; and yet in local matters the Russian people are self-governing to a degree, the Russian mir being more democratic than was the New England Town Meeting. The Russian psychology is not thoroughly comprehended by western nations.

As to Russia's position after the war, the only thing that can be said with certainty is that if the Allies are successful, Russia will be the one great, predominant military power of the world. No decree of peace congress can prevent that result. Russia is a world within herself. No force from the outside

fundamentally affects her notwithstanding surface appearances to the contrary. Speaking in terms of centuries, no obstacle or defeat retards her steady march. It is an insecure estimate that includes Russia in a forecast of social, political and economic movements likely to affect other nations.

For Russia is peculiar to herself, sufficient unto herself. In religion she is "Holy Russia." In ideals she is Slav Russia. In language, she is Russia the unique. In population she is Russia the cosmopolitan. In destiny she is Russia the unknown. But always at bottom she is Russia the militant. All these things are said not in disparagement of that great empire or its wonderful people; but only to differentiate it and them from the other peoples and countries of Europe. It may be that the unfolding centuries will show Russia carrying out the purposes of Providence and, so, bearing blessings to ends of earth which other peoples, at present more developed, could not reach.

But as to England, France and Germany, no such reservation is necessary. In all of them a new democratic advance is under way already.

One who has stood within the circle of fire has seen many cherished ideas vanish and favorite phrases lose their applicability. One of these is that this war is a contest between absolutism and democracy. To the impartial observer on the ground this generalization appears untrue. On the contrary it would seem that the mutual ideal allied with a rational individualism are the powers that will really triumph and already are winning on every French, German and English battlefield.

Instead of the world witnessing a combat between despotism and liberty, the facts would seem to indicate that, regardless of the laurels, democratic collectivism is being forged in the warring countries by the titanic blows of Armageddon, more quickly and more firmly than decades of peace have done. The mutual spirit already has made a progress which very few ever dreamed to be possible. It is not extravagant to say that time may show that the war marked the passage of an old economic dispensation and the coming of a new social and industrial period.

Just as the Napoleonic wars saw ancient political systems disappear in flame and blood, so the present conflict may be the labor pains of a new economic and governmental era for occidental peoples. Indeed, if only the laws already passed and the measures already adopted remain in operation after peace stills the cannon and sheathes the sword, western Europe will have undergone a revolution in that regard. For stern necessity has forced the practical application of so many hitherto unaccepted theories that almost it may be said that the principle of collectivism is conducting the war.

It was natural for Germany to take the lead in this, since long ago she had made notable progress in this direction. Her system of old age pensions, industrial insurance, trust management and the like, had shown that many scoffed-at doctrines are not only workable but beneficial. In Germany the Social Democratic party was and is more compact in its organization, larger in its numbers, and more practical in its demands, than in any other country.

So it surprised nobody when, at the outbreak of the war, a law was passed fixing maximum prices on the necessaries of life. Then came a measure providing for the care of women of the working classes during the child-birth period. The next step in this class of legislation authorized the government to take over basic foodstuffs (paying the owners the maximum price therefor) and to distribute the product equally among all the people at the lowest possible cost, in no case exceeding the maximum price.

Thus the cornering of life's necessities by speculators was effectually prevented. Thus, too, that misery and want which the birth of children so often brings in the families of working men on the one hand and the enfeeblement of the child on the other hand, was overcome. In short, economic equality was thus perceptibly advanced and the chasm between wealth and poverty spanned for the moment, narrow and feeble as the bridge may be.

Such are examples of some of the laws and of their effect which the war already has written upon the statute books of Germany. Others may be and probably will be enacted. A bill is pending providing for the insuring against non-employment during the period of enforced idleness, the man who is able and willing to work but can get no work to do; and it probably will be passed if necessary.

In France the same tendency is observable, although fewer laws of the kind here outlined have been passed in France than in any of the warring countries. Yet in France the Prime Minister, Viviani, is a Socialist, and the most eloquent orator in that party since the assas-

sination of Jaurez; the Secretary of War, Millirand, a man of distinguished ability, has been counted a Socialist, although he now is considered a "moderate," that is, a conservative-radical. But although few laws have been passed such as Germany promptly enacted, yet much the same results have been achieved. Just how this happens to be the case is difficult to explain.

Persons who have lived in France for many years and whose business it is to study French conditions, assert that the government at present is a military dictatorship under the forms of a parliamentary government and responsible ministry. A plausible explanation of French political phenomena at the present moment is the willingness of French people to do and submit to anything which will bring victory on the one hand and their reluctance to part, in so formal a way as by a written law, with their individualistic ideal on the other hand. But the upshot of it all is that the same movement is conspicuous in France which, by definite laws and their practical administration, has set up such advanced economic and industrial mile posts in Germany.

In England, the Defense of the Realms act, passed at the outbreak of the war, gave the government sweeping power; and under it the national authorities at once took charge of the railroads. For various reasons, the factories of this greatest manufacturing nation on earth did not meet, promptly and abundantly, the nation's emergency in producing war materials; and a large number of British employees did not respond to the needs of the time, in length of their

working hours, application to their tasks, or even willingness to do urgent labor.

So, after seven months of the war, conditions forced Parliament to enact a law giving the government power to commandeer the whole manufacturing and transporting industry of the United Kingdom—every factory, every dock, every shipyard, every acre of vacant ground. The British press at once declared that in passing this statute Parliament had taken a revolutionary step—some papers bluntly asserted that the commandeering law is State Socialism. Under it, the whole industry of the British Islands may be turned from private profit to public service, with compensation by the State.*

The fact that in France and Germany the prices of food and fuel had been kept within the reach of the masses, while in England these necessaries of life had risen until they were almost if not quite beyond the reach of the chilled and unnourished hands of the poor; the assertion by the masses of the needy that individuals and private concerns were making enormous profits by cornering supplies and raising prices, which in some few cases may have been true; and finally the passage of the Commandeering Bill, all combined to give body and force to a popular demand that the principles of this measure should be applied to food and fuel for the provisioning of the people at home as well as to the production of war material for the equipment of armies in the field.

This demand is so strong, the arguments for it so potent, that, if war long continues, it is not impossible

* See Chapter XIII.

that the government may be forced to meet it by taking measures similar to those long since adopted in Germany. As a part of this movement, the proposal is making headway that agriculture should be nationalized, just as manufacture already has been nationalized for war purposes. Careful observers have thought that there are indications that this factor in England is silently working for peace; they say that the conservative classes think they see Socialism ahead of them if war goes on for long.

Many Americans will assume, of course, that all these war measures will be repealed when the grave occasion that forced their enactment no longer exists. But this is by no means certain. Government monopoly of foodstuffs probably will be done away with in Germany; but maximum prices will be discontinued only where it is clear that the common welfare and the rebuilding of German business require. It is likely that in Germany the other war measures will remain. As everybody knows, the government has owned and operated the railways for many years in that country and many other measures of state helpfulness have long been on Germany's statute books.

Very conservative level-headed English business men are inclined to think that government management of British railways will not be relinquished; and the great mass of British working men are positive that this form of transportation management has come to stay. While, of course, government control of industrial plants established by the Commandeering Bill will not be kept up in England, yet there is reason to believe that the principle of public control of great busi-

ness concerns will be retained to an extent which few would have ventured to prophesy a year ago.

Also, the movement for national regulation of prices of basic life necessities has had a tremendous impetus and will not wholly recede with the coming of peace. In fact, the most thoughtful and moderate minded men of all parties agree that the social ideal and idea have made gigantic strides since Great Britain opened the doors of the temple of Janus.

"If the war should go on for a year longer, the return of peace will bring an entire reconstruction of English political parties," said one of the most eminent and reliable of contemporary British statesmen. "The Conservative party of a year ago will have moved up to where the Liberal party then stood; and the Liberal party of yesterday will become the Conservative party of to-morrow. The Liberal party of the future will be distinctly socialistic."

The laws actually passed in the countries at war and others which may be enacted were, and will be, of course, forced by a common emergency; but the principle which runs through all of them is government control of fundamentals for the common good. They are fruits of the community spirit quickly ripened by the heated atmosphere of war. Nor will any government, without protest, be able to take that fruit from the people after the millions of soldiers go back to the plow and the anvil. The common man and especially the working man will return from the battlefield to the fireside with larger stature than when he was called to the colors—with larger stature and clothed with larger powers.

In Germany this can be seen even now; for at the very outset German working men threw themselves into the conflict with immense enthusiasm and have done, are doing, and will do a large part of the fighting. In fact, German scholars, Socialists and business men say that Germany could not have waged war as she has done without the hearty and whole-souled support of German laborers. Doctor Albert Südekum, leader of the German Social Democratic party, asserted* that more than one million five hundred thousand German Socialists are at the front, many of whom are volunteers. The Socialist and Trades Union Papers go regularly to the Socialists and Trades Unionists on the battle lines.

These men are pouring out their blood for the Fatherland with such sacrificing devotion that the whole nation recognizes its debt to them; and they reciprocally recognize the equally heroic services of every other class in the German nation. Thus is being woven a mutual understanding and appreciation which nothing but common danger, suffering, and sacrifice for a common end could produce. The capitalist is fighting side by side with the employee; the man of learning and distinction is the trench companion of the farmer; even the Emperor calls the common soldier "comrade." In short, with the Germans, the battlefield has become a hothouse of democracy.

So, when the war is over, the views of Germany's Social Democratic party will receive from other classes a respectful consideration not hitherto accorded such

* January, 1915; see "German Thought Back of the War," Chapter VIII.

men in any country. There will be no light and hasty repeal of laws without their consent. And their proposals will be examined with patient and considerate thoughtfulness; for to their former arguments they then will be able to add the convincing one that their theories have been tested, accompanied by the persuasive influence of the crimson sacrifice they have made without stint on the altar of patriotism. Unless present appearances are utterly deceptive, and war time sentiment a mere transient emotion, the careful student of conditions in Germany can not but conclude that what is here set down is well recognized by all classes of the German people.

Nor can there be much question that there will be a redistribution of legislative power to the end that the will of German voters will be more potent in Germany's law-making bodies. It will not be surprising if the Imperial constitution is amended; even conservative German business men well versed in Germany's political, social and economic system, will not be astonished if the *Bundesrath* is considerably changed.

In all that is proposed, the views of the Emperor will be of the greatest possible weight in forming German public opinion if his present unprecedented popularity continues; for William II is stronger to-day in the esteem and confidence of the German people than at any time since he ascended the throne.

Few modern rulers have had more criticism, outspoken, loud-voiced and savage, than William II has had in the past, from his own people in his own land; but not many sovereigns in history have had such trust, faith and affection as the German Emperor enjoys, at

the present moment, from the vast majority of Germans in Germany. His ceaseless and toilsome attention to his duties; his whole-hearted devotion to German welfare in which is no trace of the alloy of selfishness; his great ability and immense information; his profoundly religious nature—all this and much more, which are understood and appreciated in Germany, will give the Emperor large and commanding moral power with the people (should he retain his present hold on the popular heart) on any question the nation may decide in those still and fateful days that follow the cataclysmic concussions that now are rocking the foundations of the world.

In England, where government control and social reform has made no such progress as in Germany, the advance of democratic collectivism will be more startling and dramatic than in the latter country. Great Britain already (March, 1915) is said to have two million five hundred thousand volunteers and by the coming of autumn a half million more enlistments may have been secured. Scores of thousands of these young men left their jobs to serve the state; scores of thousands of others were unemployed when they enlisted.

When the army is disbanded, what will become of the soldier who had a job at the time he enlisted, when he goes back and finds his place filled—and it will be filled, for it must be remembered that there are more laborers in England than there are jobs and that the immense majority of British working men have not gone to the front.

Will the returned working man be given his old

place? If so, what will the man do who finds himself thus thrust out of employment?

And what of the multitude of volunteers who had no jobs and come back to enforced idleness and poverty? They have been paid, fed, clothed, cared for, during the war. When they lay aside their uniforms and hand over to the government their rifles, may they not say something like this:

"I was willing to fight for the country and the government cared for me while I was doing it; now I am willing to work for the country and the government must care for me while I am doing it. I am not willing to starve; I am not willing to see my wife and children perish from hunger and cold. If the nation could feed, clothe and pay me for the destructive work I did for it in time of war, why can it not pay, feed and clothe me for the constructive work I am anxious to do for it in time of peace?"

May not such things be said by those who return from the fields of blood and find themselves destitute and without employment or the reasonable hope of it? May not such things be said! They are being said right now, by those who have not gone to the front.

Of course, such demands will not be granted. But there can be little doubt that important social developments will grow out of them. For the United Kingdom even now (March, 1915) is seething with social and industrial unrest. Is it unreasonable to surmise that agitation will be kindled to a fervid heat when peace adds to it the fuel of hundreds of thousands of idle men who feel and justly feel that they have offered their lives for their country?

The case is not the same as that of the soldiers of our Civil War. In the first place, they were not discontented when the war closed; and, in the next place, our country was sparsely peopled (and still is compared to European countries), and there then was an abundance of free land. Our Republic was undeveloped and there was employment as well as land for all.

Great Britain has a somewhat similar though distant outlet for England's mass of probable discontent; and to this the more optimistic English thinkers look with hope and confidence. Such men believe that the disbanding of the army will be followed by a large emigration of discharged soldiers and their families to Canada and Australia. This forecast is not without reason. Canada's admirable immigration propaganda will make strong efforts to get just such immigrants. Canada's immigration policy and laws, which are the best the world ever has seen and the best administered, have sought with discriminating care immigrants from carefully selected portions of Europe, high preference being given to those from the British Islands.

The employment of labor is not the only nor even the largest factor making for the advance of democracy among the British people. There is another and more important one. It is spiritual and intangible. Notwithstanding the technical liberty and legal equality of rights prevailing in the British Islands, the social strata are as distinctly and clearly marked as though fixed by law. The war is breaking this up.

The British farmer, laborer and clerk, now fighting in Flanders, will return across the Channel appareled with a new dignity. That he will make this manifest

in political affairs would seem to be only human nature.

If it is asked why this will be more true to-day than in the period of Great Britain's former wars, the answer is, first, that she never in her history put into the field anything to compare with the numbers she has enlisted for the present war; second, that most of her conflicts since the Napoleonic wars have been fought by her professional army; and third, that since the Napoleonic period democratic ideas have been sown thickly among the masses of the people and that now war is ripening them into a fruitage not only of laws but of spirit, character and conduct.

In Germany this democratic spirit was manifest at the very beginning. It was illustrated in dramatic fashion by the throngs of men not called to the colors who demanded to be taken. When the war has passed into history, this neglected but picturesque and meaningful circumstance will make a thrilling chapter in the history of this greatest of all wars.

The democratic spirit in Germany was quickly voiced from trench, battery-pit and battlefield. Uncountable letters from soldiers at the front expressed it; and a multitude of verses written by all sorts and conditions of men from blacksmith and bricklayer to scientist and writer, gave verbal form to the German poetic instinct. For example, consider the following lines of a German war poem:

"The same coat and our rights the same,
Comrades—forgotten rank and name;

> The same wage, and the same bread,
> In sleep and death the selfsame bed,
> For one as for the other."

Men in England, who are looking ahead, understand this change which the war is working on individual character. That brilliant journalist, A. G. Gardiner, in an essay printed in the London *News and Leader* of February 27th, remarkable for its breadth, foresight and power, declares that:

"Whatever the result, the world that will emerge when the deluge of blood has subsided will be a world that will be new and strange. There will be a chasm between us and our past unlike anything else in history. It will be as if generations of normal change have been swallowed up in the abyss.

"The old landmarks will have gone; the things that used to seem important will have become negligible; social relationships will have been transformed; ideas that were infinitely remote will have burgeoned, as it were, in a night—nothing will be quite as it used to be. Humanity will have opened not a new chapter, but a new age. It will be like him who looked out over

> '. . . a universal blank of Nature's works,
> To him expunged and razed:'

but it will be a blank upon which we shall write the future in new terms and in a new language. . . .

"A new England is coming to birth in the trenches

of Flanders. The life of three million men, the flower of the nation, is being revolutionised. That young man who has gone from the plough will not return to the plough on the same conditions. He has made a discovery. Up to August last he seemed of rather less importance than the cattle in the fields, for they always were well fed and well stalled; while his whole life had been a struggle with grinding poverty.

"Suddenly he is exalted high above the cattle. He is a person of consequence. The statesman, the squire, the parson, the magistrate—all become his suitors. He is dressed for the first time in good clothes and good boots; he is well fed and well housed; he has pocket money; if he has a wife and children, they are better off than they ever were before; if he dies their future will be assured as it would never have been assured had he lived.

"It is all like a miracle. The discovery he has made is that when the real emergency comes his life is as valuable to the state as any life. And the thought that is dawning on him is this: If I am so necessary to the state in time of war, the state must be just to me in time of peace when I am doing its work no less worthily and no less vitally than on the battlefield."

As to the social and economic revolution which is in progress, Mr. Gardiner says:

"If we had eyes and ears for what is happening inside and outside the House we should be startled by its significance. Mr. Lloyd-George doubles the income tax and the city declares that he should have a duke-

dom. The railways are taken over by the state with a stroke of the pen, and the state becomes the guarantor of banker and trader as well as of the interests of three millions of its citizens. We have found that in time of crisis the state is everything and private interest nothing. It will not be without resistance that private interest will recover its old dominion over the state."

There is a good deal of just such analysis going on in England; not by light-minded persons or agitators, but by serious thinkers and painstaking students.

Another circumstance which is impressing the peoples at war is the efficiency of collective effort, under government control and direction. Why, it is asked by the private in the ranks, can not individual enterprise do the gigantic work essential in war time? Not entirely because private management is not willing to devote itself whole-heartedly to patriotic service; for no matter how earnest the wish of individual or corporation to do the indispensable work, it seems that they can not perform with the necessary precision, timeliness and power, the mountainous tasks required.

This is the basic reason why the railroads were taken over by the governments of those countries where government ownership did not already prevail, as in Germany.

Most writers and the reading public are interested in the dramatic visions of a modern battle; yet the organization which prepares for the struggle is more wonderful than the thrilling deadliness of the actual

conflict itself. The witness of a day of battle who sees endless trains of ammunition and provision wagons; the movements of troops; the preparation and distribution of food for men and provender for horses; the immense and intricate arrangements for the care of wounded; field hospitals, ambulances, waiting trains and, in short, all the details that focus and care for masses of men and great numbers of guns at any given point in a battle line a hundred miles long—is impressed with the tremendous efficiency of the organization that makes such gigantic operations possible.

One division of that organization finds the required troops and has them on the ground where they are needed and when they are needed. This itself is a staggering performance. Another section of the great organization attends to the roads over which the men must march and the guns, ammunition and provisions must be hauled—the condition of every yard of highway and crossroads must be accurately known, for a single mud hole might mean dangerous delay, and every foot of the road to be used, must, if humanly possible, be in repair. Still another part of the organization must look after the wounded, being prepared for immense casualties. Yet another division must have continually at the front food for hundreds of thousands of men and tens of thousands of horses. An auditing department must account for every cent of the enormous expenditures.*

And these are only examples. Yet all these parts of one vast organization work in perfect harmony, smoothly and without friction, promptly and without

* See Chapter IV, pp. 104–109.

waste of time and effort. The men at the head of its various sections are gifted by nature with executive ability, and practice has made them experts. They have been tried out by experience and their final selection has been made upon tested merit. And they find satisfaction and even pleasure in doing well their herculean tasks. Yet they are servants of the state; their financial reward is insignificant, almost infinitesimal compared with the salaries paid by private enterprise to men who do not perform a fraction of the labor done by these government agents.

If one will extend the illustration of military efficiency in battle to other lines of public effort less vivid but quite as large and difficult, one will see why the peoples now at war are getting object lessons in government administration of big affairs—object lessons so towering that the dullest common soldier can not fail to see them and does not fail to see them.

It is not unthinkable, therefore, that when the war is over, the common man, thus taught in war time, will demand the application of the same methods to great industries which affect the public welfare in peace time; and this, too, not alone upon the ground of efficiency and economy, but even more largely as a matter of making great industrial concerns public profit-earning enterprises instead of private profit-earning enterprises.

A very large circumstance will give uncommon power to this movement. Indeed, it will be the strongest influence for the democratization of industry resulting from the war. This is the war debt. How will it

be paid? How will it be possible to pay it by the old methods? The question has been asked and by moderate-minded men, whether the next decade will not behold the beginning of an almost world-wide repudiation of obligations so vast as to be impossible of payment. Such a prospect, however, is not substantial. But, that new methods of payment of this unthinkably enormous war debt must be devised, is reasonably certain.

Here again democratic collectivism steps in with a plausible plan. This plan is that the governments of the debtor countries shall take over basic industries (or retain them where already they have been taken over for war purposes) and from their profits discharge these vast war obligations. The advocates of this plan cite the immense income which such sources of revenue would yield.

A movement is already discernible in more than one of the countries at war to solve this desperate fiscal problem by having the government operate steel mills, coal and other mines, railways, shipping and ship building, and such like basic standard sources of production and distribution and devote their massed earnings to a discharge of the indebtedness which war has created. Should this be done, it is likely to become permanent rather than a mere temporary expedient; for if the countries involved succeed in paying their war debts in this way rather than by the old-fashioned methods of taxation, is it not probable that the people will demand that peace expenses be paid in the same way instead of in the old way?

This new advance of democracy, in the belligerent nations, is being vitalized by a spirit of self-sacrifice and mutual helpfulness new to the modern world. For example, at least in France and Germany, nobody, it seems, is thinking of himself or herself, hardly even of his or her family. The human sympathy of each man and woman raised to the heights of exaltation is both individual and collective; it flows out not only to each needy and suffering one, but also spreads to the whole community and to the nation.

In Germany and France no one thinks of asking "What can I do for myself," but "What can I do for others?" Their joy is in giving. They are thrilled by the beauty of helpfulness. They have discovered the ecstasy of devotion to others. They have experienced the glory of self-sacrifice. Almost it would seem that, in Germany and France, the soul has broken the bands of self and is mounting upward on wings of light. These sentences will appear extravagant to us, dwelling in security and in comfort; but they are written deliberately because they are necessary to bring to the American mind the moral and spiritual change that war has wrought in the countries where its blows have been most cruel.

Another result of the war which is reasonably probable is the extension of international law for the protection of private property on the sea in war time. At present international law permits and justifies a belligerent power to capture ships and cargoes sailing under the flag of a hostile nation.

After the war, the whole structure of international

law will be built upon new and more rational foundations; and one of these will be that merchant ships carrying a purely commercial cargo totally unconnected with war shall be unmolested no matter under what flag that ship sails, to or from what port it is bound, or in what country it is owned.

The oceans are the common highways of mankind. Their waters belong to all, and no nation, no matter how powerful, should be allowed to destroy exclusively peaceful commerce on the seas. This proposition was advanced at one of the international conferences at The Hague; among the greater powers, Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan opposed it, and Germany, Austria, Italy and the United States supported it.*

The good sense and justice of such an international law will be recognized by all mankind, when the war, which is teaching so many lessons, shall have come to an end. The sea activities of future wars will then be confined to naval battles and the search for and confiscation of contraband.

Thus one powerful argument for great naval armaments will be removed on the one hand and thus also, on the other hand, international business will go forward during hostilities very much as in peace time.

Further forecasts than the above can not be ventured with any degree of rational confidence. The war has inspired some brilliant dreams for the world's future. One of these is the big idea of a United States of Europe with a common parliament which would make

* See "International War Topics," *Naval War College,* 1913, p. 113.

war between European countries as impossible as between the separate states of our own country. But this is not likely because of the racial lines upon which most European nations are established; and also because of the bitter animosities whose dragon's teeth are now being sowed. Still, so elemental are the changes which the war is making that even this thought may be realized as the decades roll on.

THE END

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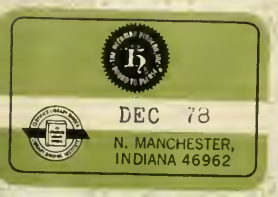
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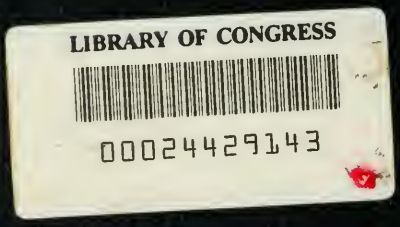
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